

# That extra energy!

## And precious golden years!

Wheatena, first of all, has a wonderfully delicious nutty whole-wheat flavor. Millions eat it for its goodness every day. But every day they are enjoying it, this substantial nourishing food is also sending perfect nourishment to every muscle, bone and tissue, helping Nature to give extra energy for work or play, and to add golden years to their lives.

The golden grains of choice winter wheat, roasted by the exclusive Wheatena method, bring you the sweet golden heart with its delightful flavor and energy-giving carbohydrates. And the healthful vitamines; the tissue-building proteins; the bone-making mineral salts; bran—the natural regulator; are all there, too.

Begin whole-wheat today with delicious, easily-digested, energy-giving Wheatena.

All good grocers have Wheatena, or will get it for you. Get the yellow-and-blue package today—for breakfast tomorrow.

Golden wheatfield! Golden package! Golden Wheatena! Golden years!

Free sample package and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today!

The Wheatena Company  
Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

### TRY WHEATENA MUFFINS

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup uncooked Wheatena,  
1 cup of sour milk. Stir well  
together and let stand half  
hour.  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking  
soda dissolved in one tea-  
spoon hot water, add to  
Wheatena and milk. 1 egg  
well beaten. 2 tablespoons  
melted butter.  $\frac{1}{2}$  saltspoon  
salt. 1 tablespoon sugar.  $\frac{3}{4}$   
cup sifted flour. Bake in  
muffin pans twenty minutes.



*Contents for February, 1925*

# COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

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*Next Month Begins  
the Most Thrilling Mystery Story  
Ever Written by*

**Mary Roberts Rinehart,**

*Famous for "The Bat," "The  
Breaking Point," etc.*

**Look for The Red Lamp.**

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# He Doesn't Know It Yet But He's a \$6,000 Man

"DO YOU SEE that earnest-looking fellow talking to the President?" —It was the General Manager speaking; he and his guest were taking a turn thru the main offices.

"That's the man I've got picked to take Short's place, as Auditor of the Company, when Short goes East. I've had my eye on him for more than a year; he's the kind of fellow who's bound to get ahead. I learned the other day that he has been studying evenings at home for the past six or eight months. He's one of the few men who really seem awake to their opportunities. A fellow like that is too good to lose, and we're going to make it worth his while to stick. He doesn't know it yet, but he's a six-thousand-dollar man!"

\* \* \*

"Studying evenings—working out problems—taking an interest in the business"—if the men in subordinate positions could only read the minds of the men directing them, what surprising things they would learn about themselves!

—How every day, for example, those who show promise are being appraised for bigger jobs. —How their capacity is constantly being measured by the readiness with which they grasp the larger problems of the business. —How they are being gauged by the foresight they show in preparing for greater responsibilities.

For, after all, the extent to which a man is willing to *prepare* for bigger things is a mighty good index to his fitness to *control* them—isn't it?

The boss, you see—if he is a real executive and not a figurehead—put in many years equipping himself for his present position. Is it likely that he will overlook the chap who shows the same habits and tendencies which helped him to get ahead?

Then, too, when a man undertakes home-study training, he proves that he has good common-sense—and that's an asset!

For consider the logic of his undertaking—

For a comparatively few months—a year or two, at most—a man agrees with himself to give up a certain proportion of his "good times." He weighs them against his ambition to increase his income, and he deliberately chooses the bigger salary, the larger future. He knows that training is what he *needs*, and he values his self-respect so highly that he cannot be happy to drift any longer.



The point to all this is very simple. In making a decision of this kind, he is demonstrating his ability to discriminate between the values that are worth while and those that are no values at all.

And inevitably that kind of shrewdness makes a real hit with sound business men.

## He Learns by Solving Problems —and It's a Fascinating Method

But there's another phase to home-study training which we have neglected to mention.

While it takes courage to map out a course for oneself and to make the start, it is only a short time after one has got under way when it becomes no task at all, and instead of regarding his studies as a burden, a man gets to really looking forward to his periods of training. Under

the LaSalle Problem Method, he works with actual business problems, and they fascinate him. He is conscious that he is growing in business power. He sees the results of his increased ability in the promotions that he gains.

Consider, for example, such simple statements as the following, all susceptible to ready proof:

"Salary and earnings have increased over 183 per cent. Your course has given me the position I wished for, and has broadened my knowledge and vision so that I have perfect confidence in my ability to do any job in the accounting field."

FRANK B. TRISCO,  
Minnesota.

"Instead of a factory store-keeper, I find myself at the end of three years head of a department, with an increase in salary of 230 per cent."

F. H. LAWSON, California.

"Led the list in the Maine bar examination."

GORDON F. GALLERT,  
Maine.

"From a salesman in the ranks, in two short months my sales have shot up nearly 150 per cent. I am now a district manager, with eleven men working under me."

C. RUTHERFORD, Canada.

"—a total of 90 per cent increase in salary in two years. I saw this promotion in advance and was preparing myself for it, altho it came six months sooner than expected, which goes to show that it pays to be prepared."

R. L. REEVES, Alabama.

## Make Yourself a \$6,000 Man

Of course no amount of WISHING can get a man out of a mediocre place and put him on the right road to success.

But what astounding things a man can do if he changes his wishing to WILLING—if he really sets up a goal for himself and steadily bends his energies toward REACHING it!

What is YOUR goal? Is it symbolized by one or more of the courses listed on the coupon just below?

Then, for the sake of your future, take out your pencil NOW—check the training that appeals to you—sign your name and address—and put it in the mail.

There is, of course, no obligation—but there's a great big OPPORTUNITY—and it's automatically set aside for the man who ACTS.

# LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

*The World's Largest Business Training Institution*

INQUIRY COUPON

### LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 255-R

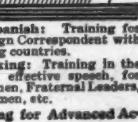
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Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.
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- Law:** Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree.
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- C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Present Position \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



# Leaders of Tomorrow

**TODAY** they are young—boys and girls—living in a constant state of wanting to learn and to know. The paramount question is how best to equip them for a life of usefulness.

Fifty years ago it would have been difficult to solve this problem unless it concerned the choice of a professional career. For the curriculum of higher education then practically restricted itself to Law and Medicine, while the academies and boarding schools aimed at nothing more than the preparation of boys for college.

A boy with a talent for business was likely to drop out of school because it was necessary to acquire a knowledge of business by actual experience. And the schools of that day offered a girl no training for any practical or useful work except, perhaps, the art of teaching; her opportunity for entering the business world was indeed limited.

**B**UT time and the demand of modern society for "humanizing knowledge" have wrought a remarkable change in the field of education. Our great institutions of learning have focused their searchlight on the actual needs of the community. They have broadened their sphere of activity and made their machinery adequate for discovering and developing the talents of young people, and training them to fill a chosen post in life.

An aspect of this new era in education is the development of business training in colleges and universities. Business—this all-important factor in modern life—is now raised to the standard of a science. Competition and specialization have made it so.

**T**HE employer of years ago had to train his own apprentices. Modern organization cannot operate on the same system. Today our boys and girls begin their preparation for business in school, instead of finding it necessary to secure this in a more or less haphazard way in business itself. Certain of the foremost universities maintain graduate schools of business education, entrance to which is based on four years of college work. There are other schools of business training which offer a bachelor's degree for four years of collegiate study. And those who wish to specialize in some particular branch of business have a wide range of schools to choose from.

Parents must consider seriously the problem of giving their boys and girls the best foundation for a successful career. The responsibilities of tomorrow will be greater than ours. The leaders of tomorrow must meet the future fully equipped.

The Cosmopolitan Educational Department is ready to help readers with this vital problem. It exists for this very purpose. We shall be glad to have you consult us.

## Cosmopolitan Educational Department

119 West 40th Street, New York

This coupon will assist you in making your problem clear to us. Check the type of school desired, fill in the blank spaces and mail to us. If you wish to write more fully we shall be glad to have you do so. Use of our service does not in the least obligate you.

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" " (College Prep.)  
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" " (Non-military)  
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Co-Educational  
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Domestic Science—Household Arts  
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NAME.....

LOCATION PREFERRED.....

STREET.....

APPROXIMATE TUITION.....

CITY..... STATE.....

AGE..... SEX..... RELIGION.....

PREVIOUS EDUCATION.....



# An Indian once traded MANHATTAN ISLAND for a string of Red Beads



An Indian once swapped Manhattan Island for a string of red beads.

Generations later an intelligent American Lady traded a whole mountain of priceless granite for an old gray mule. And last year, a lot of smart people paid \$1000, \$2000—even \$3000, more for a closed car than an open car of the same make would have cost them.

*These are historical facts.*



As long as people knew very little about downtown New York real estate, or granite, or Closed Cars—great unconscious economic losses were sustained.

Today, you couldn't get very far in New York on a string of red beads. The owners of the mountain aren't scanning the market pages for quotations on gray mules.

And after people see the New Marmon Standard Sedan, at only \$130 more than the open car, getting a fictitious price for any closed car is going to be a tough selling job.



People have begun to figure out how much more it *really should* cost to make a closed car. When people begin to figure, they ask questions. And when they begin to ask questions

—*something always happens.*



The people's own common sense tells them that it shouldn't cost a great deal more to make a genuine sedan than it costs to make an open

car—and they are ready to fight their case out to a finish on every *Automobile Row.*



As soon as people learn to count to "twelve"—all the scientific salesmanship in the world, advertising and midnight conferences, can never sell eleven eggs to the dozen. The people are awake now, and they are simply not going to pay any inflated difference for closed cars.



In the fine car field, Marmon is probably not the first to recognize this situation—but Marmon is unquestionably the first to meet it.

Marmon has adhered rigidly to genuine closed car design with four [4] doors, and produced a sumptuous Sedan—a Marmon Sedan—on the famous standard 136-inch wheel-base Marmon chassis—with the famous Marmon six-cylinder engine—at only \$130 more than a Marmon open car; and Marmon open-car values have always been recognized as sound and fair. Such a feat in manufacturing alertness and skill bodes well for the New Marmon Program.



Uppermost in the minds of everyone is that relentless standard of value measurement—the never-changing diameter of a dollar—and the stubborn determination to get the most for the money.

It is a striking commentary on the native intelligence of the American people, and their sense of values, that today the Marmon factory is busier than at any time in its history—building in volume these new Standard Sedans at practically open car prices.



NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY *Established 1851* INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

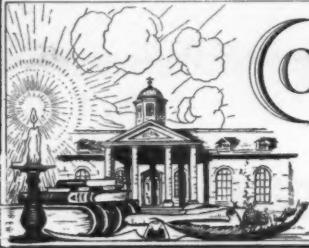
## The NEW MARMON

STANDARD SEDAN

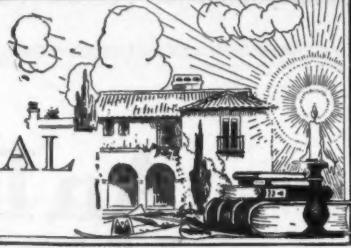
only \$130 more than an open car

*It's a Great  
Automobile!*





# Cosmopolitan EDUCATIONAL GUIDE



## SUMMER SCHOOLS and CAMPS



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DASHING spray—wind rushing by—then the delightful coolness of blue water as you swim back to the float! The girls here—of all ages—will have a distinctive zest here among charming counsellors and happy fun-loving girls. No extra charge for riding. Dramatics, camping trips. Cozy cabin 500 ft. above sea level. Tutoring and French conversation included in tuition. Catalog.

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Sargent Club for girls over 20 appeals to business or professional women of moderate means with short vacations. All advantages of superb equipment of the Junior, Senior Camps. Send for booklet. Camp Secretary, 14 Everett St., Cambridge, Mass.



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A SCHOOL OF DISTINCTION

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NEW YORK

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Superintendent

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### NEW YORK-Girls

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Box C

## NEW YORK - Co-ed

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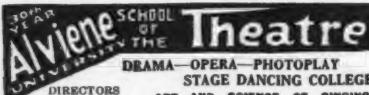
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By GEORGE ADE

## Interior Desecrating

*Illustration by Rea Irvin*

**O**NE of our recent discoveries has been that our fathers and mothers were yaps, while our forefathers and great-great-grandmothers were inspired of heaven to detect beauty and give it form by chaste and simple methods.

We have reacted against dark wood carved into bunches of grapes, gilt frames, ingrain carpets with writhing curly-cues, wax flowers, crayon enlargements, Rogers groups, extinct fish pictured on the walls of the dining-room, what-nots, sea-shells glued on work boxes, plush photograph albums, steel engravings of doll-faced children decked with flowers, glacial upholstery, stiff lace curtains, cardboard mottoes, custom-made oil paintings, marble top tables supporting subscription books, stuffed birds, and autumn leaves under glass.

We have reacted so furiously that we have thrown back to plain four-posters, home-made quilts, Windsor chairs, forged andirons, rude woodcuts and even rag carpets.

The room that gets into the fifty-cent magazine is the one furnished in slavish imitation of the many in which Aaron Burr told the ladies how well they were looking.

The inanimate objects surrounding us and courting comradeship should be direct messages from interesting people. If we know that the old table was made by a gray-haired master workman who put in long hours on every curve and angle, then the table speaks to us every time we come into the room. How many motherly souls, just like our own Aunt Emma, stitched and pieced on the homely but beautiful crazy quilt? There is more sentiment in a hammer mark than in one whole week of Ford production.

Now that we are trying to give character

and beauty to our living apartments, the antique dealer comes into his own and the interior decorator, tells us what is what—and gets away with it. Those stories about shooting pieces of Grand Rapids furniture full of bird shot and then boiling them in coffee so as to make them genuine Salem, Mass., pieces is old stuff—and possibly fiction—but paying fifteen dollars for a sofa pillow which looks like one to be had at the department store for ninety cents is no myth, fable, fairy yarn or something to be laughed off.

Anything selected by an interior decorator ceases to be merchandise and becomes an object of art. The personal touch is added. "Touch" is right.

When we started in to acquire elegance, cutting out statuary and college pennants, we didn't know that we were letting ourselves in for such a Spartan course of training. For instance, I was ordered to discontinue wall paper, take down all the pictures and put a bowl of artificial fruit on the dining-room table. I felt that my place would never be a home to me again, but I obeyed orders.

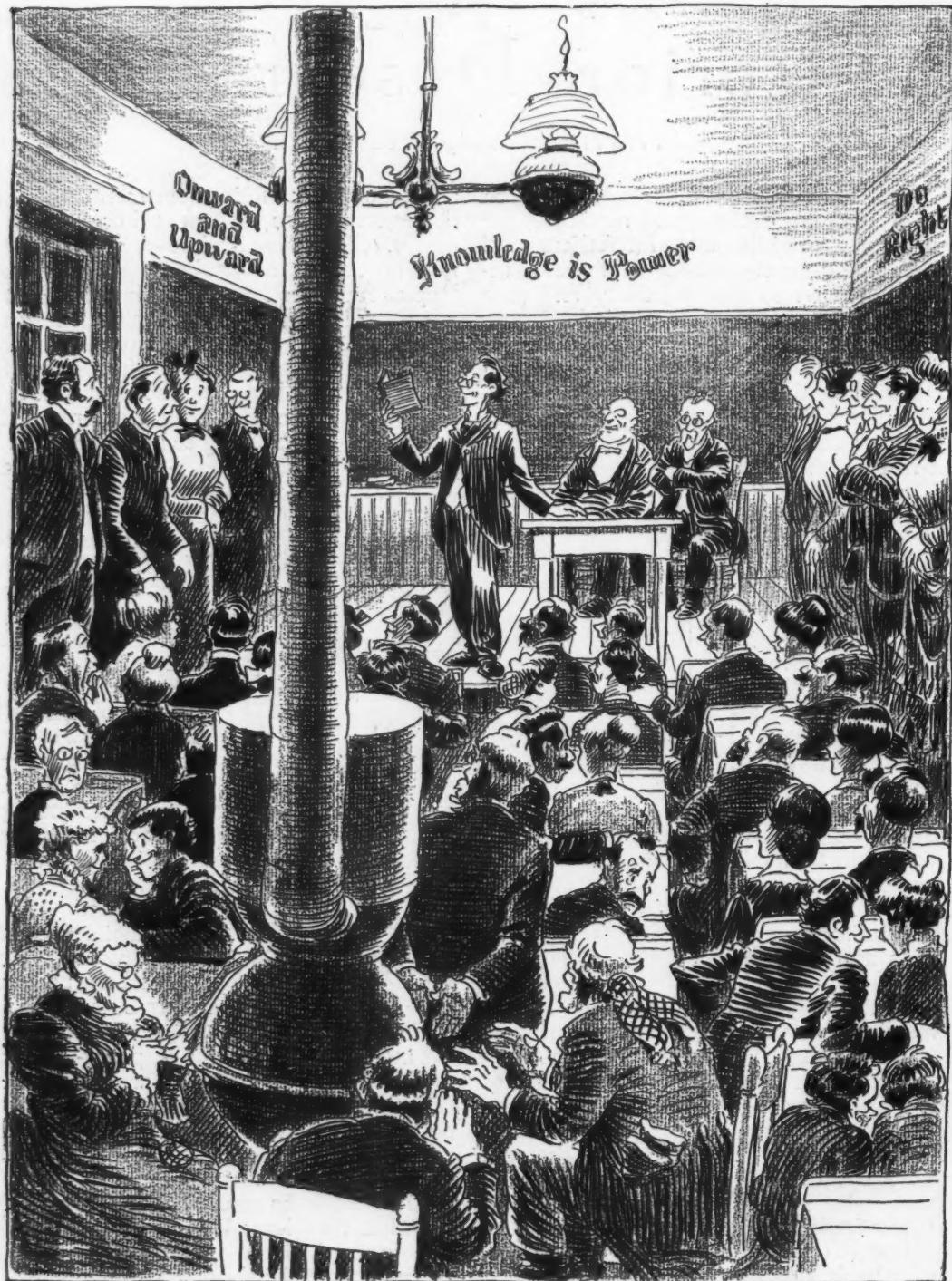
Later on I called in the paper-hanger, put the fraternity groups and well-known actors back into their familiar places and gave forty dollars' worth of enameled fruit to a lady who was about eight miles ahead of me in the search for harmonious values.

The decorators come high but we honor them for what they have killed. They have to use drastic methods in dealing with those who recently wore diamond studs on negligé shirts and ball slippers in conjunction with the Mother Hubbard. They have given us rooms which can be photographed. Forty years ago any nobby sitting-room would have busted a camera.



By John T. McCutcheon Spelling Bee

*They're Sisters*



In the rural districts of yore whole communities used to hold Spelling Bees at the little red schoolhouse, and out-web Webster, author of the eternal best seller \* \* \* For the information of present day students at Smith, Yale and P. S. Umpty-eight, a spelling bee was not an educated insect like a seal \* \* \* It was a contest in which the word sharks chose sides—and let the best etymologist win! \* \* \* Here we see the school teacher blandly asking Si Philips to spell "gneiss" \* \* \* Si is wishing he'd been asked "phthisis" because all day for every forkful of hay he pitched he was rehearsing that one \* \* \* In a second he'll be retreating to the "innocuous" "desuetude" of his chair.

# and CROSS WORD Puzzle

*Under Their (Supply a four-letter word meaning epidermis)*



AND NOW SEE what the Spelling Bee has hatched! At club or hotel the crowd's knee deep in Cross Words \*\*\* People are learning to spell again—even if it's ruining a lot of sweet dispositions \*\*\* In the picture everyone is sour-faced except one elated nut who has just found the word for which he's been beating his brains all evening—a three-letter word which is the plural of "am", beginning with "a" and ending with "e" \*\*\* Vamps and jazz are languishing for lack of attention, and that bell hop in the rear will not locate Mr. Blah-blah to give him his forgotten luggage until Mr. B-b has solved that last insufferable horizontal.

# The Bluebird

Illustrations by  
Herbert M. Stoops

PEEP SIGHT was the battery commander and Cahalan was one of the very newest recruits in B Battery. He had just arrived with eight others from the recruit camp. Peep Sight, so-called by his men because no ordinance hole was so small that he could not look through it and see dirt, had the recruits paraded before his tent immediately; for if there was one thing Peep Sight was more interested in than his own ultimate salvation, it was his battery. He wanted good men and had to have them; consequently when the personnel officer sent him recruits he could not rest until he had interviewed them one by one and satisfied himself of their quality.

If they were good men, he rejoiced. If they were indifferent men or poor men, Peep Sight would tell them that although he expected little of them for the present, in a month's time he would expect much; if he did not get it somebody would have to tell him why. In a word, Peep Sight was a regular army man who knew all about soldiering and soldiers. He was a perfect exemplar of the first person of that blessed trinity that old soldiers refer to when giving their recipe for a happy enlistment: a devil for a captain, another for first sergeant, and lieutenants you can borrow money from.

Peep Sight sat behind the home-made desk in the orderly tent, with his first sergeant, Grasby, at its entrance. The recruits stood at ease, in squad formation, just outside in the battery street. Their virgin service records lay before the battery commander.

"Well, sergeant," said Peep Sight hopefully, "we'll look them over and see what God has sent us. I suppose, for our sins, we'll not find a farmer's boy in the lot. Send Pelinsky in."

Peep Sight, like all artillery officers, yearned for recruits who knew good hay when they saw it. Farmers' boys are generally valuable to a battery. They are sound in wind and limb, sensible, amenable to discipline, cheerful under hardships, and (for this their welcome is three-fold)—they know horses!

"Pelinsky!" Sergeant Grasby barked.

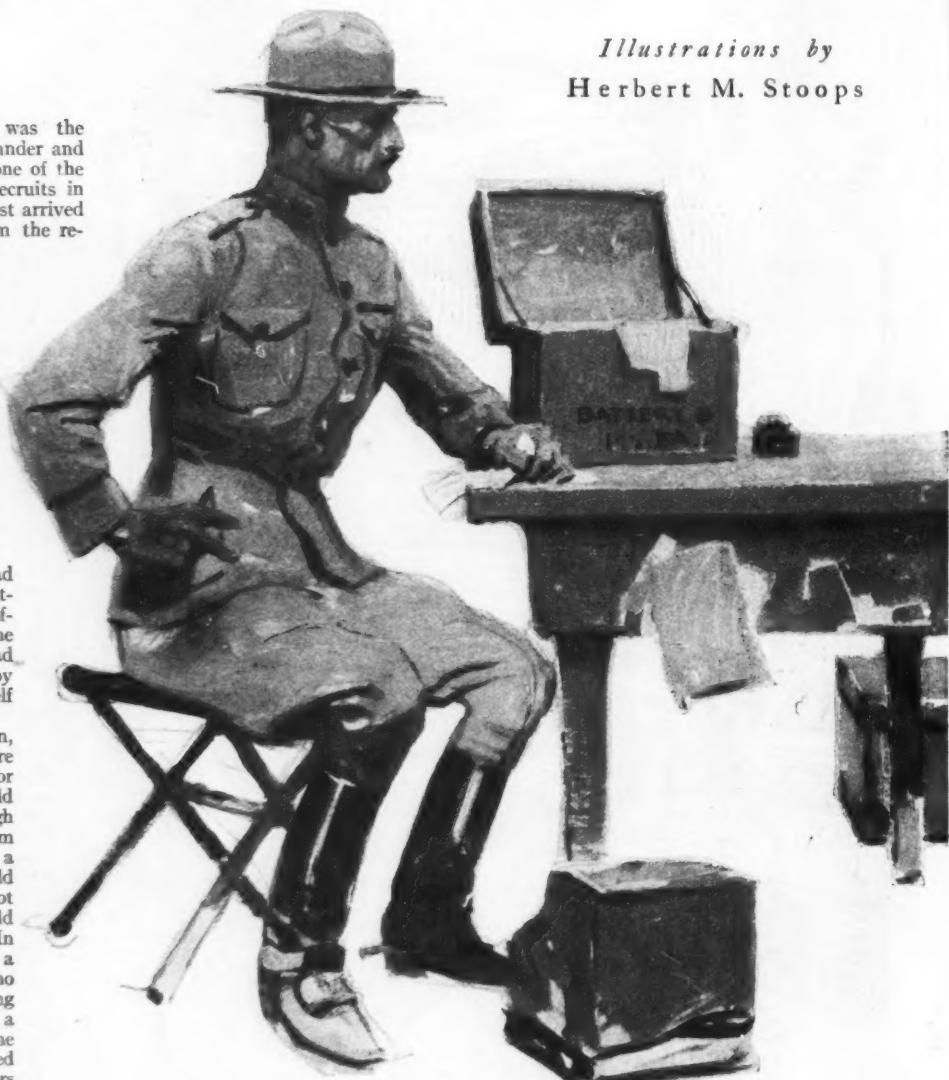
Recruit Pelinsky lifted his head sullenly and scuffed up to the

first sergeant. "Present yourself before the Captain's desk and say: 'Private Pelinsky reports to the Captain,'" Grasby instructed him. "Do not say it, however, until you have first come to attention and saluted. Understand? The rest of you men do the same when your names are called."

"We learned all that in the recruit camp, sarge," Private Pelinsky piped up.

"Shut up, you fool Bohunk," one of the remaining eight growled softly, but not so softly that Sergeant Grasby did not hear him. He cast a cold but understanding and approving eye upon the speaker.

"Perhaps you did," Grasby answered Pelinsky. "However, I don't know how well you learned it, so you do it now where I can see you do it. I suppose they taught you also in the recruit camp to address a first sergeant as sarge! Well, right here and now, you unlearn it. I'm Sergeant Grasby, and don't you ever



"You know the language of the line. You have the mannerisms of an old soldier."

*This is a  
Story of  
War as  
Fought by  
the Bravest  
of All  
Soldiers—  
Our  
Mothers*



*Cahalan, you're a bluebird.* Peep Sight accused.

call me Gras, or Grasby or sarge. You give me all of it—Sergeant Grasby. Understand?"

Pelinsky favored the top with a defiant and unfriendly glance and stepped into the tent. Before the Captain's desk he came stiffly to attention, saluted raggedly and said: "Private Pelinsky, sir."

Peep Sight looked at the man in friendly fashion and returned his salute. "We might as well start making a soldier out of you here and now, Private Pelinsky," he declared, impersonally. "In the army there's only one way to do a thing and in this battery it's done better than that. We'll rehearse this scene just once more and see if you can do it the way Sergeant Grasby told you to. Go back and make a new entrance."

Sergeant Grasby repeated his instructions and this time Pelinsky performed correctly albeit reluctantly. Peep Sight had already digested the meager information about Pelinsky which the latter's service record furnished, but what he wanted was

# By Peter B. KYNÉ

*Formerly Captain 144th  
Field Artillery, U. S. A.*

information that had to do with a recent civilian named Pelinsky.

"In civil life, Pelinsky, you were a musician. That's fine. We haven't enough musicians in the service as it is. What instrument did you play?"

"The violin."

"The violin, sir." This from First Sergeant Grasby. His business was moulding civilians into soldiers and he never neglected it, wherefore Peep Sight and the Battery revered and respected him. Like Peep Sight he was a devil—a ten minute egg; but he was just and he knew his trade. Pridefully the men said of Grasby that he was the best top in the regiment.

The hard, recalcitrant shell of Pelinsky's Polish temperament cracked minutely. "The violin, sir," he repeated.

"Can you double in brass?"

"No, sir."

"That's fine, Pelinsky. Now we will not lose you to the band. We want you with us, Pelinsky—with B Battery. Did you bring your fiddle with you, by any chance?"

"No, sir. I didn't think it would be allowed."

"It wouldn't—if you were a fiddler. However, something tells me you're a violinist."

"I was first violin with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, sir."

"Good man! Sergeant Grasby, did you hear that? Private Pelinsky, I wish you'd do something for me. Send for your jolly old fiddle, and I'll pay for the expressage and insurance out of the battery fund."

Private Pelinsky expanded like a pouter pigeon. "Certainly, sir."

"One more thing, Private Pelinsky. In the field artillery a man is called upon to do considerable manual labor. There are horses to groom, bedding and manure to fork out of the picket-line, gun emplacements to be dug, and, when we get to France, thousands of shells to be loaded, unloaded and passed to the guns. Do you realize what that's going to do to the late first violin of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra?"

Private Pelinsky blanched. "My hands—my fingers!" he quavered.

"Exactly. Now, then, Pelinsky, the supply sergeant is going to stake you to a bugle. You learn to blow that bugle and learn it in a hurry because one of the things this battery is weak on is its field music. Then I want you to organize a jazz orchestra for this battery. We have one slide trombone artist, a good banjo player, an Italian that can make an accordion weep, a very fair boy with the drums—and your artistic self. That's the only way you can save your hands and keep in practise, and nobody will gruch because you never swing a pick and shovel or groom a horse. They'll be grateful to you for your entertainment. How about it, Pelinsky?"

"Thank you very much, Captain!" said Private Pelinsky enthusiastically. "I had thought the army was going to be a mighty hard proposition, but I—I feel better about it now, sir."

"If you ever feel badly about it, I'll feel worse." He dismissed Pelinsky with a tiny nod and a friendly little smile.

"Send in Private Cahalan," came Peep Sight's firm, precise order.

"Cahalan, front and center," Grasby charged. Cahalan stepped out of the ranks and up into the orderly tent with the stride of one who had stepped into orderly tents before. He stood to attention before Peep Sight's desk without appearing to make a ceremony of it; his hand came up in a perfect salute—and

## The Bluebird

stayed there. Peep Sight looked him over with frank approval and then scanned the man's record again.

"You're a bluebird, Cahalan—a repeater," he accused, but Cahalan answered him not. He was still standing at the salute; he could not drop his hand until the Captain had returned to him this salutation of warriors.

Peep Sight returned his salute, a little bit embarrassed at having been reminded of his neglect, and Cahalan's arm fell swiftly but naturally to his side. He replied now, to the Captain's accusation—replied following a momentary pause during which Peep Sight saw him swallow once.

"The Captain is mistaken. I am not a repeater, sir—I have never been in the service before."

"Nevertheless you talk the language of the line. You know what a bluebird is!" Peep Sight's voice was pitched very low, now, so the other recruits outside in the battery street could not hear his colloquy with Cahalan. "And you certainly have many of the mannerisms of an old soldier. They aren't always learned in the National Guard, you know."

"I was a civilian packer in the quartermaster's corrals for about five years, sir, so I suppose, in that way, I picked up a lot of soldier mannerisms."

"Ah! So that explains it."

"It doesn't explain it to me, sir." The terrible Grasby had spoken at Cahalan's shoulder. "A mule-skinner's a mule-skinner, first, last and always. Cahalan, you're a bluebird!"

"I very greatly fear you are, Private Cahalan," Peep Sight complained. "You might fool me once in a blue moon, but Sergeant Grasby would not be top cutter of my battery if you could fool him. You salute the way some old Irish drill-sergeant taught you to salute—in the old army, when soldiering was a trade. Today it's a game played by enthusiastic boys who thumb the book of rules and over-play the game. Do you know horses—oh, of course you do. I see the President didn't send for you! The old soldier in you couldn't stand for that, of course. You beat the draft by enlisting so you might have your choice of service—you had to come back to the horses. Good man! Well, you do not have to explain, Cahalan. If we are all to be judged by the worst we do, Heaven is certainly going to be an abandoned post! This is a new war, Cahalan, and you're starting from scratch. It's all up to you. But I'll not stand for any nonsense."

"And damned well I know it, sir," murmured Private Cahalan. "The outfit looks good to me, sir. I was a twenty-seven day red leg once, but I'll give the Captain thirty-one days in every month. I'll soldier up to the handle."

Peep Sight was re-reading the service record. "'Age thirty-eight, weight one hundred and seventy-eight, height six feet, hair brown, eyes blue, No. 6, father and mother born in the United States, previous military service none, occupation cowboy'—and I hope to tell you, Sergeant Grasby, he has enough identifying scars to cover an entire squad. What ribbons would you be entitled to, Cahalan?"

"He's entitled to the same ribbons you're wearing, sir," Sergeant Grasby answered for him. "I soldiered with this man in Cuba and later I met him in the Philippines. His right name is Gene Paddock and he won a certificate of merit at Peking, so he has the Spanish War and Filipino Insurrection medals, the Boxer Campaign medal, the medal for patriotism, fortitude and loyalty and the distinguished service cross." He smiled at the bluebird. "Old timers can trade their certificates of merit for the distinguished service cross now-a-days, Gene."

The bluebird's No. 6 blue eyes blazed furiously. "Yes, I'm Gene Paddock," he admitted, "and in about a minute I'll tell you who you are. I haven't seen you for sixteen years and you wore a mustache then, but—your name isn't Grasby!" He turned to Peep Sight. "The Captain will have to have a cage to keep his bluebirds in if he sees when he's supposed to be blind."

Peep Sight chuckled. "Oh, I don't mind a few bluebirds, Cahalan. Grasby isn't his name, and I know it. He told me all about himself the day I made him top sergeant; he wouldn't hold the job under false pretenses. Cahalan, what prison did they put you in first?"

"Bilibid, sir."

"What a hole that was in the old days! What did the general court-martial give you?"

"Three years and a bob, sir, with forfeiture of all pay and allowances. I'd rather have faced a firing squad than Bilibid. There wasn't much left of me when they turned me out. I had amebic dysentery and confluent smallpox there, and the day they turned me loose I contracted cholera. But I'm a good man yet! Of course, you can get me for fraudulent enlistment and give me another bob-tail, but if you do, sir, I could take your fine first sergeant with me!"

"You win, Cahalan. That's your new army name and you might as well get used to it. Of course, as Gene Paddock, a dishonorably discharged soldier, your country denies you the right to fight for it, but as Andrew Cahalan you may die for the flag and be damned to you—provided they didn't bob-tail you for wilful murder or theft?"

"I'd had a dozen summary courts before they sent me up to a general court," Cahalan admitted bravely. "I was charged with being drunk and asleep on outpost. I was guilty as hell and I told them so, to save trouble. Then I asked them to give me one more chance, but they said I'd had too many already. I told them I couldn't help it—that I was a beno fiend. *Sabe beno usted, mi capitán!*

"I asked to be sent to a post in the United States where I couldn't buy beno. I asked them to give me the limit, but not to bob-tail me, because I couldn't go home if they snipped the character off my discharge papers. I had to have service honest and faithful, character good, because—well, because I had the kind of a mother I couldn't face with a dishonorable discharge.

"I truly meant to soldier up to the handle then, because—well, sir, you see I'd slept on post and some of Montenegro's men crossed the rice paddies and got by me. They lit into the sleeping main guard with bolas—and—it was pretty terrible, sir." His voice grew husky. "I killed my bunkie, and, good God, sir, I'd have died for him! They chopped him, I tell you, but I killed him! They gave me the limit. I deserved it, but the company commander deserved something too, because he permitted the sergeant of the guard to put a beno fiend on outpost. I was nervous and jumpy, I was seeing things out there in the dark bosky, with the rain drops patterning on the banana leaves—I had some beno in my canteen and I took a few nips to steady me.

"Well, I deserved what I got, sir, but for God's sake let me stay here now. I haven't taken a drink since I looked on my bunkie—and they'd chopped him, sir . . . I couldn't go home—and tell my mother that! . . . Do I look like a drinking man, sir? All I ask is one more chance. I'll soldier up to the handle, sir, and I'm a good lead driver—I've got to go to this war—"

His voice died away to a husky whisper and ceased. The tears coursed down his face and he wiped them away with the heel of his fist. Peep Sight carefully unpinned from his breast the bar with the five ribbons and handed them to the top, who pinned them on the bluebird's left breast.

"You're out of your cage, Bluebird," said Peep Sight then. "We old soldiers have got to stick together. You see, Cahalan, the trouble with you was that in your day the army didn't use as much common sense as it does now. Nowadays we study our men; we even hand out different punishments for the same offense; we set men to the job they do best. We have morale officers.

"Take that man Pelinsky, for instance. He's a Polish Jew, drafted into a war he isn't remotely interested in. All he thinks of is his music. It would be a shame to have him killed, because he'll never, never be a real soldier. So I've started Pelinsky right. Watch for the battery orchestra he'll organize and lead!"

"In your day, Cahalan, low-grade or waste personnel went to the pen. 'Bob-tail him and get rid of him' was the motto then. Nowadays we send them to a disciplinary barracks, and give them a chance to come back and earn an honorable discharge. You are perfectly right about the culpability of your company commander, Cahalan. He should have protected you from yourself and he should have protected his command from you . . . Well, this new army of ours is different from anything you or I ever knew before, and the old hands are pathetically scarce.

"I'm having a terrible time to get good non-commissioned officers. They're not made in a day or a month or a year, you know. It requires a couple of campaigns and a full enlistment, at least, to make a good non-com—and they're forcing commissions on the good ones now. You may come out of this war a colonel, if you have it in you! I was a top sergeant six months ago."

"I couldn't accept a commission, sir. As an officer and a gentleman, I couldn't lie, and if I did lie for a commission I'd always be afraid somebody would recognize me—and then!" He looked wistfully at Grasby. "The best I can hope to be is top sergeant—if I outlive Sergeant Grasby. I'll be happy wearing a red hat cord and riding with the limbers." He paused and added in a lower voice: "When I first enlisted I was fresh off a farm, but I drove lead on No. 1 piece of Capron's battery at Santiago."

"Good work, Cahalan!" said the Captain. "Capron's battery! Those were great days in the field artillery—when the battery went down into history as Reilly's battery, Capron's battery, Scott's battery, Dyer's battery, Kenley's battery—I drove lead on No. 1 piece myself, with Kenley at Zapote river. I too was a rookie then, fresh off a farm. We had mules in those days. The



Before him, running, staggering, falling, getting up again, an old woman fled before the barrage.

center span of the bridge was wooden and they fired it when they saw us coming down the Calle Real. Old Johnny Clark was my section chief, riding boot to boot with me—because I was afraid—I wasn't quite eighteen at the time—and how the pressure of old Johnny's knee did help! And he talked to me! We didn't have any overs and shorts—just rifle fire! We swung in on the front pier of the bridge, action left, and I swear the heat of that blazing bridge curled old Johnny's whiskers. 'I'll make a red leg out of you yet, kid,' says old Johnny, and fell off his horse as dead as a mackerel. The animal ran along beside me and I had to swing

the limber wide to clear Johnny. Mighty near slid into the river doing it. If Johnny had been alive to see it he'd have rawhided me, good and plenty."

The Bluebird's eyes were very wistful as he listened to this talk of a life he had lived and loved and cast away. That's why he was a bluebird—back to the army again, in search of happiness.

"I drove wheel, sir," he said, "with a matched team of half-bred Percherons in Reilly's battery—Bob and Babe. They weighed about fourteen hundred and were a dark brown—"

"I'll bet they were good," Peep Sight interrupted. "I never

knew a dark brown that wasn't good."

"Babe and Bob should have been made privates, first class, sir. Sweet tempered, sensible, willing and man, how they could pull! At Peking just as we were going into position a direct hit dropped on our section. It smashed up the lead swing gun teams and killed their drivers, but Babe and Bob and I didn't get touched. The gun corporal got his, too, and likewise the section chief—I hope to tell you, sir, that was a mess. Old Babe and Bob stood quiet when I spoke to them and patted them on their necks, but they were afraid. Both of 'em started to sweat at once. Well, sir, we had a crew of rookie gunners on that piece and they beat it for a ditch across the road, which left the job up to Babe and Bob and me.

"Sir, those two animals stood without holding while I got down and unhooked the swing team. Then I killed all four, because I saw none of them would ever go into draft again and they were all screaming with their hurts. And while the platoon commander routed the rooks out of the ditch and brought them up afoot I mounted up on old Bob and we got going again. Sir, those two animals dragged that piece across a cornfield, doing the work of six, and I had to keep them rolling because if we'd ever stopped, the piece would have bogged in that soft ground and we'd never have got going again."

"Is that where you won your certificate of merit?"

"Yes, sir, they gave me all the credit that belonged to Babe and Bob."

Peep Sight looked upon the Bluebird with pridful eyes. "Cahalan, we've got to get the spirit of the field artillery into these recruits," he declared.

"We've got to teach them to keep the Caissons Rolling Along," the Bluebird agreed, and grinned.

"Hell's bells," cried Peep Sight, "there are only two men left in the battery who ever heard that song and can remember more than half a dozen of the eighty-five verses. I tell you, Cahalan, the old army's gone."

"Oh, there's a piece of it left, sir. I know every verse of the eighty-five. The Captain and the top cutter are too busy to organize a glee club, but I'll tend to it. I'll have these red legs singing Caissons Rolling Along before taps tonight."

"Good man!" said Peep Sight, and dismissed the Bluebird by some hocus pocus all his own. He said nothing, he looked nothing; it seemed that he was prepared to talk for an hour. Nevertheless the Bluebird knew the interview was over.

"I thank the Captain," he murmured. "The Captain has been very kind to me and I shall not forget it."

He "snapped into it," but not after the manner of a wooden soldier, made his about-face without tripping over his own feet and retired from the orderly tent.

"Next man!" Peep Sight was addressing the first sergeant.

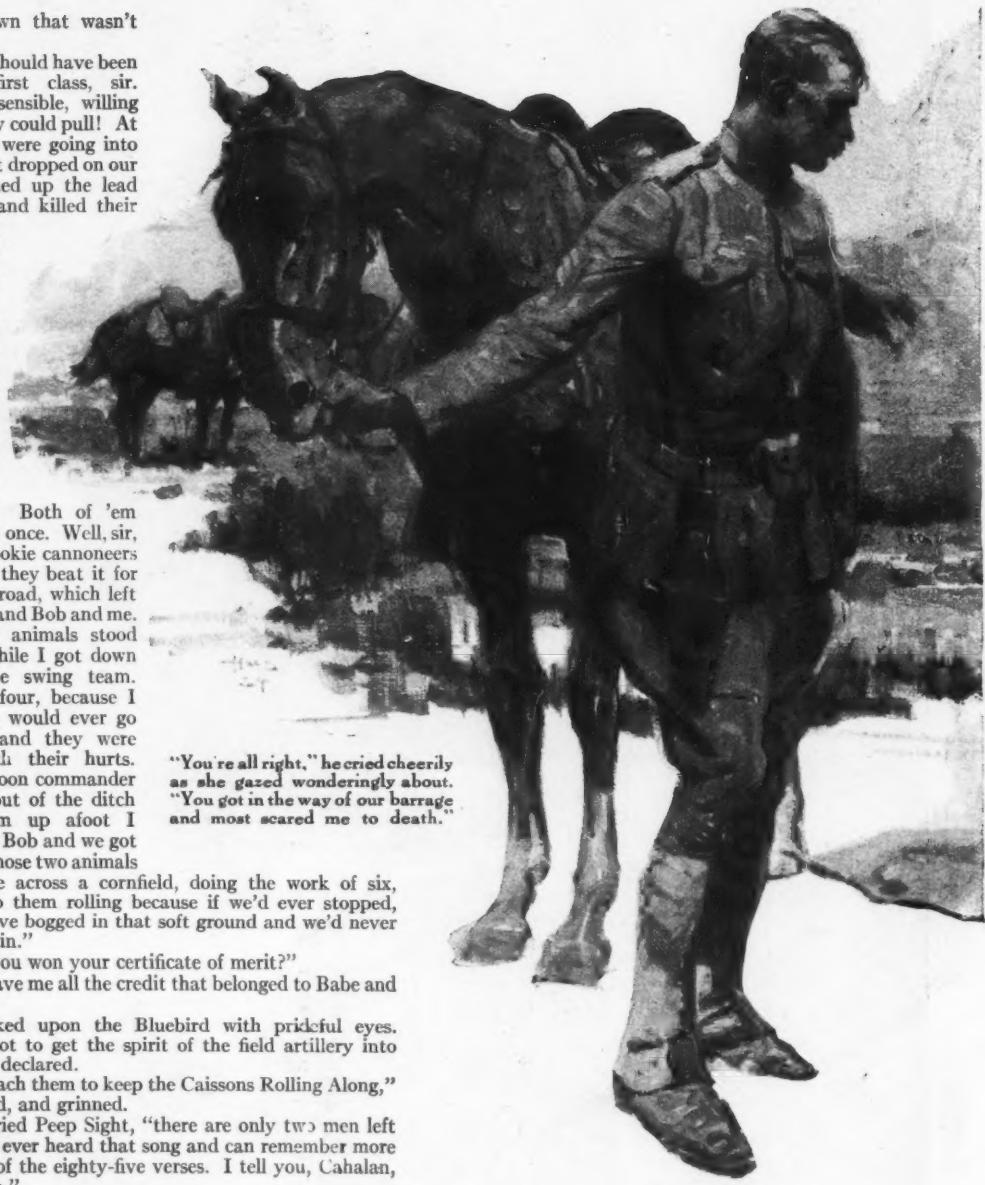
"Hanrahan!" barked the top. Then to Peep Sight: "City Irish, rough and tough, sir."

"Ah, but he knows horses," Peep Sight murmured. "The Irish always do, and if they do not they're eager to learn . . . How do you do, Private Hanrahan. Welcome to B Battery. I see, by your service record, that in civil life you were a laborer?"

"Yes, sir, I was, sir."

"He lies like hell, sir." The Bluebird, having passed Hanrahan as the latter entered, had paused just outside the tent and was looking back at Peep Sight. "Hanrahan told me in the recruit

*"You're all right," he cried cheerily as she gazed wonderingly about.  
"You got in the way of our barrage  
and most scared me to death."*



camp, sir, that he was a horseshoer, but had given his trade to the draft board as laborer. He said he'd been shoeing horses ten years in civil life and he'd be damned if he'd shoe them in the army."

"Hanrahan, you'll shoe horses in B Battery," Peep Sight cried joyously. Then: "Dismiss the recruits. There goes first call for retreat."

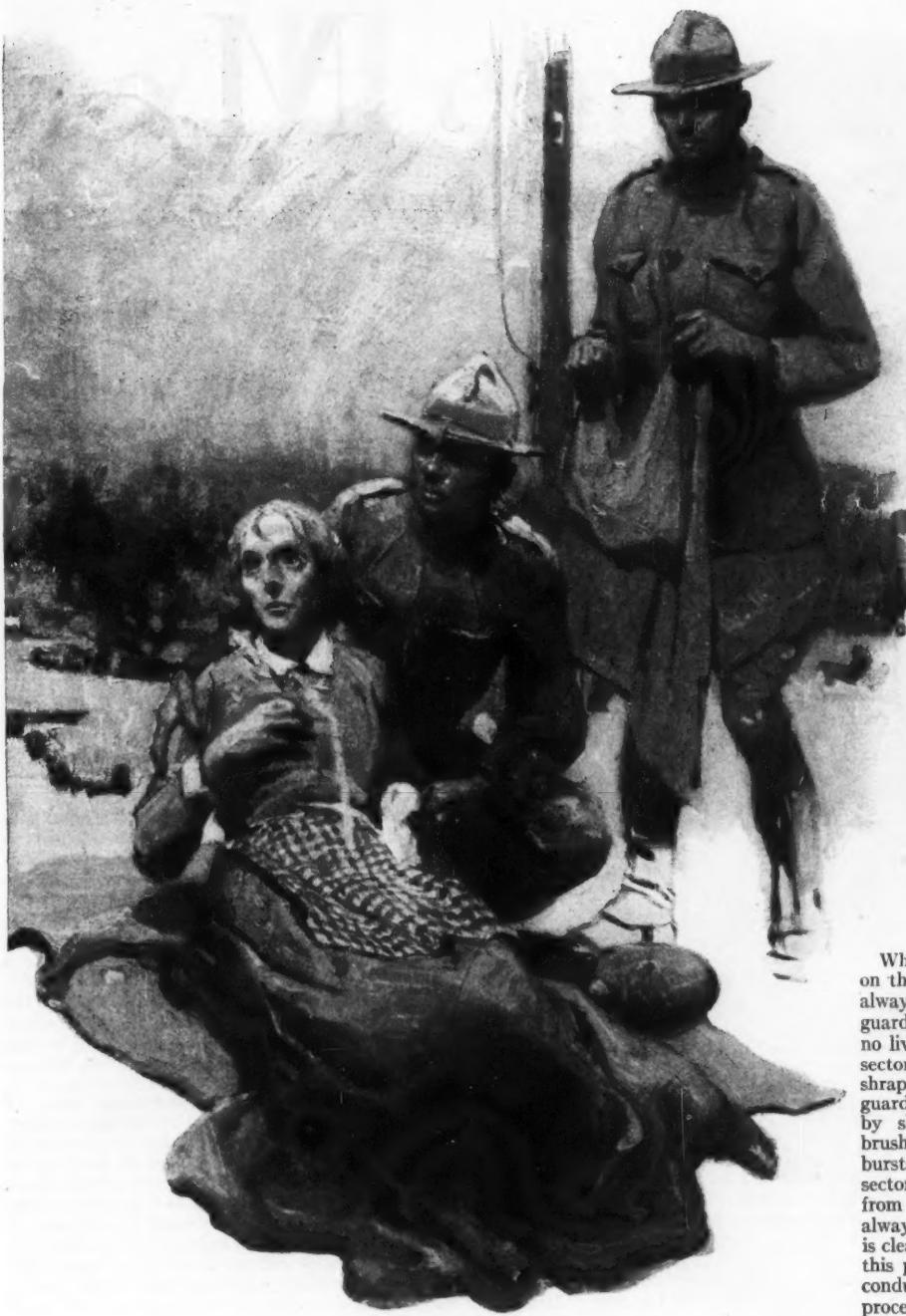
Sergeant Grasby stepped into the battery street and sounded his whistle, while Peep Sight sat in at the battery typewriter and wrote two brief letters, in duplicate, one of which he signed; with both letters in his hand he fled for the adjutant's office. He reappeared in the battery street presently and handed a sheet of paper to Grasby, just as the bugles sounded "Assembly."

"Recruits, with the exception of Cahalan, fall in for retreat in line of file-closers. Cahalan, fall in with the first section." Grasby "dressed" the battery, and in a precise, yet deliberate, old soldier manner, took his position, facing the command. "Tenshun to orders!" he barked, and read:

Headquarters —th Field Artillery,  
Camp Kearny, Calif.,  
April 6th, 1918.

Regimental Order No. 534.

Upon the recommendation of his battery commander, Private



Andrew Cahalan, No. 823,197, is hereby promoted to the rank of sergeant, his appointment to date from today.

He will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By order of

Colonel Umpety-ump-bump,  
Captain umpty-ump-bump, adjutant."

Sergeant Grasby always grew very weary when reading the names and titles of the two individuals responsible for regimental orders and mouthed and mumbled them in his hurry to finish reading and call the rolls.

After the rolls had been called and all the section chiefs had reported, there ensued a brief wait, while the men stood at ease, before Peep Sight sang out: "Tenshun-n-n-n! Parade-e-e! Rest!"

The Bluebird came to a parade as naturally, as automatically, as if days instead of years had passed since he did it before. Then the field music sounded Retreat, and the Blue Bird made a mental note of the fact that the entire regiment was weak on buglers . . . Peep Sight's voice reached him again.

"Tenshun-n-n-n!"

The band played the national anthem, and from where he stood the Bluebird saw the flag on the pole at division headquarters come fluttering down to the soldier hands that caught it reverently lest it touch the dust of the parade ground.

As a boy, when he drove the lead team on No. 1 gun of Capron's battery into action at San Juan Hill, the Bluebird had been a sentimentalist. He could bear to miss any other call in the service, except Retreat, because Retreat never failed to thrill him, to make his heart beat a little faster and prouder in the knowledge that he was a participant in this lovely ceremony, this evening renewal of faith, this revival of a religion of loyalty. A homecoming, too, after a long sad absence, is bound to stir the emotions, and the Bluebird was home again—and still a sentimentalist. He wanted very much to weep, but he dared not, for he was a sergeant now, a chief of section.

When field artillery is firing on the target range the range is always policed by a mounted guard whose duty it is to see that no living thing wanders into the sector upon which the shells or shrapnel are falling. The range guard also repairs targets smashed by shell fire and extinguishes brush or grass fires caused by low bursts. Just off the limits of the sector, where it can be seen from the guns, a flag-pole is always set up; when the range is clear white flag floating from this pole indicates to the officer conducting fire that he may proceed to shoot the problem assigned to him; when, for any reason, the range may not be fired

upon, a red flag indicates "Cease Firing."

Sergeant Andy Cahalan, with eighteen mounted men, constituted the range guard assigned to continuous duty during the target practise of his regiment. Peep Sight had suggested him to the colonel as one who knew his business and would require no supervision.

The Bluebird was sensible today of a feeling of elation, for he was about to see, for the first time, something new in field artillery practise, to wit, a creeping barrage. In his day the word barrage had been unknown; fire had been direct with three point two's at comparatively close ranges and practically all shrapnel had been used. Today the first battalion, using three inch guns and high explosive shell, was to search out every nook and cranny of the sector, advancing in fifty-yard leaps before an imaginary line of infantrymen following so close behind the barrage that casualties of approximately ten percent inevitably must result from the "shorts."

A corporal rode to the sergeant's side (Continued on page 143)

# Us Men

*Will Working Wives*  
*By William*

*Photographic Illustrations*



Some day it may be the husband whose decorative presence will give the family bungalow that homely touch—

**Y**ES, that's the word, h-e-m-i-g-a-m-y, with the accent on the *ig*—*hemigamy*.

Probably you never have heard it before. It isn't in the dictionary yet, except disguised as a botanical adjective. It is a new word describing a new condition.

Every time anything happens that changes the habits and customs of people a new vocabulary is born. Until automobiles came into use you were unfamiliar with such words as *tonneau*, *blow-out*, and *inner tubes*. Airplanes introduced *hangar* and *joy-stick*; and now that so many people have radio sets, the new terms *broadcasting* and *tuning-in* are in daily use.

Presently, too, you will find everyone talking about hemigamy, for it accurately describes a new condition of affairs. It defines with exactitude the amazing and perplexing plight in which a lot of us men find ourselves without quite knowing how we got there.

*Hemigamy is the state in which a husband lives when he has a wife half-married to him and half-married to a job.*

In derivation it's perfectly sound. It comes from the Greek words meaning *half* and *marriage*. Botanists apply the word *hemigamous* to plants "having one of two florets on the same spikelet neuter." It is cognate in derivation to polygamy, when a man has many wives, and bigamy, when he has two wives. If these two words are properly used, then when a man has only half a wife it must be hemigamy.

And hemigamy today is far more prevalent than you might suspect. We men have a habit of keeping our domestic troubles to ourselves. Far more men these days have half a wife than anyone realizes. Each year more and more married women are going out and getting jobs for themselves and the number of these half-wives is increasing in alarming degree. I doubt if even we men

really realize how far we have slipped and how fast we still are slipping from our former proud and lofty position when each of us had one wife that was all his own.

Once any wife gets a job all masculine domination ends. Such a thing as a mere husband has at once to take a back seat. Husband's opinions, husband's ideas, husband's welfare, husband's future at once cease to be matters of prime importance to the wife. Let us put the matter in the form of a concrete example.

A married man in Detroit is earning fifty dollars a week. His wife, who is also employed there, is earning seventy-five. The man is offered a job in Seattle that will pay him a hundred dollars a week. Can you imagine him going home to tell his wife of the wonderful offer he has had? Do you suppose for a minute that she is at once going to volunteer to give up *her* job and go with him to Seattle. She is *NOT*. It is a hundred to one that she will calmly tell him to go to Seattle and take the position offered if he wishes to. As for her, she is going to stay right where she is in Detroit. Hasn't she been promised a raise at the first of the year? Surely he is not selfish enough to expect that she is going to give up her job and her future just for the sentimental idea of sticking to a husband!

Let our wives begin to earn money of their own and we men no longer command the feminine respect and adulation that used to be ours in the good old days when the husband was the only wage-earner. Turn back to the pages of your own childhood. Do you remember what an important personage in the household your father was?—infinitely more respected, revered, feared and looked up to by his wife and by his children than *you* are by your wife and family. Nothing ever was done by any of the family without first ascertaining father's ideas on the subject. If he was a Methodist they all went to the Methodist church. If he was a Democrat they all wore Cleveland buttons. Mother would not think of going anywhere, doing anything or buying anything without first consulting him.

In those times we men had a good thing of it. Womenfolk all respected us and for the most part obediently did what we told them to. But, now, almost without our knowing it, someone or somebody has come along and pulled the legs of our comfortable easy chair out from under us.

Progress has made daily necessities out of a hundred things that a previous generation had never heard or dreamed of—telephones, elevators, kitchen cabinets, automatic sweepers, dishwashing machines, automobiles, radio sets, motion pictures, fur jaquettes, golf outfits, silk stockings, lip sticks, permanent waves, complexion clays. One by one the daughters of the household began slipping out of the home to earn money to buy these wonderful new things that father's income could not be stretched sufficiently to procure. The married woman, envying the girl at work the money she has to spend on feminine fripperies, has gone forth from the home, and is going each year in larger numbers, to get a job for herself.

How is this condition of hemigamy affecting us husbands?

# *and* Hemigamy

## *Make Idle Husbands?*

### Johnston

by Lejaren à Hiller

These half married wives, for the most part still resolutely cling to special rights and privileges that were theirs in the bygone days of chivalry, but glorying in the new-found independence that the sense of earning and spending their own money has brought them, they no longer even try to keep up the pretense of properly respecting us husbands and our rights and dignities.

Rather, our wives delight in flaunting their emancipation in the face of the world. At the theater the other evening I actually saw one of these job-holding wives sitting in the aisle seat, with her husband on the inside. Her money had paid for the tickets. Why should she not sit on the aisle if she wished and proclaim to the audience that it was she who had financed the evening's entertainment? What are the feelings of any mere husband compared to the importance of a woman publicly proclaiming her economic independence?

Whether this wrecking of masculine comfort and this wanton destruction of masculine self-respect is a real or only an imagined evil, of this one thing I am certain—hemigamy is destructive of a happy home life. Ask any employed wife about housekeeping and home-making and she will calmly assure you that it does not interest her in the least.

But the most serious peril of hemigamy from the viewpoint of us husbands is its dire effect, not on our wives, but on us. Apparently hemigamy is turning us men into parasites.

The strong, forceful type of he-man still wants the soft, sweet, old-fashioned feminine sort of girl for a wife. The woman that appeals most to him is the kind content to stay in the home and let him do the wrestling with the cruel world for the cash she needs. He wants a wife who will be in the house to greet him when he comes in, who will go into raptures over the presents he brings her, who will be at his beck and call when he wants her, comfort him when he is tired, cheer him when he is depressed.

But the marriage habit is far too strongly rooted in the feminine sex to be readily given up. Since the strongly masculine type will not be satisfied with women of the half-wife type, these wage-earning women marry weakling men—men who are hardly able to earn a living for themselves.

The time may come when all the good places in business will have been taken and held by the women, when we men if we work at all, will have to work under women. Presently there may be no place left for us husbands in the world of business. Home eventually may be our only refuge, while our wives earn the money to support us. Then indeed will our wives wake up to the horrors of hemigamy.

In every one of us men there are latent instincts that we have carefully suppressed. We too are fond of personal adornment and of idleness and ease. We never really have liked working. Just wait till women are doing all the money-earning and we'll be the greatest idlers the world ever has known.

And what we'll do in the way of dressing will astonish our wage-earning wives beyond measure. We men always have liked pretty clothes. It was only two or three centuries ago, remember, that it was we men who went about with our hair



—While the wife will sally forth to wrest from a hard-boiled business world a living—plus the little luxuries that make home-keeping less boresome for him.

curled, sporting silk stockings, using powder and rouge, and wearing the velvets and laces.

Working as we've had to work the last few generations, we've suppressed our clothes complex fairly well. Only in the matter of neckties, and waistcoats, and golf-trousers have we let our tastes manifest themselves. But wait—just wait—till the women have all the jobs and all of the money and we husbands are supported by them, what gorgeous clothes we'll wear—what wonderful times we'll have. Our wives some day will find out that this hemigamy business is expensive.

# The Dead Line

IT WAS because of an amateur newspaper publisher that Ben Ali Crisp first got into the newspaper game in the Big Town. As may be remembered. It was because of another amateur newspaper publisher that he finally got out of it. As shall be recorded.

He got out near the conclusion of his eighteenth year as city editor of the Star; his eighteenth consecutive year, the same constituting a service record unequaled on Park Row for city editors, they being a perishable tribe. And the reason for his getting out was as follows:

Harlow Henry Onslow, Esq.

It was entirely possible that the oldest subscriber to the Star never heard that it had on its city desk a man of the name of Crisp, better known in trade circles as old Ben Alibi. Such fame as Crisp had was a professional fame, specialized and confined. So far as the average reader went, he was as anonymous as the old darky who swept out the city room after the last edition had gone, which was exactly as should be. A good city editor should be heard and not seen. But for a literate dweller of New York to admit that he did not know who Mr. Harlow Henry Onslow was would be to argue the person so confessing an ignoramus.

Before Mr. Onslow had his millions he had his social position and before he bought the Star he was an ambassador to a foreign court, a patron of the fine arts, a consistent advocate of reforms, a chronic honorary vice-president of worthy causes, a boxholder at the opera, a pewholder at Trinity, a director of this and that, a commodore of our smartest yacht club and other important things too numerous to mention. And after he bought the Star—well, that was when he really became a cosmic force with a notoriety which burst all local bounds and went pleasantly ringing around the English-speaking world.

It was Wendover, its founder, who sold it to him, lock, stock and barrel. Wendover, having made his pile out of publishing,

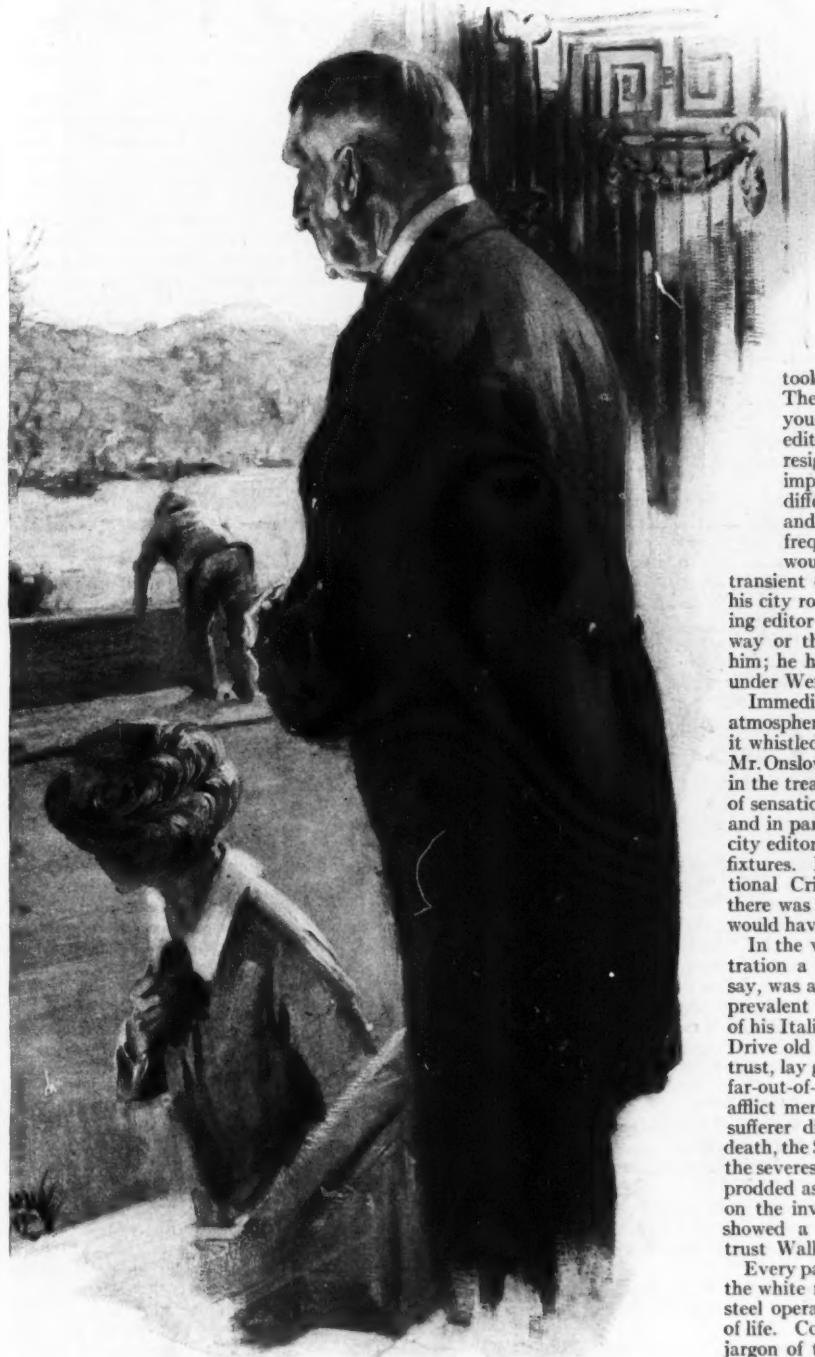
A middle-aged man, primly dressed, ran briskly up the steps.



decided one fine day to devote the remainder of his life to big game hunting and antique collecting; so he got his price from Onslow, who like nearly all the rest of us believed he knew how to run a daily paper much better than the people who follow the business of running one. As no doubt you are aware, civilized mankind resolves itself into three main divisions—those who could make successes as restaurant managers, those who are born

# By Irvin S. Cobb

*A Story of the Glow that Burned in a Hard Man's Heart*



judges of horseflesh and those who, if put in absolute charge, could improve and uplift any newspaper.

Now Onslow belonged to the third group, which is away yonder the largest. So thus, by virtue of his money and the faith that was in him, he became the sole owner of the Star, and it may or may not have been a fine thing for the Star and it certainly was not a bad thing for Mr. Onslow's reputation as a public character,

*Illustrations by  
Marshall Frantz*

but it did Ben Ali Crisp no real good.

Right away, almost before the seat of his new tripod was warm beneath him, the new proprietor sought to cause to ensue what commonly is known as a Change of Policy. That led, naturally, to changes in personnel. The position of Executive Director was created and Mr. Onslow himself took it over, both the title and the post. The old business manager went out, a much younger man stepped in. The managing editor saw the handwriting on the wall and resigned. His successor was a Philadelphia importation. As to that Crisp remained indifferent. Managing editors might come and go. In the past they had done so frequently; no doubt in the future they would continue to do so. Just so the transient dignitary kept hands off his staff and his city room, a managing editor more, a managing editor less, meant mighty little to Crisp one way or the other. Office politics were not for him; he had his work to do and all these years under Wendover he had been let to do it.

Immediately, though, he felt a chill in the shop's atmosphere. A cold breeze began whistling and it whistled in his direction. It would seem that Mr. Onslow had a strong aversion for such methods in the treatment of the printable news as smelled of sensationalism. He very soon made this plain, and in particular he made it plain to the veteran city editor whom he had inherited with the other fixtures. Because when it came to being sensational Crisp surely was an habitual criminal; there was no doubt about that and Crisp himself would have been the last one to deny it.

In the very first week of the Onslow administration a thing happened which, as you might say, was a straw to show from which quarter the prevalent wind now blew. In an upper chamber of his Italiano-Manhattanese palace on Riverside Drive old Dougal Forbes, the head of the metals trust, lay gravely ill of one of those expensive and far-out-of-the-ordinary ailments that so often afflict members of our wealthier classes. If the sufferer died, indeed if he came very near to death, the Stock Exchange would experience one of the severest jolts of its joltsome history. Already, prodded as it was by conflicting rumors touching on the invalid's condition, the disquieted market showed a sinking tendency. You safely may trust Wall Street to anticipate the worst.

Every paper in town had a man camping outside the white marble monstrosity wherein the great steel operator fought to keep his precious breath of life. Collectively these men constituted, in the jargon of the craft, the Death Watch. All they could get though in the nature of authentic word was the bulletin that issued twice or thrice a day, it being signed by a quartet of distinguished medical men and so phrased by its authors as to mislead rather than to inform. Yet so craftily was each bulletin worded that it seemed frank enough; it's an old trick and a fairly safe one.

But the papers—and the public—did not want temperatures and respirations. What they wanted was the truth.

## The Dead Line

Early in the morning on the third day of the Forbes story, Crisp had Farnum, one of his younger leg men, on the telephone. Crisp had just opened his desk and was checking the schedule sheet when Farnum rang up.

"Did you follow the line I gave you last night?" he asked.

"Well, yes, sir, I did," answered Farnum defensively, confessing failure by his tone.

"Well, what happened?"

"Nothing much, sir, I'm sorry to say. By going around through the alley alongside the Art Institute on Eighty-third Street as you'd suggested, and climbing over the rear fence I got into the yard behind the house without anybody seeing me. But when I went up to the back door and knocked, a man who looked as though he might be a private detective opened it about three inches and before I could get out more than half a dozen words of the stall that you'd told me to try on 'em, why he slammed the door again right in my face."

"Didn't he say anything at all?"

"Yes, sir. He said, 'I'll bet you're one of those damned reporters.'"

"You should have taken him up—you could have busted that fellow."

"How's that, sir?—I didn't quite get that last."

"Oh, never mind. I was only thinking that you overlooked a good chance to cure somebody of the vice of gambling. Farnum, you can quit picket duty—get on back to the uptown office and report to Stacey. City News will protect us if anything develops."

Crisp hung up the receiver and hailed Flynn, top man on the copy desk: "Say, Eddie, sit in here for me, will you? I'm going out for a little while."

Not more than three quarters of an hour later a middle-aged man, primly dressed and carrying in his hand a small well-worn black leather case, stepped out of a smart private rig at the corner of Eighty-fourth Street and ran briskly up the marble steps of the Forbes mansion. Before the members of the Death Watch, idling on the opposite side of the Drive, could move to intercept him, in fact before even they caught a fair look at him, he had been admitted to the house by an unseen individual who promptly closed and bolted the heavy doors behind him.

It was an English butler, with a perturbed face enclosed in side-whiskers like brackets, who let this brisk stranger into the entrance hall—an English butler of the type you read about in story books but rarely encounter in real life.

"Pardon, sir," he said, "what name, please?"

"Doctor Gordon," stated the middle-aged man, surrendering his black kit to a reaching hand and undoing a glove—"called into the case late last night by Doctor Simms, you know."

"Quite so, sir."

The visitor glanced at his watch.

"I'm a bit ahead of time, I fear," he said. "Has Doctor Simms arrived yet? Or any of his confrères?"

"No, sir, the consultation isn't until ten o'clock, sir."

"Oh damn!" The other uttered a low oath. "And my secretary told me nine was the hour. That's very annoying."

"Sorry, sir, I'm sure. Will you wait, sir? Shall I notify a member of the family? Doctor Mortimer, the family physician, is upstairs now, sir—he's been 'ere all night. Would 'e do?"

"No. I'll come back when the others get here. And you need not call any of the family. But I'll leave my kit of instruments here in your care, if you don't mind."

"Yes, sir, as you say, sir."

"Tell me: what is the patient's exact condition this morning?"

"Very serious, sir—in fact, very low, I'm grieved to say. 'E was unconscious through most of the night. 'E's still unconscious. We fear the worst, sir."

"So I was given to understand." The tone was crisply professional with just an undertone of sympathy running beneath it. "Tell me, if you know—an operation is now regarded as absolutely imperative, eh?"

"Thank you for asking, that's true, sir. They speak of it as a last resort, sir. Pardon me, sir, but are you to perform the—the—?"

"That depends," said the middle-aged man. "I'll be back at ten. Tell Simms and the others so for me if they get here first."

And he was gone out of the door and down the steps and at once off and away in his car—plainly a busy practitioner, the butler decided, and of course a very distinguished one.

For awhile the departed person was as busy as he had seemed. Around on Broadway at a pay station he first called up the city room of the Star and flashed in his news. Then he rang his former employer, Wendover, and thanked him for the use of his

brougham, next telephoned an ancient friend of his, one Simpkins, a Chatham Square pawnbroker, to tell him the Star owed him for the price of a set of second-hand piano tuner's tools borrowed for an emergency half an hour earlier. The Star was on the street with its coup of old Forbes's real estate and Wall Street had begun to spin in dizzy circles before Crisp got back to the shop to receive the congratulations of all and sundry there.

Nobody ever yet had hurt Crisp's feelings by praising him to his face. The face split into a pleased smile as this one had this to say about it and that one had that, he was sitting on the edge of his desk with one leg swinging.

"It was so simple it was almost foolish," he said. "Doing it was the easy part—I'll take credit, though, for doping it out."

"One thing," said Flynn; "I guess it'll show some of these youngsters around here that you haven't been cooped up on a desk job so long you've forgotten how to be a sure-nuff reporter."

"Uh huh!" assented Crisp, drinking in the flattery of the tribute, "I only hope it'll have the effect of demonstrating to that new boss of ours that there are other ways of killing a cat besides choking it to death on butter. He seems to have the notion in his head that you can run a newspaper the way you'd run an undertaking parlor—by waiting for trade to come in instead of going out after it. Well, I guess this ought to be proof enough even for him."

It wasn't, though. Later in the day Crisp was summoned into the presence of his employer. Wendover, in his time, had claimed a cluttered room behind the art department for his own, but rarely used it. Wendover liked to scout about the shop, slipping into somebody's vacant seat to keep watch on all the ordered disorderliness with an eye which never lost its zest for the details of this job of getting out an evening paper; Wendover would dictate to his stenographer or confer with his underlings in any odd corner of the plant. He liked to be out there where the wheels went round.

But Mr. Onslow was all for dignity. Dignity was what he fed on—that and aloofness. To reach him, a subordinate must go up to the tower and win past a private secretary in an outer room and on to the inner chamber of a suite upon which the decorators and furnishers still were engaged. It was almost like working one's way into a secret lodge. Hither, on command, came Crisp to find much Circassian walnut and many Persian rugs where before there had been plain wainscoting and naked floors; to find also an overlord who wore a frown of discontent and twiddled a gold pencil while he talked, and in his talk spoke of underhanded devices and bald deceptions and Yellowness. He dwelt with a particular and lecturing outrightness on the subject last named.

And Crisp's cheeks turned a dull angry red as he listened, and he gnawed on his under lip. Though when his time came to make answer he used a gentle tone, as one might who explained simple mysteries to another who did not know how simple they were.

"Everybody else's business—that's a reporter's business," he was saying. "In every real news story that bobs up there's a conspiracy somewhere to keep the reporter from getting at the facts. There's somebody who will be chagrined or annoyed or ridiculed or disgraced if the true story gets into print. Subsequently, there's always somebody or some group of somebodies organizing to steer the papers off the right track and onto the wrong one. You'll see that when you've had more experience in this game. And you'll see, too, that a reporter is justified in almost any course short of murder that will help him get at the inside story—the one that's covered up. That's what we call enterprise in this game."

"Enterprise I shall always applaud," stated Mr. Onslow, rapping with the jeweled head of the pencil; "legitimate enterprise, that is. But to take advantage of a servant, to invade a dying man's home, to impose on members of his household as a means unto an end, which I am given to understand was the case today, is a thing I cannot countenance. In the conduct of this paper I shall set my face like a faint against whatever smacks of yellow journalism." He seemed to like his phrase; he repeated it: "Like a flint, my dear Mr. Crisp, like a flint!"

"Now, about yellow journalism," countered Crisp. "Right there I'd like to say something which possibly you do not fully understand yet. Mr. Onslow, this paper was built up on yellowness. That's how we got our circulation, and that's how we've held it. I'm not saying we weren't pretty raw once in awhile back in those early days."

"But these times we don't go quite so far. Fashions have changed. But for the sake of argument, say, the Star is yellow. And what's being yellow? Being yellow is smearing a seven col. head across the page and dressing the yarn up with a lap-full of pictures and plenty of adjectives and sticking in a diagram to



They boosted a hall-boy  
in through the transom.

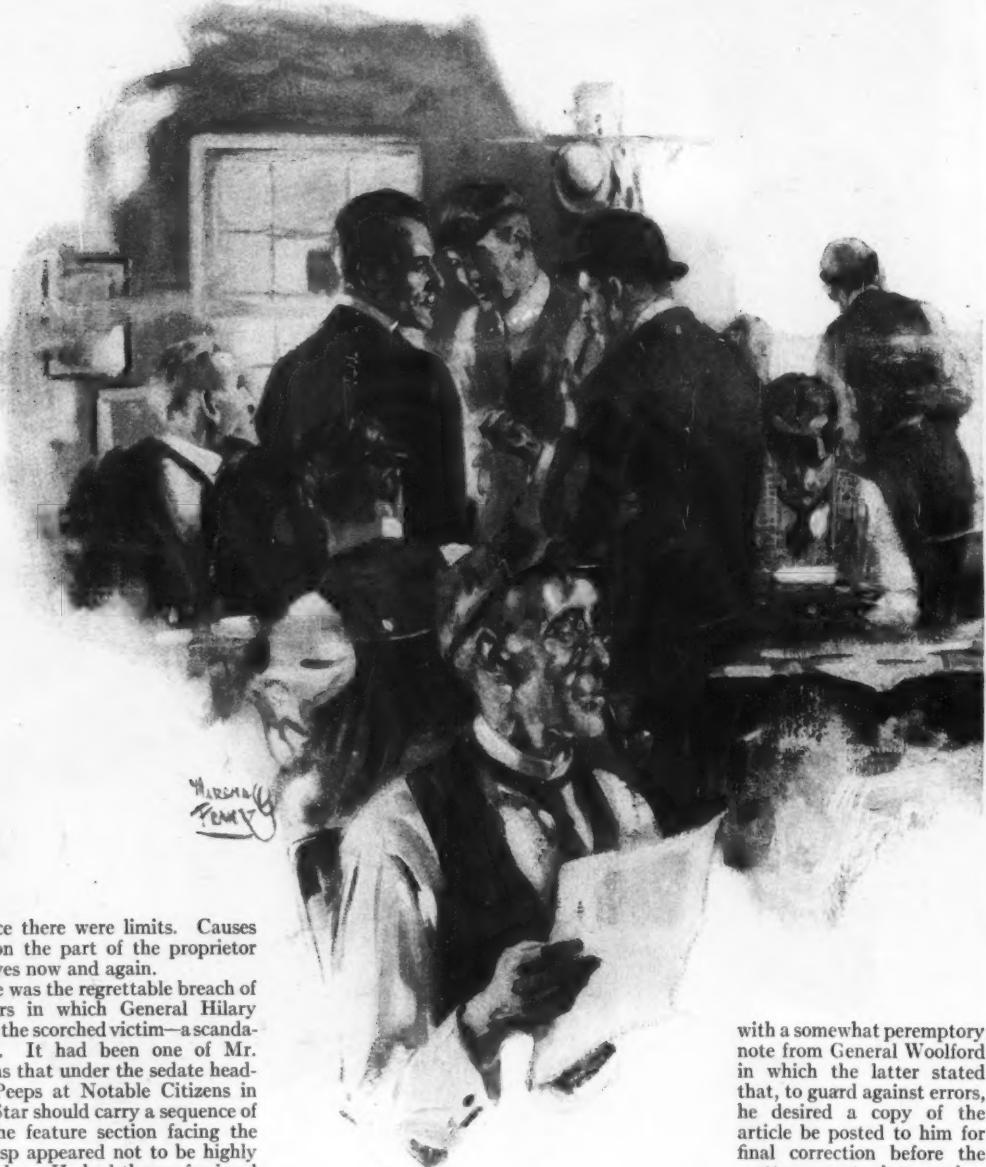
yellow. I claim it's not so much a matter of color as it is an optical illusion brought on by differences in the sizes of type-faces. I claim—”

But Mr. Onslow was in no humor to listen to counter-arguments from a man he could buy and sell a hundred times over and never miss the money even though he bought high and sold low. Onslow broke in with an annoyed edge on his voice to recapitulate his views. His face became increasingly flint-like, his manner also. He did not forget that he dealt with a person dependent upon him for a weekly wage. He did not let his hearer forget it, either. Plainly, the old seemingly free-and-easy-going days of the Wendover régime were gone. At least, they were going.

Even so, and during the days which followed, Mr. Onslow felt the drag of a clog on his engine of reformation. His fretfulness mounted. He was, as he told his docile managing editor, a man of infinite patience. He was perfectly willing, naming no names, to allow older members of his organization time in which to adjust themselves to the newer spirit and the better course. Still,

show where the thing happened and how it happened and so on.

“But if a so-called conservative paper leaves out the pictures and runs the story under a single column head and doesn't follow it up with signed articles by special writers, why still it's conservative even though it may have printed certain details which we'd cut out because they made nasty reading—yes, sir, it's conservative. But we dressed the thing up to catch the eye, so we're



even to his patience there were limits. Causes for due irritation on the part of the proprietor multiplied themselves now and again.

For instead, there was the regrettable breach of journalistic manners in which General Hilary Woolford figured as the scorched victim—a scandalous affair, indeed. It had been one of Mr. Onslow's pet notions that under the sedate heading of "Intimate Peeps at Notable Citizens in Their Homes" the Star should carry a sequence of daily specials in the feature section facing the editorial page. Crisp appeared not to be highly enthused over the idea. He had the professional newsgatherer's contempt for comic strips and continued stories and such like. To his way of thinking, they merely cluttered up space which might better have been devoted to live stuff, and the thing had been done before, often. An order, though, was an order. He ran Onslow's Notable Citizens at the rate of one column a day and one notable to a column.

General Hilary Woolford held in for as long as he could. He held in for nearly two weeks. Then with his own hand he wrote a letter to the editor of the Star calling attention to the fact that he, General Woolford, no less, had not to date been approached by a representative of the paper with a view to giving the Star's readers an intimate peep. Doubtless this was an oversight. At any rate he, the General, was quite ready to be interviewed. Or words to that effect.

The letter went to the Executive Director and from him, with a penciled notation, to Crisp, who grinned as he read it and muttered something about a pompous old stiff, but was not astonished. The vanities of men—and women—reveal themselves to newspaper folk as to a mirror. Moved by an undefined motive Crisp kept the letter. He tucked it away in a pigeon-hole of his desk. Afterwards he was glad he saved it.

Pursuant to his instructions from the higher power he sent a reporter, when an appointment had been made, to General Woolford's house. The reporter returned with his material; also

with a somewhat peremptory note from General Woolford in which the latter stated that, to guard against errors, he desired a copy of the article be posted to him for final correction before the matter went into print. Crisp did not send the General a copy but he sent

him a galley proof. Likewise he preserved the note, filing it with the General's original letter, which was well; for the final outcome it all dovetailed in most beautifully.

Next morning the proof came back—a puzzle of revisions and interlineations. The reporter in describing the General's drawing-room had mentioned that on the walls were "handsome paintings." The wording here had been altered; it spoke now of "priceless works of old masters." The mansion itself had been referred to as "handsome"; the owner made it "magnificent." A phrase—"many years of service in the National Guard"—was glorified into "long record of self-sacrificing and invaluable devotion to the State's military arm by a veritable master of men." "Successful banker and business man" became "outstanding colossus of industry and finance." And so on and so forth. On the margin was an initialed demand:

"I desire that this article shall be published exactly as it now appears. (Signed) H. W."

And so it was. Crisp attended personally to that detail. He printed first a facsimile of the General's letter; beneath that a facsimile of the General's note, and beneath that in turn a photographic reproduction of the transmogrified galley proof itself, correct down to the last interlineation. To the world at large there was presented a picture of the unfortunate General Woolford



more cruelly honest in its betrayals of that outraged gentleman's pretensions than any the most merciless portrait painter might ever hope to do. All New York rocked with ribald joy; twenty-four hours later the nation was a-giggle and music-hall comedians and humorous paragrapheurs and sketch artists were making impiously free of him who until then had been one of the sacred bullocks of the entrenched aristocracy of the land.

Mr. Onslow was one who did not join in the laughter. Distinctly not. That his own paper should have dealt so outrageous a blow at a personage of his own inner coterie and a fellow-member of two exclusive clubs, irked Mr. Onslow no little. The incident cost him a friend and an unhappy hour spent in framing a personal apology in which 'twas set forth that he had had no prior knowledge of the grievous thing and promising that the offender properly should be disciplined.

General Woolford was not to be placated by soft and soothing words. He made a hurried voyage to Europe and was exceedingly rude to the ship-news reporters who approached him on the pier sailing day. He expressed his opinion of the American press in general and it was not a favorable opinion, either. He was amplifying it in unpretty language as he went aboard to hide a diminished head in a state-room. While away he was not greatly missed. New York is full of its General Woolfords.

As for Crisp, he seemed not greatly to mind what his chief said to him in private conference touching on the affair. Certainly he showed no signs of penitence either in his manner or in his treatment of the news. Perhaps he excused Onslow's heat on the ground of Onslow's ignorance of what constituted a live paper;

"It was so simple it was almost foolish," said Crisp. But his face split into a pleased smile at their praise.

anyhow he kept his feelings to himself. But there was no doubt as to how Mr. Onslow regarded the situation. For one who had served his country in a diplomatic capacity abroad he seemed somewhat lacking in tact. At any rate, it was made plain to those within his official confidence that he looked upon his city editor as one wilfully stubborn. Relations between the two men were not exactly strained; still, all through the building it was known that there had been a run-in upstairs. Toadies and sycophants—and every plant has them—decided which side their daily bread was buttered on and by subtle methods manifested to Mr. Onslow that they might be counted upon to stand behind him in any contingency. As for the city staff, almost to a man it perversely remained loyal to the dour grizzled crotchety Crisp. Behind his back the crew might curse him for a slave driver but, because, as they said, he knew his business and played fair with his men, they kept on giving him the best that (Continued on page 132)

By W. SOMERSET  
MAUGHAM

# A Widow's Might

Illustration by C. J. McCarthy

I HAVE always been firmly convinced that if a woman once made up her mind to marry a man nothing but instant flight could save him. Not always that, for once a friend of mine, seeing the inevitable doom menacingly before him took ship from a certain port (with a toothbrush for all his luggage, so conscious was he of his danger and the necessity for immediate action) and spent a year traveling round the world; but when, thinking himself safe (women are fickle, he said, and in twelve months she will have forgotten all about me), he landed at the selfsame port, the first person he saw was the little lady from whom he had fled, gaily waving to him from the quay.

I have only once known a man who in such circumstances managed to extricate himself. His name was Roger Charing. He was no longer young when he fell in love with Ruth Barlow and he had had sufficient experience to make him careful; but Ruth Barlow had a gift (or should I call it a quality?) which renders most men defenceless, and it was this that robbed Roger of his common sense, his prudence and his worldly wisdom. He went down like a row of ninepins. This was the gift of pathos.

Mrs. Barlow, for she was twice a widow, had splendid dark eyes and they were the most pathetic I ever saw; they seemed to be ever on the point of filling with tears; they suggested that the world was too much for her, and you felt that, poor dear, her sufferings had been more than anyone should be asked to bear. If, like Roger Charing, you were a strong, hefty fellow with plenty of money, it was almost inevitable that you should say to yourself: I must stand between the ill-usage of the world and this helpless little thing; oh, how wonderful it would be to take the sadness out of those big and lovely eyes!

I gathered from Roger that everyone had treated Mrs. Barlow very badly. She was apparently one of those unfortunate persons with whom nothing by any chance goes right. If she married a husband he beat her, if she employed a broker he cheated her, if she engaged a cook she drank. She never had a dear gazelle but it was sure to die.

When Roger told me that he had at last persuaded her to marry him, I wished him joy.

"I hope you'll be good friends," he said. "She's a little afraid of you, you know; she thinks you're callous."

"Upon my word I don't know why she should think that," I answered.

"You do like her, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "Very much."

"She's had a rotten time, poor dear. I feel so sorry for her."

"Yes," I said.

I couldn't say less. I knew she was stupid and I thought she was scheming. My own belief was that she was as hard as nails. The first time I met her we played bridge and when she was my partner she twice trumped my best card. I behaved like an angel, but I confess that I thought if the tears were going to well up into anybody's eyes they should have been mine rather than hers. And when, having by the end of the evening lost a good deal of money to me, she said she would send me a check and never sent it I did think that I and not she should have worn a pathetic expression when next we met.

Roger introduced her to all his friends. He gave her lovely jewels. He took her here, there and everywhere. Their marriage was announced for the immediate future. Roger was in the seventh heaven of delight.

Then, on a sudden, he fell out of love. I do not know why. It could hardly be that he grew tired of her conversation, for she never had any conversation. Perhaps it was merely that this pathetic look of hers ceased to wring his heartstrings. The scales fell from his eyes and he was once more the shrewd man of the world he had been. He became acutely conscious that Ruth Barlow had definitely made up her mind to marry him and he

swores a solemn oath that nothing would induce him to marry Ruth Barlow. But he was in a quandary. Now that he was in possession of his senses he saw with clearness the sort of woman he had to deal with and he was aware that, if he asked her to release him, she would (in that pathetic way of hers) assess her wounded feelings at an immoderately high figure. Besides, it is always awkward for a man to jilt a woman.

Roger kept his own counsel. He gave neither by word nor gesture an indication that his feelings towards Ruth Barlow had changed. He remained attentive to all her wishes; he took her to dine at restaurants; they went to the play together; he sent her flowers; he was sympathetic and charming. They had made up their minds that they would be married as soon as they found a house that suited them, for he lived in bachelor chambers and she in furnished rooms, and they set about looking at houses.

The agents sent Roger orders to view and he took Ruth to see a number of desirable residences. It was very hard to find anything that was quite satisfactory. Roger applied to more agents.

They visited house after house. They went over them thoroughly, examining them from the cellars in the basement to the attics under the roof. And sometimes they were too large and sometimes they were too small, sometimes they were too far from the center of things and sometimes they were too close, sometimes they were too expensive and sometimes they wanted too many repairs, sometimes they were too stuffy and sometimes they were too airy, sometimes they were too dark and sometimes they were too bleak. Roger always found some serious fault.

Of course he was hard to please: he could not bear to ask his dear Ruth to live in any but the perfect house, and the perfect house he could not find. House-hunting is a tiring and a tiresome business and presently Ruth began to grow peevish. He begged her to have patience; somewhere surely existed the very house they were looking for, and it needed only a little perseverance and they would find it. They looked at hundreds of houses; they climbed thousands of stairs. Ruth was exhausted and more than once she lost her temper.

"If you don't find a house soon," she said, "I shall have to reconsider my position. Why, if we go on like this we shan't be married for years."

"Don't say that," he answered; "I beseech you to have patience. I've just received some entirely new lists from agents I've only just heard of. There must be at least sixty houses."

They set out on the chase again. They looked at more houses and more houses. For two years they looked at houses. Ruth grew silent and scornful; her pathetic eyes gained a look that was almost sullen. At last she lost her patience.

"Do you want to marry me or do you not?" she said finally.

"Of course I do. We'll be married the very moment we find a house. By the way, I've heard of something that might suit us."

"I don't feel well enough to look at any more houses just yet."

"Poor dear, I was afraid you were looking rather tired."

Ruth Barlow took to her bed. She would not see Roger and he had to content himself with calling at her lodgings to inquire about her health, and sending her flowers. He was, as ever, assiduous and gallant. Every day he wrote and told her he had heard of another house for them to look at. A week passed and then he received the following letter:

ROGER: I do not think you really love me. I have found someone who is anxious to take care of me and I am going to be married to him today. RUTH

He sent back his reply by special messenger:

RUTH: Your news shatters me. I shall never get over the blow, but of course your happiness must be my first consideration. I send you herewith seven orders to view; they arrived by this morning's post and I am quite sure you will find among them a house that will exactly suit you. ROGER



Of course he was hard to please. He could not bear to ask his dear Ruth to live in any but the perfect house, and the perfect house he could not find. Ruth began to grow peevish.

# The Masterpiece

By KATHLEEN

**H**E HESITATED a little, reaching the drawing-room; there was a fire beyond there in the soft gloom, twilight, the shining top of a polished long table, the rounded backs of hospitably circled chairs.

But where was Isabel?

Suddenly, immediately, in one of her old characteristic, laughing rushes, she had come out of shadows, she had hold of him. Her hands, in the old way, vital upon his, her old effect of being taller than she really was—of being, indeed, only a tall girl in her childhood. Nothing was changed.

"Peter!" she said, in the old voice.

"My dear, dear girl!" he said, touched, shaken. And quite simply, as old friends in the forties may do nowadays, they kissed.

Then they went over to the fire, and she put him in a big chair, and sank into one near, and opposite, so that they could stare delightedly at each other. They were, blessedly, alone at the moment, but there were five or six empty tea-cups waiting on the tray. Peter Penrhyn had a distinct appreciation that this hour was a precious one, in a short lifetime, and that moments were valuable.

But he sat smiling, un hurried, fingers linked, gray eyes under a copper-burned and graying forehead, keen, savoring every word, as befitted a man who had been globe-trotting, exploring, hunting, fighting animals in jungles, and men in Flanders, for twenty years. A man who had not talked to Isabel Yarrington for twelve—fifteen—good Lord, except for that unsatisfactory cup of tea once, in war-time, it was eighteen of them!

"Isabel, what luck to find you alone!"

"You certainly didn't think I was going to have the neighbors in, when you came!"

"My dear, you've such wonderful neighbors, now—with everyone interesting in the world only asking to be your neighbor!"

"I see," she said, with the old, deliciously rebuking smile—she had been playing mother to everybody since she was six—"I see you think I've become a fine lady, since we met!"

"Nothing in the world could have made you a fine lady, since we met," Peter said, with a little flush under his copper skin, and a little bow.

She narrowed the fine eyes into laughter.

"Oh, thank you! Somebody has made a polished flatterer of you, at any rate," she returned. "Is it perhaps Paris?"

And she indicated the tall, muffled windows behind her, where an opal September sunset was indeed lighting the gray roofs of the French capital.

"Begin with Paris," Peter directed her hungrily. "Anything will do—let's get started! Why are you in Paris, just now?"

"Because Timothy likes Paris, always has," she answered. "Not quite satisfied anywhere, he does have his pleased moments here. Because, in the last ten years, it's been New York, Hawaii, Paris again, Deanery Street, Taormina, France—Brittany that time—Amherst—our boy did a few months' work there—Russia, China, San Francisco, Paris again!"

He smiled, musing and shaking his head.

"It's been phenomenal, hasn't it, Isabel?"

"Timothy's success?" she interpreted quickly. "Oh, extraordinary. It isn't only the books—let us suppose, for the sake of family modesty that he isn't Shakespeare over again,"



she smiled; "but it's the prices, Peter. Thousands—thousands! For movie rights, for serial rights, for second serial rights. It's a day of enormous magazine circulations, a day of big prices. A critic here and there may scorn him, but Timothy says—and truly, perhaps—that most critics are disappointed and unsuccessful writers. The machine goes on."

"Glorious beyond all the old dreams!" Peter marveled.

The woman, with a swift little shake of her head, rebuked him.

"As if anything could touch the old dreams!"

"Ah, you're quite right—you're quite right, Isabel," Peter agreed. "What dreams they were! When you were cooking Timothy's dinners in the Washington Square rooms, when we used to sing, and go off on Sunday walks in Staten Island—"

"With nothing but red apples in our pockets! And the day you rigged me up a water-jug on the fire-escape, to save ice!"

"You've not forgotten that! And the essay the 'Atlantic' took! Isabel, I've wondered sometimes, all these years, what you've been doing? All the world knows about Tim. What about you?" Peter broke off to ask. "What happened to the essays—the poems? After all, it was you who were going to be the writer, who had the start, indeed! I remember some of us didn't think it much of a match for you," he reminded her smiling, "to marry Timothy Yarrington, a newspaper man merely on 'space and detail'."

"Fancy!" she said, in a sort of amused, awed whisper. "Not much of a match—Timothy Yarrington!"

"Ah, well, after 'The Stargazer,' of course, after 'Drums Up

# NORRIS



*A Story  
Proving That  
Love  
Can Travel Far  
Where Pride  
Would  
Perish*

*Illustrations by H. R. Ballinger*

flush. "Besides, it's the boy, now—it's Donny. If he could be jealous, it would be of Don, nowadays. His pride in the boy, his talent, his future, his plans for him—that's his world. Don's everything to Tim. I don't know, I don't know," Isabel Yarrington said, in a lowered tone, a tone in which he was astonished and strangely sorry to detect a note of pain, "what Tim would do if Don ever disappointed him!"

"Your boy is—seventeen?"

She goes on her knees, she turns from one to another, and in one last burst, she begs for life.

"Nineteen, and as tall as Dad. Wait till you see him!" "And will he be a writer?"

"Don!" Her astonishment was almost funny. "But you know," she began, and interrupted herself. "Of course you *don't* know," she corrected it, smiling, "that Don's a genius. No, this isn't mother-talk; there's been many an hour, Peter, when his mother has wished that he wasn't! The life of a genius isn't all roses, and a genius isn't an easy little boy to bring up, properly."

"Writing already, eh?"

"Oh, not writing! *Painting!* Painting ever since he could hold a brush in his fat little fist. Screaming, Peter, even when he was little enough to wall holding tight to my fingers, screaming that the horses' legs all went in slanting lines together. 'See, Mummy, all in scribbly lines—!' and when he got home he would do it, on his slate, flying hoofs and manes in the wind. There!"

the Street"—that was different!" the man conceded. "Everyone rejoiced then, everyone said that your faith in him was justified. But you'd been married four years then."

"Yes, but I had Don, the baby. I was busy. I've always," she said, cheerfully, "been busy. A man like Tim, exacting, restless, demanding constant change, and a boy like Don—"

She stopped on a note of laughter at her own pride.

"Is he so fine?" the man asked, with a little twinge of something like jealousy.

"Donny?" Her eyes shone. "You'll see him, he's here now—he'll be in, with Tim, directly. Tim said that he'd give you and me half an hour or so, to weep upon each other's shoulders, but he'll be in before you go."

"Tim doesn't sound as jealous as he used to be, Isabel. There was a time when men didn't have tea with you alone, my dear—"

"Ah, but one grows more sensible!" she said, with her old, happy



"They have her up for one of those family court-martials. You remember them, Tim?"

Glancing about for proof, she saw beside the fireplace the framed pencil sketch of a woman's head, severe line of cheek, sweep of cock's-feather, ruche of rich fur.

"He didn't do that? Of you, eh?"

"Ah, but indeed he did. In twenty minutes, at that."

"Remembering your struggles for recognition, my struggles, Tim's years of floundering before he found himself, one feels like saying, 'How very simple!'" Peter commented, drily.

"Not so simple," she assured him, with a smile. "For Timothy isn't simple, by any means, and Don is so extraordinarily simple that there is no anticipating him, and no classifying him. He has always been a solitary child, of course, dragged—due to this success of Tim's—all over the world, as the children of professional men usually are. He is serene, friendly, sufficient unto himself, he has three or four languages, he has his gift—and he likes to live in a Breton farmhouse, playing with the neighbors' children, and painting the sea! Simplicity is a problem in itself, Peter."

"Nothing marketable yet?" Peter surmised.

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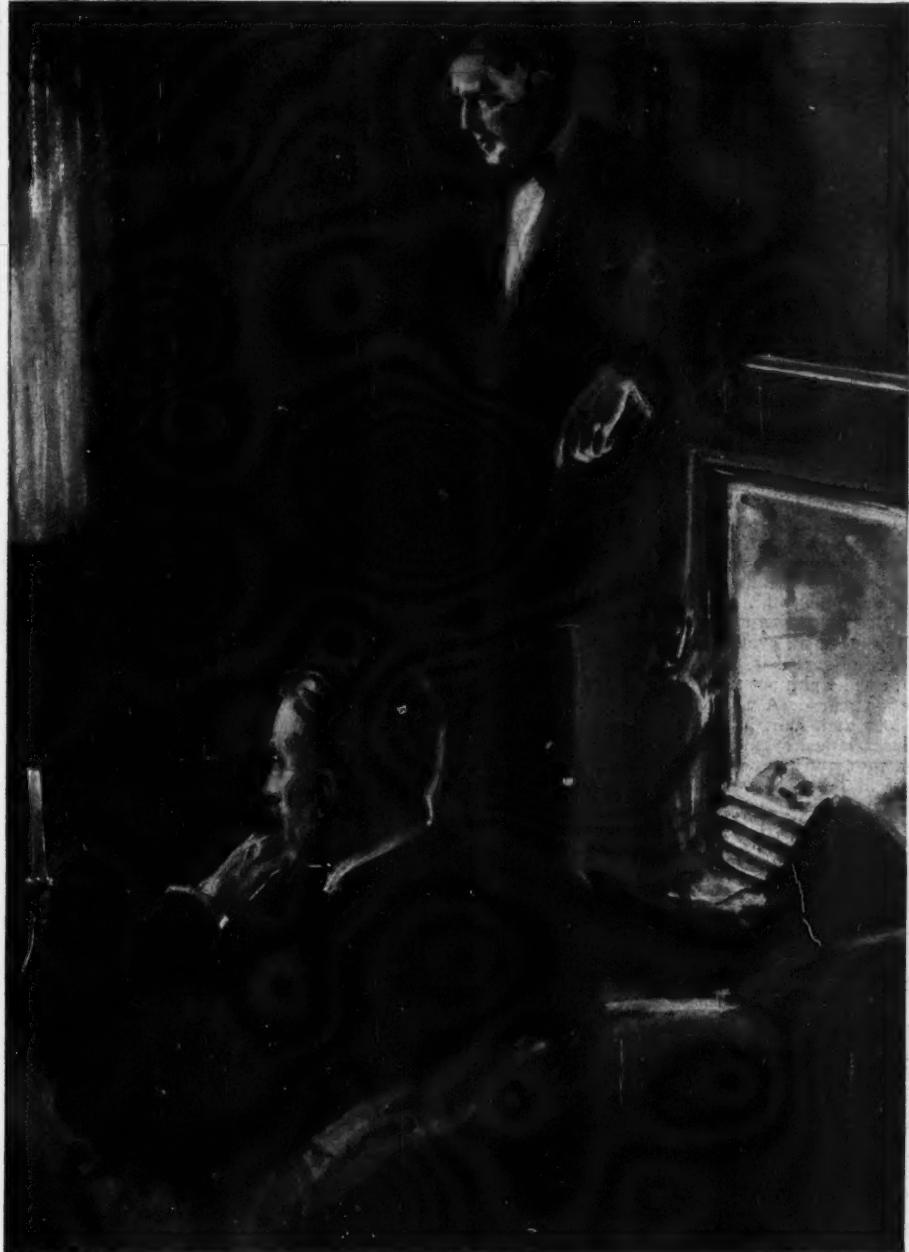
"Not yet. Although Beret, in whose classes Don began to work last year, has taken him into his own studio. When Don goes into the classes, they say a group forms around him. He's really as artless as a child about it—but you'll see him in a few minutes, you'll see for yourself."

"And all this has kept your own pen idle, Isabel?" the man asked sadly.

"Yes." Her answering nod was a little sad, too. "Sometimes, when my men are off together, it makes me feel a little—lonely, Peter," she admitted. "Only the other day—oddly enough, for I had no idea then that you would be coming back to ask about it—only the other day I began—at last!—my short story. You remember that I was always about to write a startling short story?"

"'The Masterpiece,' we used to call that fabulous short story of yours!"

"Exactly, 'The Masterpiece.' Well, a few days—perhaps a week ago, I began it—a society story. I got paper, a new pen, settled myself, after luncheon, to write it. I have really—and



He shuddered and Isabel looked back at her written pages.

Tim says it's all one needs—a plot. And if I can write this story," Isabel said, laughing at him with eyes that were suddenly filled with tears, "all the years of waiting won't seem waste, to me!"

"I suppose another life almost always feeds a life like Tim's," Peter said, deeply interested, in a thoughtful tone.

"Ah, but don't make me a martyr! I've had back a thousand times anything I've sacrificed," she warned him, sturdily.

"You can't have had, Isabel!" he said, faintly impatient, "Genius like yours—for it was genius! A beginning like yours, for everyone who matters was talking about young Mrs. Yarrington's stuff. And now for twenty years packing trunks and answering letters—!"

"There's nothing like the loyalty of an old friend, Peter," the woman smiled.

"Now," he went on inexorably, "when we're none of us young, when he's sated himself on glory, he tells you that all you need is a plot!"

"I don't think you ever were quite fair to Tim," she commented judicially. "And I know that you were always far too generous to me. What more—what more could I have! Money, travel—interviewers, reporters, photographers, movie-men everywhere we go, fairly haunting—"

"Timothy!" he supplied, grimly, as she paused.

"The best suites, the best servants and food and rooms, the best clothes," she continued.

"Clothes!" Peter echoed. "No, Isabel," he added, with a philosophic shrug. "It's been a full life—an interesting life. But of course it hasn't been yours—"

"No," she agreed, in a low tone, as he paused. "Perhaps it hasn't. Perhaps it hasn't. But never mind, Peter," she broke off to say cheerfully, "I shall really get at my story, this week—my masterpiece! And I shall take it as a good omen that you are here, by chance, to play god-father! And you'll see—it's going to be wonderful. Tim has promised me a whole free afternoon, when I am to read it to him—consult him about it!"

"In the old days," he reminded her good-naturedly, "it was not Tim who gave *you* ideas. You brimmed with them. You gave them—rivers of them, to him!"

It was dusk in the room. Servants were bringing in the tea. The woman leaned back in her chair, almost as if she were glad to hide her face, as several

lamps softly bloomed, all at once about her. Peter did not look at her.

Presently he heard her speak in quick, fluent French, to a servant, who went out.

"I've just asked him to send Germaine in," she exclaimed. "My little foster-daughter. She goes back to Brittany in a few days!"

He glanced at her surprised. She had drawn her breath with a sharp stab, as if she drew a sword out of her heart.

"I didn't know that there *was* such a person," he said.

"No? Well, naturally not. But I lost a baby daughter in Brittany, ten—twelve years ago, and Germaine has been like a daughter, ever since. She's seventeen now. Very shy—absolutely what she seems to be, the daughter of a fisherman, and his sweet, sad, girlish little wife. Drowned, both of them, and Germaine was Don's playmate, without a relative in the world. So she came to us. She's been at school, in Brittany, been with us in Italy and here; she's an unusual child. You know we've spent the last six summers in Brittany."

## The Masterpiece

"And to whom does she go back?"

"To school; to the nuns." Isabel's face revealed nothing, her voice was quiet, but there was sympathy in the man's voice as he asked curiously:

"You'll miss her?"

"Ah-h-h!" She admitted it, sighing sharply. "We've had such a happy summer—so many happy summers, all playing about together, sharing soup and apples on the shore, moonlights, and early mornings—sometimes Tim works there, and sometimes he goes off for visits, to Nice, or to London."

Her voice fell, with an effect of flatness. Peter sensed something unsaid.

"Your boy—Don, likes her, eh?" he offered.

Her quick glance answered him. She slightly pursed her lips, slightly shook her head, regret, apprehension, anxiety in her face.

"And Timothy?" he inferred shrewdly.

"Timothy," she shrugged. "Is a Yarrington of Milton, Massachusetts," she supplied, with a rueful half-smile.

"They're very young," the man was beginning reassuringly, when her look interrupted him. "They love each other?" he asked, after a moment.

"So dearly, Peter," she whispered, her eyes not meeting his, her lips trembling a little over the motherly smile.

"What to do?" he suggested whimsically.

"What to do—" she echoed, more thoughtfully. And for a long moment her eyes remained absent and troubled, her forehead faintly wrinkled. "That," she added suddenly, in a lighter tone, as she glanced up, "is our problem! . . . But here's my girl," said Isabel, smiling, her voice rich and warm again. Peter had not heard the door open but she evidently had.

She half-turned, over the back of her chair, and a girl came quickly into the lamplight. A slender girl, not tall, built with a hint of boyish spareness and squareness. A very young girl—seventeen. Curly rich rebellious dark hair, in a knot on the fresh young neck, wide-set, black-lashed eyes, cheeks healthily white, healthily touched with rose, and powdered with golden freckles across the short, straight nose. The mouth crimson, wide, the teeth big and white, the manner just a hint unfriendly, suspicious, truculent.

"Germaine—a dear old friend. Monsieur Penrhyn," Isabel said, her fine long, white fingers clinging to the girl's square, brown, childish ones. "You're coming in for tea, my little daughter?" she asked, in French.

"I think not, Tante," pleaded the other, in a tone at once affectionate, shy and stubborn. She flung Peter a glance, and Peter, puzzled, thought it strange that any girl who was under Isabel's wing should wear so obviously troubled a look.

"She's glorious!" he said, when she was gone. "A splendid, golden, honest, glorious little—animal!"

"No, but do you think so, Peter!" Isabel said eagerly. "Oh, I'm so glad you do! Everyone does—" she added, "not that one gets her, quite at once. She's too utterly real for that. Germaine has no manner except her own simpleness. But when she loves—!" She had murmured the last sentence as if half to herself, now she fell silent, perhaps pondering it.

She had not been a particularly handsome young woman, he mused, but Isabel Yarrington was wonderful now. That was the word for her, wonderful. In every way the years had refined her, polished, finished her, who had always been one of the finest of women. Her plain gown, with its medieval touch of deep lace at the throat, her crown of dull, tawny hair, her chiseled mouth, the quick appraising glance of her clear, almond-shaped gray eyes the cadences of her voice, the easy, yet carefully restricted range of her conversation, all helped to make her extraordinary—fascinating—mysterious—in a word, *wonderful*. He would never fall in love with Isabel again, he was forty-six now, and she only a year or two younger. But suddenly it seemed good to him that she was alive, here, in Paris, enriching and making interesting every phrase of life that she touched. It seemed good to find himself still in the very inner circle of her valued friends, able to pick up, at a moment's notice, the relationship that had been so sweet for awhile—so unendurably hard for awhile—and that now was to be all sweet, all good, again.

It was with a quickened sense of the value, the beauty of life, that he rose, a moment later, to greet her husband and son.

Timothy! And part of Timothy's phenomenal insolence, where life was concerned, was that he never changed. He prided himself upon not changing. At fifty-two he was what he had been at thirty-two—opinionated, conceited, eager, fascinating, magnetic. He was easily witty, easily epigrammatical, for forty of those fifty-two aggressive and successful years he had been the center of every group in which he found himself.

Handsome, of course. Handsomer than ever now, with the thick smooth black hair cut sensationally by a bar of pure white. What hair but Timothy Yarrington's ever would age so picturesquely? Pale, his big-featured face ascetically lean, his big figure just romantically stooped, fur on his overcoat collar, an inch more width than was conventional on his hat-brim, a big seal ring on his fine hand. And the unchanged voice, the eager, affectionate greeting, the immediate reversion to what had supposedly been interesting him immensely. Peter was left, unassisted, to infer that he and the boy had been visiting a hospital. Nothing else, for the moment, existed, for Timothy.

"I can't get over it! Sketches this poor fellow's lung on his chest in red—by Jove, I thought the brute was using a red pen! 'Dead?' I asked him. 'Not yet, sir,' says one of the nurses, just as you'd say 'Two lumps!' 'Pas encore, M'sieu!' Oh, my Gawd—" Peter remembered the marvelous laugh.

That was Timothy. Years and friendships were nothing to him. He found his supporting company wherever he happened to be, and played his dozen leading rôles a day, and asked no more of life.

"Where on earth *were* you?" Isabel's lovely hands were busy with the tea-things.

The boy, who had kissed his mother and flung himself silently into a chair, spoke for the first time. A man's voice.

"I had a bit of anatomy to do in the life class work—Dad and I went into the emergency hospital—they told me I could look at any number of 'em. A lad there asked us if we'd like to take a peek into the surgery."

"'Pas encore, M'sieu!' says the lady, politely," Timothy repeated, with the deep chest laugh again. "My Lord—" He frowned, plunged deep in thought.

Peter remembered Timothy's trick of falling into a study, when there was company about. The writer, taken by a bit of local color unawares. The depicter of naked human souls, piercing through the commonplaces of a filthy, red-spattered workshop for human bodies, caught by it—unable to forget it.

How magnificent he was! How he gloried, gloated, in being himself! He was stirring his tea, flinging careless questions at Peter, making them all laugh, even the gloomy boy, charming them all, once more.

Peter studied the boy. He was remarkable; broad, curly-headed, rosy, square-shouldered, with big, keen, delicately fingered hands. He was hirsute, like a French peasant boy, his lip shadowed, his ears, nostrils, the backs of his hands frothed with fine curly hair. His eyebrows were formidable, his dark eyes quiet and indifferent, like a child's eyes, his mouth and jaw large. Young Donald wore his loose clothing comfortably, negligently; it was obvious that he did not brush his hair, he merely combed its tight rings. And Peter knew that he saw before him one of the souls that Fate marks before birth with a golden star. For good or ill, this was no boy. This was merely the vehicle for the dizzled brain, the trembling, dedicated hands through which Art should be born.

He would eat, drink, sleep, exercise those long legs, perhaps beget children, travel, love and hate—but he was Art's child, through poverty and longing, through striving and failing and succeeding, as this contented, ebullient, super-successful father of his quite as positively was not. Success would never mean to him the personal triumph it was to his father; the personal justification it would have been to his mother. His ego, whatever it might have been, had already been devoured, by flame.

Isabel's baffled genius, and the maddeningly marketable success of Isabel's husband, had produced this creature, to sit there between them like a kangaroo between two puzzled plodding ponies, Peter thought whimsically, a kangaroo who knew nothing but how to leap.

Donald, having had his tea and departed, the three elders fell into a conversation that was to Peter like the pages of a book turning backward, so completely did he grasp now what Isabel's problem was.

Yet Isabel hardly spoke. She sat watching the men, smiling at them with her deep, almond-shaped gray eyes, quite transparently happy in the pleasant hour.

Timothy spoke, incessantly. There was nothing overbearing or insistent in his talk, it was just his old gay, irrelevant chatter, one rapid-fire observation linking itself to another, everything impromptu, careless, born of itself. He was observant, witty, he had an astonishing command of words; Peter observed that Isabel guided him, sometimes with her wide, amused smile of approval, sometimes with just a hint of contraction in her brow, just a hint of pursing, at the corner of her mouth.



"Remember how he's always loved you, always understood you, Don," she said in a whisper.

The old phrases were there: "Of course, I don't know a damn thing about writing—One of you fellers will have to interpret this damn thing for me, Peter—By God, I wished, when I saw it, that I could write it! I wished my stuff wasn't such damn piffle!"—and Timothy ruffled the black hair with the effective white band on it, in the old troubled, youthful fashion.

Yet he had never been youthful, Peter remembered, and would never be grown. He created his own atmosphere, and it would always be the atmosphere of precocity, a child's pompous interpretation of maturity sitting him as oddly as did the middle-age assumption of boyishness and vigor. Perhaps all men were that, at heart, or the majority of them, anyway—perhaps that was life, the bloom forced, and the fruit denied.

That, it might be, was the real secret of Timothy's great success.

"Isabel tell you that she's picked her pen up again?" the writer asked, after awhile. Peter merely moved his smiling eyes to where she sat, with a faint nod for his affirmative. "She could have been doing it all these years," Timothy assured him. "Lord knows why she ever stopped. Anyway, now she's beginning again, for we'll be anchored here for a year—until June, anyway, if the boy goes on with his classes—"

"I've been waiting a long time for Isabel's 'Masterpiece,'" Peter told her, smilingly.

"It may be dreadful," she pleaded, flushed and amused at such serious consideration. "At all events, I think I have a plot—'titanic,'" she added, laughing, (Continued on page 108)

# How My Wife and I Built Our Home

By Stephen Leacock, *International Chuckle-*

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

I WAS leaning up against the mantelpiece in a lounge suit which I had made out of old ice bags, and Beryl, my wife, was seated at my feet on a low Louis Quinze tabouret which she had made out of a finnan-haddock fishbox, when the idea of a bungalow came to both of us at the same time.

"It would be just lovely if we could do it!" exclaimed Beryl, coiling herself around my knee.

"Why not?" I replied, lifting her up a little by the ear, "with your exquisite taste—"

"And with your knowledge of material," added Beryl, giving me a tiny pinch on the leg—"Oh, I am sure we could do it! One reads so much in all the illustrated papers about people making summer bungalows and furnishing them for next to nothing."

We talked over our project all night, and the next morning we sallied forth to try to find a site for our new home. As Beryl (who was brimming over with fun as the result of talking all night) put it, "The first thing is to get the ground."

Here fortune favored us. We had hardly got to the edge of the town when Beryl suddenly exclaimed, "Oh look, Dogyard, look, there's exactly the site!" It was a piece of waste land on the edge of a gully with a brickyard on one side of it and a gravel pit on the other. It had no trees on it, and it was covered with ragged heaps of tin cans, old newspaper, stones and lumber.

An architect or builder would have passed the place by. Indeed, it is a matter of frequent remark that architects, builders and contractors have a way of overlooking the desirable sites.

But Beryl's quick eye saw the possibilities of the situation at once. "Oh, Dogyard!" she exclaimed, "isn't it just sweet. We can clear away all this litter and plant a catalpa tree to hide the brickyard and a hedge of copernicus or nuxvomica to hide the gravel pit, and some bright flowers to hide the hedge. I wish I had brought some catalpa seed. They grow so quickly."

"We'd better at least wait," I said, "till we have bought the ground."

And here a sudden piece of good fortune awaited us. It so happened that the owner of the lot was on the spot at the time—he was seated on a stone whittling a stick while we were talking, and presented himself to us. After a short discussion he agreed to sell us the ground for one dollar in cash and fifty cents on a three years' mortgage. The deed of sale was written out on the spot and stamped with a two cent stamp, and the owner of the lot took his departure with every expression of good will.

I drew Beryl's attention to our good luck in dealing direct with the owner without having to pay fees to agents or lawyers. "Half the difficulty of the modern land system," I explained

to her, "arises from the difficulty of transfer and the belated survival of medieval technicalities—". But the dear girl seemed to have grown suddenly drowsy.

That evening Beryl took a pencil and paper and set down triumphantly a statement of the cost of our bungalow up to date.

|                              |        |
|------------------------------|--------|
| Ground site . . . . .        | \$1.50 |
| Stamp for mortgage . . . . . | .02    |
| Care fare . . . . .          | .10    |
| Total . . . . .              | \$1.62 |

I checked over Beryl's arithmetic twice and found it strictly correct.

Next morning we commenced work in earnest. While Beryl cleared away the cans and litter, I set to work with spade and shovel excavating our cellar and digging out the foundations. And here I must admit that I had no light task. I can only warn those who wish to follow in our footsteps that they must be prepared to face hard work. It took me the whole of the morning to dig out a cellar forty feet long and twenty feet wide.

Beryl, who had meantime cleaned up the lot, stacked the lumber, lifted away the stones and planted fifty yards of hedge, was inclined to be a little impatient. But I reminded her that a contractor working with a gang of men and two or three teams of horses would have taken a whole week to do what I did in one morning. I admitted that my work was not equal to the best records as related in the weekly home journals, where I have often computed that they move 100,000 cubic feet of earth in one paragraph, but at least I was doing my best.

After lunching on a bag of peanuts and a bottle of lithia water, we set to work again. That afternoon I gathered up all the big stones and built them into walls around the cellar with partition walls across it, dividing it into rooms and compartments. I leveled the floor and packed it tight with sand and gravel and dug a drain ten feet deep from the cellar to the gully about sixty feet away. There being still a good hour or so of daylight left, I dug a cistern four feet wide and twenty feet deep. I was looking round for something more to dig by moonlight, but Beryl put her foot down (on my head while I was in the drain) and forbade me to work any more. That evening Beryl again took out pencil and paper and set down our day's accounts:

|                        |        |
|------------------------|--------|
| Catalpa seed . . . . . | \$0.02 |
| Spade . . . . .        | .15    |
| Shovel . . . . .       | .15    |
| Total . . . . .        | \$0.32 |



"Oh, Dogyard, there's exactly the site! Isn't it just sweet?"

\$ 4.90  
For

*Maker*

I looked over her figures while smoking an evening pipe, and was able to compute that the cost of our land, cellar and foundations had been \$1.63 plus 32 cents, or, approximately, one dollar and ninety-four cents, in other words less than two dollars.

Next morning we stopped at the fifteen cent store for necessary supplies, and bought one hammer (15 cents), a saw (15 cents), half a gallon of nails (15 cents), a crane (15 cents), a derrick for hoisting (15 cents) and a needle and thread (for sewing on the roof) (15 cents). As an advice to young builders, I may say that I doubt if we were quite wise in all our purchases. The 15 cent derrick is too light for the work, and the extra expenditure for the heavier kind (the 25 cent crane) would have been justified. The difference in cost is only (approximately) 10 cents.

On arriving at our ground we were delighted to find that our masonry was well set and the walls firm and solid, while the catalpa trees were well above the ground and growing rapidly.

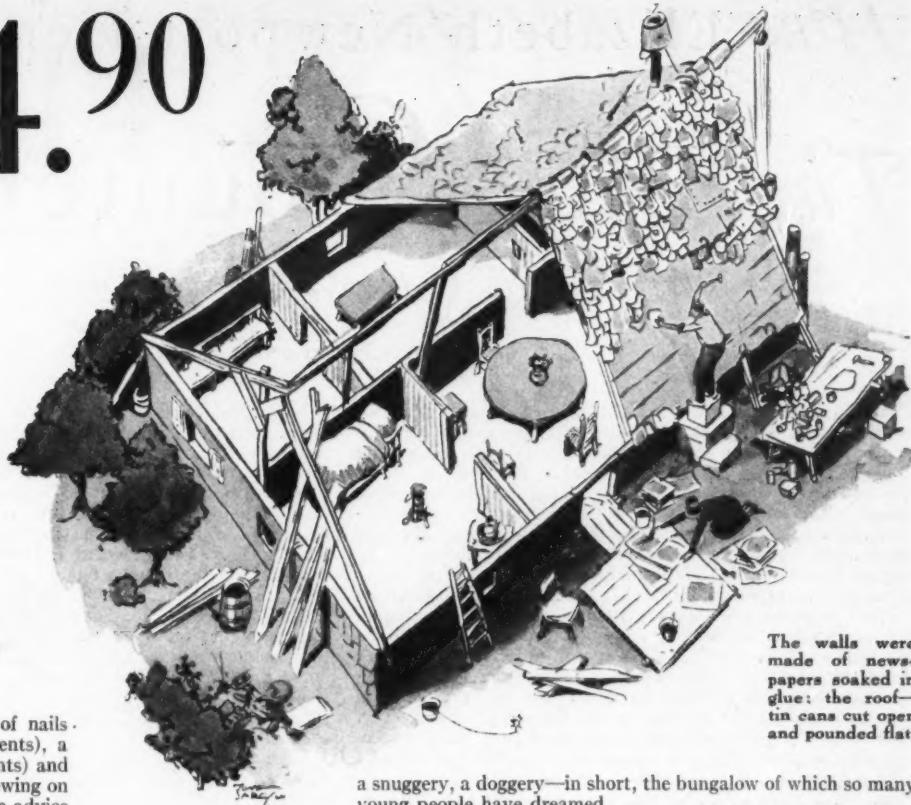
We had already decided to utilize for our bungalow the waste material which lay on our lot. I drew Beryl's attention to the fact that if a proper use were made of the material wasted in building there would be no need to buy any material at all. Putting on my carpenter's apron which I had made out of a piece of tar-paper, I set to work.

My first care was to gather up all the loose lumber that lay upon and around our ground site, and saw it up into neatly squared pieces about twenty feet long. Out of these I made the joists, the studding, the partitions, rafters, and so on, which formed the frame of the house. Putting up the house took practically the whole morning. Beryl, who had slipped on a potato bag over her dress, assisted me by holding up the side of the house while I nailed on the top.

By the end of the afternoon we had completed the sides of our house, which we made out of old newspapers soaked in glue and rolled flat. The next day we put on the roof, which was made of tin cans cut open and pounded flat. For our hardwood floors, mantels, etc., we were fortunate in finding a pile of hardwood on a neighboring lot which had apparently been overlooked, and which we carried over proudly to our bungalow after dark. That same night we carried over jubilantly some rustic furniture which we had found, quite neglected, lying in a nearby cottage, the lock of which, oddly enough, was opened quite easily with the key of Beryl's suitcase. For the rest of our furniture—plain tables, dressers, etc.—I was able to make from ordinary pine lumber which I obtained by knocking down a board fence upon an adjacent lot.

In short, the reader is able to picture our bungalow after a week of labor, complete in every respect. Seated that evening in our boarding house I calculated the entire cost of our enterprise, including ground site, lumber, derricks, cranes, glue, string, tin-tacks and other materials, as four dollars and ninety cents.

In return for it we had a pretty seven-roomed house, artistic in every respect, with living-room, bedrooms, a boudoir, a den,



The walls were made of newspapers soaked in glue; the roof—tin cans cut open and pounded flat.

a snuggery, a doggery—in short, the bungalow of which so many young people have dreamed.

Seated together that evening, Beryl and I were full of plans for the future. We both have a passionate love of animals and, like all country bred people, a longing for the life of a farm. So we had long since decided to keep poultry. We planned to begin in a small way, and had brought home that evening from the fifteen cent store a day-old chicken, such as are now so widely sold. We put him in a basket beside the radiator in a little flannel coat that Beryl made for him, and we fed him with a warm mash made of breakfast food and gravel. Our printed directions that we got with him told us that a fowl eats two ounces of grain per day and on that should lay five eggs in a week.

I was easily able to prove to Beryl by a little plain arithmetic that if we fed this fellow 4 ounces a day he would lay 20 eggs in a week, or at 8 ounces per day he would lay 20 eggs in a week. Beryl, who was seized at once with a characteristic fit of enthusiasm, suggested that we stick 16 ounces a day into him and begin right now. I had to remind her laughingly that at 8 ounces a day the fellow would probably be working up to capacity, and carrying what we call in business his peak load.

"The essential factor in modern business," I told her, "is to load yourself up to the peak and stay there."

There was no end to our rosy dreams. In our fancy we saw ourselves in our bungalow, surrounded by hens, bees, cows and dogs, with hogs and goats nestling against our feet.

It is a pity that I cannot leave our story at this point.

On arriving at our bungalow next day we found notices posted up forbidding all trespassers, and two sour-looking men in possession. We learned that our title to the ground site was worthless, as the man from whom we had bought it had been apparently a mere passer-by. It appeared also that a neighboring contractor was making serious difficulties about our use of his material. It was divulged further that we had been mistaken in thinking that we had taken our rustic furniture from an empty cottage. There were people living in it, but they happened to be asleep when Beryl moved the furniture.

As for our hen—there is no doubt that keeping fowls is enormously profitable. It must be so, when one considers the millions of eggs consumed every day. But it demands an unremitting attention and above all—memory. If you own a hen you must never forget it. You must keep on saying to yourself: "How is my hen?" This was our trouble. Beryl and I were so preoccupied that we left our one-day-old chick behind the radiator and never thought of him for three weeks. He was then gone. We prefer to think that he flew away.

By Elizabeth Newport Hepburn

# The Blue Counterpane

*The Story of a Wife Who Felt She Wasn't Needed*

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

THE empty house, with its bare floors and shrouded pictures, gave her a feeling of aloofness deepening to gloom. The niche on the stairway near the landing held a slender marble nymph, now swathed in brown holland like countless other objects, so that one had a sense of ghostly presences all through the house.

Taking off her hat there in the hall she looked into opaque gloom instead of into a mirror and mechanically fluffed up the hair on her forehead. Then she started up the stairs, feeling like a criminal exploring for the last time the cell from which he is about to escape. With every step she took she seemed more steeped in black depression, illogical, absurd, yet not to be ignored.

In her own room in the rear of the house she stood staring at more melancholy swathed furniture. But at least the glass over her dressing table had been spared the prevailing protection from imaginary grime, and she looked dreamily at her own face, delicately browned by the sun, her cheeks pink, her eyes lustrous, set far apart and of a blue-gray tone reflecting the colors she wore. Everything about her was sheer, exquisite, from her pale hair, deepening here and there to warm gold, to her beautifully cared for hands, slender and pointed, and all the textures of her garments, silk and linen and cobweb lace.

Beauty—how she had craved it always, and now for years nothing else had touched her person or her life—beauty of colors and fabrics, beauty of design, beauty of nature, as expressed in her own flawless body and in those New England vistas giving upon sky and woods and water up there at Saturday Cove. Even here she looked from her windows into a city garden, all green turf and waving locust trees, while in the middle a fountain was presided over by a laughing boy, his bronze body usually glistening in the spray from the mouth of a great curved fish which seemed to twist and squirm between lean brown hands.

Looking at those vigorous shapes now she remembered how she and her husband, Ware Macdonald, had found them at the Architectural League exhibition one spring and had agreed that the design was exactly what was needed for the tiny city garden. That had been years ago, while they still did things together . . .

Turning from the window to the bed with its fluted mahogany columns and lustrous deep-toned headboard she felt her cheeks burn suddenly. Her eye caught the sheen of a blue satin counterpane, at odds with brown linen everywhere else. In the spring some whim had made her order the bed covered with this lovely thing instead of properly arrayed in the prevailing moth-and-dust-proof ugliness, so that a little island of color relieved the prevailing drabness. Now she remembered that she and Ware had slept beneath that counterpane, side by side, to wake laughing at each other as long fingers of sunlight had crept through shaded windows to touch their closed eyelids.

Passion, warmth, youth, a perfect adjustment to each other—all these things they had once possessed, and in the slippery onrushing years had somehow lost . . . How had it happened? She had an angry realization that her eyes were wet. That at this stage she should be reminiscent, lachrymose, was preposterous, sheer sentimentality! After all, she was actually in town by way of response to a cable from Jerry Haviland asking her to meet his ship—and if she carried out her plan it was equivalent to burning her bridges.

Certainly divorce was the logical outcome of this separation from Ware summer after summer, and of their formal winters under the same roof, mentally separated by a dozen subtle



She felt like the heroine in some melodrama, and Haviland seemed like a puppet moved fantastically by invisible strings.



Adelaide saw now, under the tiny pedestal of the figurine on the desk, a bit of folded paper.

barriers. For it was more than three years now since they had occupied this room together and slept under the blue counterpane. Of course it had been a barbaric thing to do, even then, in an age of sanitation and privacies and scorn of old-fashioned sentiment. How ridiculous she had been—*liking* to sleep beside Ware, sometimes lying awake just for the pleasure of hearing his low, even breath, of feeling that astonishing happiness which, she now assured herself, had been the mere exuberance and foolish idealism of youth. For life wasn't like that—real life—and if she finally married Jerry Haviland she would be careful never to care too much, to give too much . . . Back of whatever relation they might establish she would hold fast to a deep inner reticence and independence, shielding herself from too much pain!

Taking her things from her bag she decided to change for her solitary evening—mere force of habit, since her summer frock was perfectly suitable for a restaurant dinner. So she took a cold shower, the needle spray as tonic as a sea bath. For some reason the perfection of her own body gave her once more that queer pang of sharp loneliness, that familiar sense of waste. Months grown into years, with no one to care that she was lovely, no one to kiss her white shoulders. But now in a little while there might be—Jerry! A protesting ripple, like a shiver, went through her. But why? She was a fool to feel dread at

the thought of giving herself to another man while Ware was living. That wasn't the modern attitude, and whatever else she might be surely she was modern!

Yet what did she want, then? Not Ware's death, certainly. And not a lonely austere future like the past few years. Surely Jeremiah Haviland was the best she had known, strong, kind, controlled, and deeply in love with her—a bachelor around forty untouched by scandal or promiscuity—able, successful, a becoming background for her own personality. Moreover he had what the disillusioned woman over thirty demands, place and power. And he was not temperamental. He would leave moods and whims to her as she felt they should be left—to the woman! Jerry wouldn't be forever getting his feelings hurt, like Ware, hurt if she didn't like some friend of his, or if she went away without him, or if her interest in his work seemed to flag . . . Really it never *had* flagged, with regard to Ware's books, though perhaps she had sometimes been jealous of his power to become absorbed in some difficult piece of fiction.

Then Reba had added what seemed the final complication. One evening when Adelaide had had a signal success at a ball—she had been far the most popular woman in the room—Ware had danced most of the evening with a young cousin of his, Rebecca Lane. Afterward when he protested at not having been able to get even one dance with his wife she had laughed at him.



"Everyone in the room was watching you two, and Reba knew

"I danced with twenty men, Ware—and you with one woman a dozen times. It's I who should be jealous."

She had been tranquil enough, but now smoldering anger caught them both.

"Reba, my own cousin, whom I've known all my life—what rot you're talking, Adelaide!"

"Have you known her?" Adelaide had mocked. "That's the question. Reba's in love with you, Ware, and I'm not the only person who thinks so! Everyone in the room was watching you two—and Reba knew it—and loved it."

That was the beginning. Later on there were swift storms of emotion tearing them both from their accustomed moorings of control and peace. Perhaps to torment Adelaide, perhaps because he could not help it, Ware continued to see his cousin frequently. And one night when Ware and Adelaide were dining with Reba's parents in the dignified old house on Washington Square the wife blundered into an upstairs sitting-room to find the still dark girl in Ware's arms. That had been more than Adelaide had bargained for, although later Ware had tried to explain.

He had not intended—that is to say it was mere accident—the sort of momentary aberration that means nothing but nerves. Reba was really ill, in trouble—himself a friendly cousin whom she consulted sometimes, about family tangles, or other men . . .

Adelaide had laughed at what she considered his lame meanderings. "Oh, take her, Ware. Don't let *me* interfere."

That had been the beginning of the polite surface relation and the separate rooms. Now Adelaide's presence in the closed house meant that she was going to tell Ware that she wanted a divorce. Jeremiah Haviland would know the proper steps to take. More than two years ago he had told her that he loved her, would wait until she was ready. And here she was waiting for him—on his incoming ship.

She dined at a small table in a famous hotel close to the park, and from her seat she could see the trees and the lake and the deep sky overhead, the color that Maxfield Parrish loved to paint, a mysterious, alluring midnight blue. At a table near-by were an elderly man and a young woman, the latter dressed



it—and adored it. She's in love with you, Ware."

in what used to be unpleasantly described as "widow's weeds." In this case the dark shadow of a floating veil accented camellia-like fairness and finely chiselled features. Adelaide caught occasional fragments of their conversation—something about probating a will. But before she rose to go she heard whole sentences spoken in a tense, passionate young voice:

"I don't envy the young ones—we've had all that they can possibly have known! But oh, Cousin John, it's older people—like that gray-haired couple over there—who get me . . . husbands and wives who have had their youth together and are facing old age side by side. And you know they don't mind growing old, because they're still together."

Adelaide paid her waiter and then walked swiftly out into the glamorous summer dusk. Sentimentality again—for she was envying that gray-haired couple, and even the girl in black. There was something gallant about her . . . sorrow that racks and agonizes and yet ennobles looked from the dark eyes under slightly reddened lids and curved the sensitive mouth. Yet Adelaide told herself that it was only death that separated

happy lovers . . . the barriers of life seemed far more formidable, more cruel.

When she let herself in with a latchkey an hour later the caretaker, a tall, rusty woman with a strong figure and melancholy Gaelic eyes greeted her from the end of the hall.

"It's you, thin, Mrs. Macdonald. I thought it might be himself, but it's thim lakes in Canada as cool as Killarney that he's enjoyin'. Annyway the back bedroom is all made up: I'm after kapin' it ready for the two of ye."

Yet hours later Adelaide was still awake. The wind blowing through her windows had a salty savor now, as though the strong waves breaking against ferry slips down at Battery Park were actually lapping the foundations of Park Avenue sky-scrappers. The cool linen sheets were restful, and yet in some mysterious way the room excited her, with its sinister swathings and invisible pictures. She found herself thinking not of Jerry and their future together, but of Ware and the troubling irrevocable past. She remembered certain long months of utter depression Ware had endured after the death of his (Continued on page 168)

# Sampson & Socrates

—And Two Mississippi River Sportsmen of Mark Twain's Day

Illustration by Worth Brehm

**G**OVERNOR BOB TAYLOR, of Tennessee, gave me a letter of introduction to Judge Andrew Britt. I had often heard that he was one of the most unique characters known to the Mississippi River. "Let him talk," said Taylor, "and you'll get a story that you'll not forget."

I met Judge Britt in his own house, a famous old homestead overlooking the river a few miles above Natchez. Heartily he met me on his veranda and conducted me into a large room that he called the Sanctum, decorated with Indian flints, Andrew Jackson muskets and the heads of many a conquered and conquering game-cock.

The old gentleman's face was a mask of humorous gravity. His eyes twinkled in memory of the mischief they had looked upon, and his reddish hair roached up like the comb of a rooster. When he turned about I could fancy that sly humor had settled between his shoulders, so much did he seem to be amused over something that he did not intend to reveal; but when he laughed it was easy to picture him as an old lark ready for confession.

"Have this hickory rocker," he said, gesturing toward an ancient chair that looked like a rustic bridge with the bark peeling off. "My father told me, sir, that Mrs. Trollope when she was exploring the Mississippi sat in that chair and rocked herself. She was the mother of Anthony Trollope, I believe. I never cared much for his books myself. I never found any jolt in them—a sort of negus made of dandelions; to me like a still and hazy day, with a foxhound away off yonder. But the hound never came close enough to thrill and that's all there was to remember, just haze and a distant hound. Some people might make romance out of it, but I can't."

"To most people, sir, romance is unfortunately something not worth describing elaborately. But there on the wall is romance, poetry, sir," and he pointed to the head of a game chicken. "That bird was an event in a lifetime, the turning of a career, an epic poem, an Iliad, sir; and I never look at his head without a feeling of deep emotion."

"Tell me about him," I requested, feeling that he was now on the subject nearest his heart.

"I thank you, sir. Just light your pipe and rock yourself."

He drew his chair closer to mine. "That head crowned a game-cock, named Socrates. I recall a character in one of George Eliot's novels saying that a certain cock was so egotistic that he thought the sun came up of a morning on purpose to hear him crow. I won't say that of Socrates, no, sir, for I don't think he believed in himself to that extent, but I have seen him challenge the sun, sir. I have seen him fly off the roost and attack the first flash of the morning. And one of my darkey men told me that he saw him strike at a streak of lightning; but darkies, sir, are given to exaggeration, and this one said it no doubt to flatter me, for I recall that shortly afterward he borrowed ten dollars of me. No, sir, I did not believe that Socrates could not be conquered. One rooster may be as game as another, and then the decisive factors are strength and agility. Socrates—"

But he leaned back and began deeply to muse, nor did I break in upon his silence. He seemed to be listening to music, and I did not wish to disturb the tune. He came back with a laugh.

"I was just noting the changes in this life," he said. "Why, sir, no longer does even the River make an art of the game-cock. Puritanism has overwhelmed us, old Cromwell's backwater. Instead of the julep it is the pumpkin pie of New England. Now who in the—I was going to say, who can get poetry and romance out of a d—out of a pumpkin? You get a jack-o'-lantern, that's the sort of art you get. Why, sir, I game-cocked my way through college. I won my clothes and tuition, and I recall a rich and furry overcoat gathered from the president of our institution. That was art, sir, and education achieved through art will not be diverted into idle channels."

"But you were speaking of Socrates," I reminded him.

He looked up at the head of the game-cock. "Surely, sir, yes, sir. And as I say, I did not believe that Socrates could whip every-

thing. I knew of birds strong enough to conquer him, but I was shrewd enough not to pit him against them, and art must have its shrewdness, yes, sir. And this brings me to the occasion for saying that I can never contemplate that bird without strong emotion.

"Down at Natchez there lives a distinguished gentleman, Colonel Foster. He and I had always been friends, but for some peculiar reason he took it into his head that I ought not to be reelected circuit judge. I expostulated with him in a kindly way, I even hinted at calling him out, but to no purpose. He opposed me strongly, made speeches against me in the campaign, and I was defeated. But we smoothed it over afterward and were pall-bearers at the funeral of a friend who had devoted himself too assiduously to liquor, sir.

"Well, not long ago someone sent to Colonel Foster a game-cock that was said to be a marvel. Upon him the Governor of the State looked with tremulous admiration. Every day brought to me the news of a fresh conquest and I heard that Foster laughed whenever anyone spoke of a chicken that might adorn my premises. So after a while I took it upon me as my duty to go down and to see about that famous chicken.

"The Colonel showed me the bird, a beauty sure enough, and invited me to dinner with him. He did more than that; he gave me his sentimental confidence, told me that he was in love with the Widow Martin, the handsomest lady in all the country, and took me to call on her. Ah, and she was entrancing, but I had not come to estimate ladies but game-cocks. So after we had returned to the Colonel's house we got down to business.

"He called his bird Sampson. I told him that in my opinion Socrates could whip Sampson. He listened with a dignified smile and said that it would much please him to see the two gamblers introduced. He was willing to lay heavy stakes. As I looked at him the memory of my recent defeat came vividly into my mind. I could hear his thunderous oratory, and I must confess that it rankled me somewhat. I am not by nature revengeful, but I am a human being, sir. And now my aim was not to win his money but to heap upon him the humiliation of ridicule, the scythe that cuts tall men off at the knees, sir.

"Colonel," said I, "let me draw up a little plan. We are not men of greed; we are lovers of fun. So here's my scheme. We'll fight those chickens here in Natchez, in the mayor's livery stable. There shall be no stakes in money. But this is what the owner of the defeated bird must submit to—he agrees to array himself in a horse blanket, bit in mouth, and with a negro jockey on his back prance for one hour up and down the street."

"The Colonel looked at me hard. He said that it was a most peculiar forfeit, but that as we were both lovers of fun he would comply with it and pledge his honor to carry it out; it would make the loser the jibe and the laughing stock of the community, but that he did not feel for himself but for me, a man of dignity prancing with a negro boy on his back. I told him that I had a fair estimate of my dignity but that I was willing to appoint Socrates as its defender. I admitted that Sampson had achieved more than Socrates had ever attempted and the Colonel rather gloatingly acknowledged it.

"Well, we signed the agreement and I went home to think it over till the following Thursday, when the battle was to take place. Cautious neighbors came over to tell me that defeat and the carrying out of the terms would forever kill me in politics, but I was not to be pulled loose from my determination to humiliate Foster, not alone as to the public, but in the bewitching eyes of the Widow Martin."

The Judge broke off, appeared to be listening for the approach of someone, and then continued: "I shall never forget that Thursday. I had hoped for a cloudless sky, knowing that the sun always stimulated Socrates. I awoke to hear him crow and I knew that he was strutting in the first rays of the morning. The rising sun seemed to shout victory for me. It was a hope and the sky of hope is always cloudless.

"Well, I drove to town with Socrates sitting on my lap, turning



A darkey grabbed Sampson and put him back in the pit.

his keen eyes about and noticing everything we passed. News of the coming event had spread broadly and long before my arrival a crowd had gathered at the livery stable. As we approached I heard Sampson crow; and if a game-cock can smile, sir, and I believe he can, I saw Socrates smile. Yes, sir, he smiled and looked up at me, and gently I touched his comb.

"In the stable were many distinguished guests, lawyers and statesmen. Colonel Foster came forward to meet me and we shook hands like prizefighters. We agreed to place the birds ourselves, and forthwith we entered the pit. The spectators demanded a speech from each of us, and I must say that the Colonel was eloquent, standing there with Sampson under his arm. There were no women present but he spoke of the ladies and said 'God bless 'em!' and I knew that his mind was dwelling upon the Widow Martin. He held up the bridle and pointed to the saddle that the loser was destined to wear; and here he gave me a look that I did not like, but I winked off my resentment. My speech was brief. I told them that Socrates, more eloquent than I, would express my opinion.

"Well, sir, it beat anything you ever saw. When we put the birds down, Sampson gave Socrates one quick look and tried to

run away. A darkey grabbed him and put him back into the pit. And then Socrates flounced him. But it was only for a moment, Socrates spurred him to the hollow, and standing on him triumphantly claroned his victory.

"By this time the Colonel was the most humiliated human being that I ever looked upon. He drooped, sank upon all fours, and I told the stable darkey to saddle him. He spat when the bit was put into his mouth and we heard it clink against his teeth. I put the blackest little jockey in town on the Colonel's back and started him up the street. The men all shouted their laughter, but the ladies were disgusted, looking out upon the Colonel as he pranced the sidewalk."

"But, Judge, you took a great risk," I ventured to remark.

"Well, yes, sir, it might seem so. But you know I said that someone sent the game-cock to the Colonel. I did it, sir, under an assumed name; and I knew that in my barn Socrates had whipped him twice. Ah, let me present you to my wife."

I arose as a tall, graceful woman entered the room. The Judge bowed with me. "You can well see, sir, that she is the hand-somest lady in all this part of the country. She used to be the Widow Martin."

# *The* Loneliest Man Alive

*And How He Learned That*

*Only a Woman*

*Can Kindle the  
Hearth Fire*



WHEN the silence of night, unbroken by hearth-fire, by human voice or even by the neighborly barking of a dog, became a bodily presence in his home, became a visitor which sat motionless, a hand on either knee, staring through the black holes of a mask, moistening its lips for some unbearable deferred speech, then and not till then, did Jan Trencher betake himself to his table and begin to write a confidential letter to his friend. His pen shouted and the flame of his candle flapped like a sail, shadows ran about the log walls noisily, their feet whispered . . .

"You remember, Tommy, what we used to say in France that, down there in our mud-hole, we seemed like a lot of trembling mice, while War like a big green-eyed cat peered down at us over the top? God, we were scared . . . at least I was. And I got more so every day, though I managed to keep it to myself. After I came out of the hospital with this damned limp, I was afraid of crowds. I thought that if I could escape the huddle

and the pressing of men against my body and the everlasting clack, clack, clack of people's voices, I'd feel safe and sane again. Well, Tommy, I sure escaped the crowd. My homestead is up against a mountain as high as the moon and all about me for fifty miles or so is . . . space. Stretches of sage-brush, pine forests . . . coyotes, bears, wolves. I was glad to get rid of that man that helped me build my house;



# By Katharine Newlin Burt

*Illustrations*

by

Pruett Carter

The next day he harnessed up his team and went down from his canyon to the nearest town. In the first place, it was necessary to lay in more supplies, and then . . . well, he'd better get a taste of human speech, move his tongue a little before the seven months' silence of the snow fell upon him. He wouldn't stay in Trail, of course, he was not such a coward as to renounce his homestead rights by quitting, but he'd have a sociable drink and a friendly argument or so and buy some canned fruit and an extra blanket. He could have that piece of canvas mended, too, and a thermos bottle would not be so bad either . . . hot coffee—before he turned out of his bed into an ice-cave to start his morning fire.

No, he wouldn't stay, couldn't even if he were baby enough to want to. There were no winter jobs in Trail for a lame man and he had no money to live on in companioned idleness.

The storm he drove through was not a heavy one. It fell gently, reluctantly, the flakes fingering his face with a chill sort of tenderness. It would be melted, perhaps, before he started back. It was just a sort of warning, the light step of a playful paw. He drove, whistling, pretending that there was something rapturous to a man's blood in glimpses of whitened mountain rocks, far up above the clouds, in the etched web of firs, in the blanched surface of the open country, in the feathery darkness of the woods, through which his self-made road threaded its way so vaguely. The ponies knew their way to town . . . God bless them anyway, warm and solid and calm, wise as woodcraft, with their tender affectionate noses, their gallant bugling voices. How he loved a horse . . . only his damned leg made riding a bit dangerous and acutely painful after fifteen miles or so. So it was safer to slouch on a high seat with sacking between the bouncing board and his poor bones.

It was long past dark when he came in sight of the little town. Its lights lay in a jeweled ring against the velvety gray-darkness. He had forgotten how gaudy such a ring of lights may be, how much gayer than the stars. His heart hammered and his half-frozen fingers tingled with blood. The sights and noises of this tiny place made his pulses leap: foot-passengers with loud brave steps, shop-windows, men riding weary ponies down the street, laughter, a girl in a thin dress in a doorway, a moving-picture

The blood came slowly back into his brain, his pulses quieted, his eyes cleared. He could breathe again.

glad to be alone here with my two horses, my wagon, my log walls, my mountain stream. Since then, however, The Cat has found me out. It's got a new name but it's as big as ever and its eyes are greener. Its name . . . is Loneliness. Man, it's a tiger-cat! When I talk to you like this, I see the humor of my panic, the absurdity, but . . .

His pen slipped, he threw up his head. Something had scratched against his window and he seemed to see the glitter of

green eyes. He dragged himself over to the pane and looked out with a face as white as his world had suddenly become. So then, it was snow. Snow. And that meant winter. Jan Trencher limped back to his table and crumpled up his letter to Tommy, in two ashamed and shaking hands.

## The Loneliest Man Alive

show, the lights of the hotel. There was a railway station; some day this week there would be a train. It was wonderfully exciting.

Jan prolonged interminably his conversation with the owner of the livery stable where he left his team. Never had there been a more entertaining chap. Jan laughed until he could hardly stand over the story about Simpson's pack outfit. He'd heard it before, of course, when he first came into the country, but then he had been grim, aloof, thirsty for silence.

When Wode's brazen dinner-bell summoned him at last, compelled attendance, he felt half shy about going into the big crowded room full of lights and sound. He lingered over his ablutions in the tin basin, near a wet roller-towel, until it became absolutely necessary to move forward under the weight of eyes. The place was like a ball-room, large and full of life. He took the only remaining seat at the end of one of the long narrow tables and, listening to his neighbors, fell wolfishly upon his food. Wode kept an excellent table. The soup was nourishing and hot.

Jan's own cooking had palled upon him so that he had grown careless and ate his canned stuff half-raw and barely seasoned. Here there were all sorts of little extra dishes, cream cheese and preserved plums, besides the delicious home-made bread, crisply crusted, light as a feather, the coffee, strong, hot and with real cream, beef steak with tomato catsup, French fried potatoes.

Wode did the waiting himself, helped by an anxious-looking red-faced boy who couldn't shut his mouth and who breathed like a bull. Wode himself was not especially pleasant to look at—Trencher could not altogether make out why. There was something peculiarly asymmetrical about his head: flattened, wide between the ears, a squat nose, a receding chin, an unconvincing and unchanging smile, eyes now enormously opened, staring blandly, now narrowed into long slits, like a Chinaman's. But he was, for a thickset and short-necked animal, astonishingly quick and light of foot. He would whisk away a course as soon as a man was through with it and have the next smoking under his nose after no appreciable interval. His wife did the cooking, doubtless . . . a very gifted pair, Trencher considered them, amply justified of their existence.

Relieved from the first urge of his hunger, he began to listen to and to join in the talk which, as the meal progressed, became exciting. There were stories of summer prospecting and plans for winter trapping, there was that range war over near Buffalo to discuss, and the water-fight near Wilson, there was the eternal question of the game, winter-feeding, the Park-project, the Bonus and what the government ought or ought not to do. Trencher bore his part, his lean young face kindling, and his eyes shining like a boy's. He had a splendidly contagious laugh, beautifully prolonged so that the table, before he had done, was always forced to join in with him.

It was this musical crowing no doubt that attracted a little boy, who slunk out of the kitchen and crept towards Trencher, using the shelter of chairs and table legs. He was a tow-haired, white-cheeked little creature with brown eyes as bright and expressionless as glass, undersized for no matter what his age, with tiny nervous arms and legs and hands. Trencher, completely delivered to hilarity, did not see this fascinated addition to his audience until it made a final charge across the open space between his table and the next. At that same instant Wode saw it too and, running nimbly forward, spat out an oath and drew back his great foot for a kick.

The child cried out in a low quaver of intense fear and dove for Trencher who instinctively threw out his leg and caught the kick before it landed on the tiny body of the child. It was his wounded leg and under the agony of the blow, Trencher's body acted entirely of itself, flung him out of his chair and drove his right fist against Wode's jaw. The man, unbalanced by his own action, went backwards and down, his tray clattering, and, as he went, he made a queer, throaty, squalling sound like an angry cat.

Trencher knew then what was the matter with Wode's looks and an unreasonable cold sickness took possession of the pit of his stomach and made him shake. Fortunately, for he had no mind to touch the animal again, his fellow-diners refused to allow Wode to come back at his assailant. They held him back, spitting and struggling.

"You got what was comin' to you, Wode," they said. "You got no call to aim a full-sized kick at your kid . . . not where a man can catch you at it."

Wode composed himself.

The child was clinging tight to Trencher who now, sitting down a trifle abruptly, took him on his knee. There was

something terrifying in the fear of that small body, a current that was sensible to the touch.

"What's your name, son?"

"Mackie Wode."

"That man, your father?"

"Yeth."

"Look here, Wode," Trencher called over his shoulder at the man who had paused near the kitchen door to wipe his face and to compose the angry trembling of his hands. "If you don't watch out, somebody's going to steal this boy away from you, some fellow that's lonesome and would darned well like to have a youngster in his cabin . . . savvy?"

He wanted, for the quivering child's sake, to placate that father, but Wode only stretched his mouth in a horrid sort of grin and disappeared.

"Mackie, eh?" went on Trencher. "Where'd you get a Scotch name?"

"Mum's name was Mackie . . . Kate Mackie." The little creature had never taken his eyes off Trencher's face but kept on blinking up at him with a fascinated steadiness as though he had never seen anything before quite so entrancing. It kept a smile in the young man's eyes and made his lips at once amused and tender. Only one attraction could have proved stronger, a weak voice murmuring, "Sonny!" that slid him off Trencher's knee in a hurry and sent him quickly to the skirts of a woman who had slipped out of the kitchen as Wode stepped in and had come nearer almost as timidly and uncertainly as the child had come.

"Mum!" said Mackie in an eager voice, and Trencher turned curiously to see what manner of woman would mate with Silas Wode.

She was, he thought, no manner of woman at all, "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair" in sheerest Kiplingese, and such a scared one as to be painful to inspect at all. He turned his eyes away, the smile sickened out of them. The woman had looked at him as she drew her child against her with eyes rather like his, big and brown and glassy. Her mouth, large in a terribly meager face, had a nervous smile. She was young, perhaps, her ragged careless hair had a fine corn-color. For the rest, she was painful to look at . . . only painful.

"You like little boys?" she asked him in a breathless, desperate voice.

"Yes, ma'am," said Trencher unwillingly, wishing that she would take her great eyes from him and go.

Perhaps she read his wish for after his monosyllable she made off at once, carrying the child up to his bed and bending pitifully under the feather weight of him.

"Does he ever kick her, I wonder?" Trencher muttered to himself.

"Beats the stuffin' out of her, they tell me," an elderly neighbor cheerfully assured him. "She run away from him onct and he coched her and brung her back. Four years ago. She's never looked the same since. They say he half killed her."

Trencher flushed angrily. "Why doesn't she leave him? She doesn't have to put up with that, does she?"

"She's too scared to run, you bet yer."

"Why don't one of you fellows help her to a get-away?"

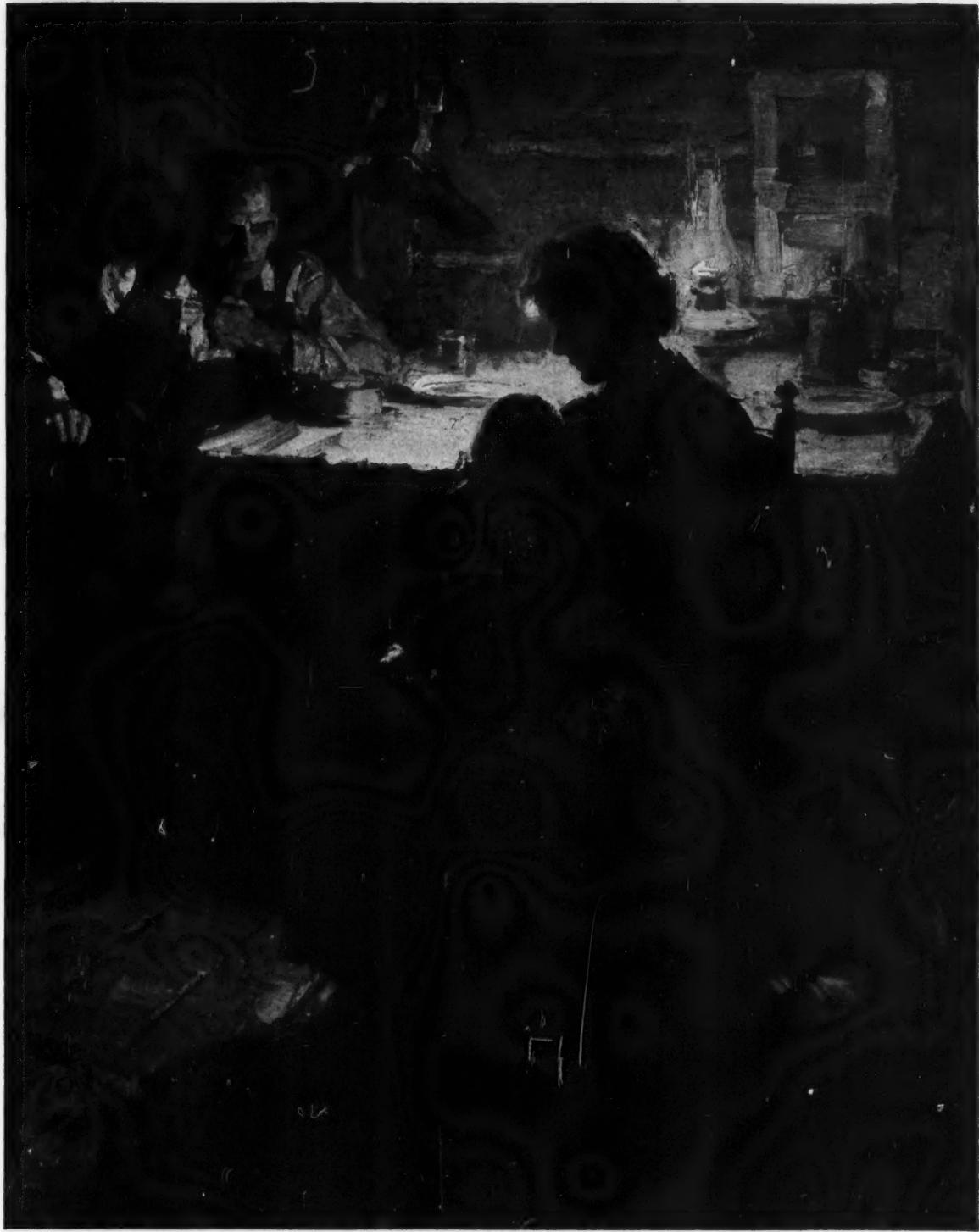
The suggestion was not too daring for the company but it was met with silence, one of the younger men resolving it quite truthfully after a while.

"What'd a man do with her when he got her? She'd cling like a wet hair and she ain't no use."

It was true. Trencher had to admit it. She was no use, or she'd have saved herself or let life save her, long ago. Wode, doubtless, paralyzed her, hypnotized her with those queer eyes of his, kept her trembling in his power like a mouse under the paw of a—Trencher jerked and quickly rolled a cigaret. It wasn't a nice comparison for him to make, not for him . . . It meant too much.

After dinner he visited the moving pictures and the bar, called by a sort of courtesy to the government, the Barber Shop . . . and he talked as long as there was a listener awake and listened as long as there was a man with a moving tongue. At dawn he went to bed and slept as rapturously as a contented child.

At about six o'clock of the second morning he packed his supplies neatly beside the roll of mended canvas which its mender had put back the night before, went to settle with the livery stable and the supply company, then mounted nimbly to his high seat, released his brake, touched his pony's rump lightly with a brand new whip and started for his homestead in the best possible spirits with a song in his throat and a fine color in his face. He was still intoxicated with human contacts and fortified against the loneliness ahead.



Kate's low humming to the sleepy child on her lap had grown slower and slower, like the rocking of a cradle.

But the long, long silent day, still and clouded, passed over his spirit like deep water. The country seemed to open its mouth and draw him and his horses and his goods into its icy maw. It is sad work to travel through such motionless silence with the certainty of no welcome at the journey's end. That cold cabin waiting, dark and voiceless, yonder in the shadow of its pines, and its steep cliffs, filled Jan's mind with the terror of a life-prisoner approaching, step by fatal step, his cell.

There would be no easy escape now until Spring. The snow

was coming, the real snow, not this two-inch covering but the smooth six feet of smother, that blotted out bushes and small trees and landmark rocks, filling the hollows, banking the slopes, hiding the dangerous river ledge in a curling mass of frigid white. If only the sun had shone for him his body might have cherished his courage longer, but this grayness, obliterating the mountain-peaks, was fastened, like the sad cap of the condemned, to the level rim of the plains.

It was getting dark by the time he reached the wood-trail, the ponies had to crawl slowly forward, the wagon jouncing and



*He laughed at them rather shortly. "Woman, I shouldn't*

jarring over stumps and against hidden stones. When he came out into the canyon opening, a wind crept to meet him, a wind with a voice, swirling up a dust of snow, and a fine stinging powder had possessed the air.

Jan stopped, climbed down stiffly, beat the blood back into his body, and pulled out the mended canvas in order by spreading it across the wagon to protect his load.

It refused to be pulled; something, long and round and heavy, squirmed and rippled under its folds. Cursing his nerves, Jan commanded an impulse to leave the horrid small mystery alone and roughly jerked its covering away.

A wan and frightened face looked up at him, rose from his

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wagon bed . . . Wode's woman, shivering and gasping, with her baby in her arms.

Through the snowy gray air of that lonely narrow place, the vestibule of night, they stared at each other desperately.

"Oh," she began with herague of fear and cold and shame. "Oh, I didn't mean to come with him. I meant to leave him. But he went to sleep in my arms. He's such a wee thing, he would have been so cold . . . I'll go back, away from you, mister . . . that I will. But . . . for the love of Christ . . ." Her voice, suddenly wailing, seemed to summon the actual presence of that Sufferer of little children . . . "Keep Mackie for me . . . Keep him."



**dream of striking you. Child, I'd as soon kick a kitten."**

And a thin trickle of tears ran suddenly down her cheeks into the distorted corners of her mouth.

Trencher, not saying a word, for he would not curse and he could not find a syllable of honest reassurance, took off his coat and wrapped it round her, startled by the marble coldness of her body to his touch. He lifted her—she and the child together were startlingly light in his arms—to the seat beside him, tucked his heavy robe about them and scrambled to his driver's place. He released the brake and whipped the team. They started up the steep trail eagerly.

"Not far now," muttered Jan, and at that, quite of itself, a great flame opened in his mind.

He had spoken aloud. Someone to talk to—someone to talk to! He tucked the robe closer about this terrible woman-thing and smiled.

"We're 'most there," he said. "I'll start a fire. We'll have something hot to drink . . . a toddy. Canned milk for the boy. I've got a mound of blankets, two rooms, a sort of couch in my living-room for me and in my bedroom a nice wide bedstead to hold you and him. You'll be warm. Wait till you see my place. It's great. And the stuff I've laid in. Can you cook hot-cakes?"

The woman was whimpering and could not answer him at all. In the dark little icicle-hung cave (*Continued on page 138*)

# A Vivid New *The* Skyrocket



"No, I'm not going in," said Sharon  
as the water swirled about her ankles.

## *The Story So Far:*

IT WAS a cruel blow to Sharon Kimm when she learned that she had been blacklisted at Hollywood. The obscure position which Sharon held—she was merely one of the Savage bathing girls—had been won after years of desperate struggle. There had been the lean starved years of childhood after she had looked upon the horror of death when her mother took her own life; there had been menial jobs and hard work during girlhood. Finally the trifling success she had won in the movies had been torn from her by Mildred Rideout's unjustified cutburst of jealousy. Now she and her life-long friend, Lucia Morgan, were wondering where the next month's rent would come from.

After a succession of hopeless days of job-hunting Sharon was offered an opportunity which was far more glorious than she realized. Frisco Tate, a notorious Hollywood character, had been asked by the famous Nadine Allis to amuse her guests with an exhibition dance at a large entertainment she was planning. Frisco chose Sharon to be his partner.

Nadine Allis's party was a glamorous occasion. A brilliant star herself, Nadine had invited most of the celebrities of the movie world, and it was this group of jaded spectators that Sharon Kimm electrified with her amazing charm and audacity. When she and Frisco performed the dance that had been the rage of the underworld over a decade ago, actors and producers who had seen as spectacular performances as the world had to offer were held motionless and fascinated.

Two people in particular were struck by Sharon Kimm: the producer, Irving Kohl, who later gave Sharon her first real part—and Michael Reid.

A struggling young juvenile with dark, roving eyes and a smile that women could never resist, Mickey Reid saw in Sharon the first woman who really thrilled his indifferent Irish heart. Many women had tried to capture Mickey's wayward affections, but he was one of those men who desire only The One Woman. This unknown little red-haired waif, Mickey realized, was that One Woman.

## CHAPTER VII

THE telephone rang.  
Every time it rang nowadays, Sharon's heart leaped.

It might be either Mickey or work.

Since the night of Nadine's party work had been on speaking terms with Sharon Kimm once more. The bit in Nadine's production, which came just in time to avert the financial crash due to follow the inevitable passing of the four dollars and eighty-five cents with which Sharon and Lucia had faced the world when Sharon lost her job at Savage's, had been followed by fairly steady extra work in the Kohl productions.

As for Mickey, he certainly wasn't afraid of using a telephone, as Sharon remarked to Lucia with a grin.

This time it was Mickey.

# *Novel of the MOVIE LOTS*

*By Adela Rogers St. Johns*

*Illustrations by  
James Montgomery Flagg*

"Hello," he said, and the way he said it made her smile. "It's Sunday."

"Why," said Sharon, giggling, "so it is."

"The sun's shining," said the boy's voice, half-tender, half-laughing.

"My goodness, I believe you're right."

"Let's go beach-combing," begged the voice.

"Let's," said Sharon Kimm.

She had, only a few days before, bought herself a new dress for eleven seventy-five, at the Broadway Store. It was an extravagance. She didn't need Lucia to tell her that.

On anybody but Sharon the dress would have been worse than it was. There should be a law against putting bows in some of the places those bows occupied. They broke every liquid line and delicate curve of her figure in exactly the wrong place.

And a new hat. The hat itself may not have been so bad, though there were at least seven too many flowers on it, but it sat in exactly the wrong place and at exactly the wrong angle on Sharon's heavy hair. And Sharon hadn't yet learned the supreme importance of keeping her stockings perfectly smooth around her ankles and the seams perfectly straight up the back of her exquisite little legs.

Nevertheless, she looked at herself in the bathroom mirror and was perfectly satisfied. She had no idea that she looked like a badly dressed shop girl out for a holiday.

"I'm going to the beach with Mickey," she said to Lucia—Lucia, sunk in study at her rickety desk, a jellyglass full of pencils at her elbow and a stack of gray paper before.

Lucia looked up, suddenly serious. Then, "Sharon, are you in love with that boy?"

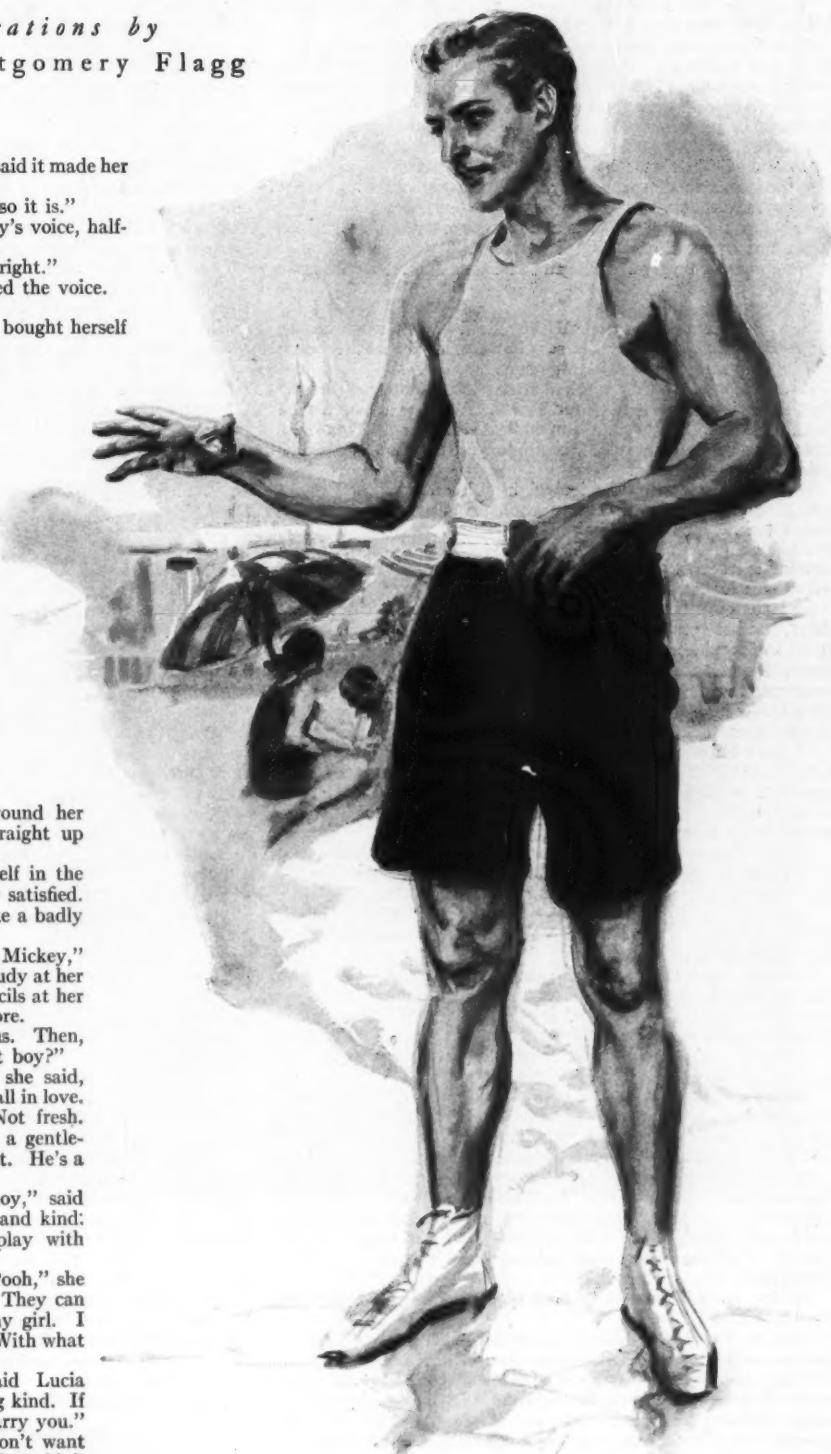
Sharon giggled. "Now, Lute," she said, "you know about how apt I am to fall in love. Don't be silly. But he's nice. Not fresh. Besides, he—you know, Lute, he's a gentleman. He's learned—taught me a lot. He's a nice boy, that's all."

"He's more than just a nice boy," said Lucia, softly, "he's fine and clean and kind: You know, honey, you mustn't play with him. It's not fair."

Sharon's eyes shone greenly. "Pooh," she said, her face hard, "pooh—men. They can darn well look after themselves, my girl. I should begin to worry about men. With what I know."

"Some men are different," said Lucia bravely. "You've known the wrong kind. If Mickey loves you, he'll want to marry you."

The green eyes narrowed. "I don't want to get married," she said sullenly. "I wouldn't marry anybody. Marriage is the bunk. Anyway, Mickey has got his way to make,



"Oh, yes, you are," said Mickey. "I won't let you get hurt. Be game, darling."

just like I have. I am not going to tie myself down to some man and have kids and all that. I want to be a star and have money and beautiful things and diamonds and dresses and be somebody."

"All right," said Lucia, "but that isn't the way I look at things. I don't believe you do either, down in your heart. Anyway, don't you forget that Mickey Reid is different from the men you're talking about."

"Lute, you're a sentimental idiot," said Sharon. "Don't you fall for his brown eyes, will you?"

After Sharon had gone Lucia sat for a long time, looking into space and wondering. She knew Sharon so well—so well. What would success do to Sharon, if it came? What would a great deal of money mean to little Sharon Kimm from down by the tracks? But most of all, how would her starved, wild soul respond to the admiration and the flattery, if they became part of her life?

It would be like wine upon an empty stomach. It would be like the pinnacle of some dizzy height to one who had lived always in the valley.

And Lucia forgot her story and almost prayed that success might not come, almost, but if it did come she hoped Sharon might somehow be given strength to be sane and strong and fine in the flood of it.

The first premonition that Mickey Reid had of what was to come to Sharon was when he saw her coming down the beach toward him in her rented bathing suit.

He was conscious that she had that poster quality of beauty that lends itself to twenty-four sheets. And she never looked twice the same. She wouldn't, in endless close-ups and countless repetitions of the same part, begin to pall upon the public as quickly as most women.

Today, for instance, she looked impish and gay and oddly young. She might have been a schoolgirl, truant for an afternoon's lark. Her starling hair, that always had a wicked look, was hidden under a black silk handkerchief which gave her face a demure, secret look. Her eyes were sea-blue and even her round, red mouth looked shy and innocently happy.

And yet only last night she had been a soft, melting, silent thing, and her eyes had been that shade of gray that has so much violet in it and her lips had been set in a tormenting, unsmiling circle. He had wanted to kiss her very much, last night. But some unaccountable delicacy held him back. He sensed her fear, her antagonism—not to him but to kisses. Everything might depend upon that first kiss.

"I don't know why I put on a bathing suit," she said, as she dropped to the sand beside him. "I've never been in Mr. Pacific's old ocean yet and I certainly don't intend to begin now. I'm one of those bathing girls who never got her suit wet in her life. I'm scared of the ocean. It looks so big."

Mickey laughed at her. He had turned on his stomach and lay looking up at her, where she sat with feet doubled under her like a Turk and her eyes on the tumbling waves.

"I'm going to throw you in before the day's over," he said, his eyes teasing her. "Throw you right out to the sharks. What good are you, anyway?"

"You and who else is going to throw me to the sharks?" said Sharon Kimm, impudently. "You men are so conceited. If there's anything I can't stand it's the swellhead. Honestly, I wonder you can find it in your heart to speak to a poor girl at all."

"I'm not a bit proud," said Mickey. "I'll speak to you any place. But I'm sure going to see that you get wet."

"Are you just doing your stuff?" said Sharon, indignantly. "Lay off that. Don't you know cavemen are out of date? You've got to be a sleek-haired love-hound and kiss the ladies' hands if you expect to get anywhere as a sheik nowadays."

He took her hand, where it supported her on the sand, and turned it, palm up, in his own. A delicious hand, soft and slim and expressive. Not particularly well-cared for—Sharon did her own manicuring with Lucia's work scissors—but one suggestive instantly of all the poetry that has ever been written to a lady's fingertips.

Mickey looked down at its ringless perfection a moment and then he kissed it.

Now he had meant to kiss the little hand lightly, gently, a sort of mocking, make-believe kiss that would go with the summer day and the bright-colored parasols that grew on the white sands like fantastic giant mushrooms and the sparkling blue ocean glinting merrily in the sun. A summer kiss. A mere promise of a kiss, to match the gay laughter all around them.

But his lips betrayed him shamelessly. For once they had touched the soft little palm, still warm from the sand, they clung there desperately. He crushed it against his mouth, as though in

it he might find healing for this restless passion that consumed him.

"Don't do that," Sharon said, when he let her hand go at last. Her breast was rising in quick anger and her face was white. "Don't you ever do that again, you hear?"

She did not quite understand why she was so angry—angry enough to make her heart beat hard and her breath come fast in her throat. After all, he had only kissed her hand.

But Mickey hadn't lived in Hollywood for nothing. He had had plenty of practise in that quick shifting of ground, that easy, ready laughter making light of everything, which is supposed to be the correct manner of handling all difficult situations. Now that the touch of her hand was gone from his mouth, he could pull himself together.

"Mustn't even kiss your hand?" said Mickey pathetically. "All right. But even a queen allows her hand to be kissed. Don't be so stingy. I assure you my intentions aren't serious."

But Sharon was not particularly pleased with that, either. "Oh, aren't they?" she said. "Well, that's a very good thing, because I'm never serious about men."

"Not even about love?" said Mickey, softly.

"I don't know anything about love," said Sharon Kimm, "and I don't want to. I don't believe in love. It's a lot of bunk."

"That's because you don't know anything about it," said Mickey, looking straight into her eyes.

"I know what people call love," said Sharon darkly. "You bet I do. Well, I'm not going to have anything to do with that, I tell you. It makes all the trouble in this world. It's horrid."

"Oh, no, dear," said Mickey, breathlessly. "Oh, no. Don't be afraid of it, Sharon. It's the loveliest thing in the world. It means—protection for a woman and inspiration for a man. It's the beginning of life, and the meaning of it, and the end of it. It's the only thing that really matters. Haven't you ever been in love?"

The sea-blue eyes drooped demurely. Then they looked at him, sidewise, under satin lids and dark lashes. The age-old look. The come-hither look. The promise that Eve offered to Adam with the apple. Sharon used it unconsciously, because it had been born in her, because it was part of her, and always would be. And because Mickey's voice had something in it that she knew not how else to answer.

"Don't you ask a lot of questions?" said Sharon Kimm. "What d'you want to know for?"

"Well, I just hate to think of a poor girl growing up and not being in love at least once," said Mickey. "I'd like to remedy such an oversight as that for you."

"I've never been in love," said Sharon, just a shade wistfully, but her voice grew belligerent, and she added, "but it ain't worrying me."

"That's because you don't know—" Mickey moved a little closer to her in the sand, so that his cheek was almost against her knee—"that's because you don't know what it would be like to sit in the moonlight, side by side, and feel as though the whole world belonged to us two. Haven't you ever been kissed either?"

This time Sharon knew that she was not angry. But she still did not know what it was that stopped her voice and left her powerless to answer him as she desired.

"You need to be kissed," said Mickey, "you need to be loved and taken care of. Then you'd forget to be afraid. Do you think I'd ever hurt you?"

She shook her head. There was nothing in this boy's dark, tender eyes, nor upon his clean young lips that was in any way to be confused with the ghost-man of her childhood, or with other men she had met since.

"You're not afraid of me, Sharon, are you? I don't want you to be, ever. I'm not much, but no matter what happens to you, or where you are, I want you always to know that I love you and I'd do anything in the world for you. I don't exactly know why I love you the way I do. At first it made me angry with myself. But—I know now that we were meant for each other from the foundation of the world. That's all."

The group of flappers and their beaux under the adjoining umbrella, tumbling about on the sand like puppies, began to sing again, to the strum of a ukulele played by a sixteen-year-old beauty with freckles on her nose. Their voices blended, soft, vibrant, young voices.

And it just happened that they were singing:

Roses are shining in Picardy,  
In the hush of the morning dew.  
Roses are flowering in Picardy,  
But there's never a rose like you.  
Roses must die with the summer time,



**His eyes were fastened upon her face, awaiting its reaction as a doctor awaits the responding heart-beat of a patient.**

When our paths may be far apart.  
But there's one rose that dies not—in Picardy.  
That's the rose that I wear in my heart.

A boy's voice, clear, pure tenor, soared and held the notes like threads of silver—a boy's voice with something of the quality of a John McCormack love-song.

"But there's never a rose like you," said Mickey Reid, and he laid his cheek against her knee.

"Ki-yi-yi-yi," yelled a voice. "Mickey Reid, ahoy. Mickey Reid wanted at the box office. Mr. Reid. Young Michael Reid. First Baseman Reid."

Mickey's eyes went black with anger. In his heart he damned

that interruption as he had never damned anything before in his life.

But he sat up and answered it.

"Hi," said the owner of the voice, a young giant, bronzed to a deep oaken shade, with tow-colored hair, as he trotted around the umbrella. "We're going to warm up, young First Baseman Reid. Kindly come out from under yon sunshade and lend us your undivided attention. For it has now become our painful duty to lick the eternal stuffings out of this bunch of guys from the Beach Club who have a misguided notion that they can play baseball.

Mickey grinned. After all, the day was young. The evening

lay beyond. Even a man much in love may enjoy a Sunday afternoon game of baseball, particularly when he knows he plays well and his girl is watching.

"Come on," he said to Sharon. "You sit on the sidelines and watch."

The occupants of the beach had gathered in a diamond around the sand field. A troop in bathing suits and gaudy bathrobes came around the corner of the adjoining club house. A gang of kids began to crawl to the top of the green lattice fence that shut them in from the road.

Sharon, a small, quiet figure, watched it all with dreamy eyes. She felt just a little bit out of it, but she was tremendously thrilled just the same.

There were a dozen famous stars divided between the two ball teams. The pitcher on Mickey's team was Stanley Craig, a reigning matinée idol only a few years out of college. He still wore the giant blue letter of his varsity upon his sweater. The man at the bat was the latest sheik discovery—almost as dark in his swimming togs as the Hawaiian swimming champion catching behind him. A pretty screen flapper behind Sharon referred wittily to the extreme bow-legs revealed by the abbreviated bathing suit of the most prominent of western stars, ambling nervously about third base.

On the sidelines, conversation was general. Sharon Kimm's throat burned a little as she listened. Everybody knew everybody else. Jokes and insults flew back and forth. Half a dozen girls, trained by life to the business of entertaining, sent the crowd into roars of laughter with a selection of pointed and personal sallies. There was a friendly, family feeling about the whole group.

Sharon wondered passionately if she would ever be part of it. If they would ever congregate about her beach chair, ever laugh at everything she said whether it was funny or not, ever defer to her opinion whether she knew what she was talking about or not. Just then the crowd parted a little and Sharon saw Nadine Allis coming toward her. There are few women who can look queenly in a bathing suit. Nadine Allis was one of them. She looked like the drawings of bathing costumes that appear in the expensive fashion magazines.

She settled herself, with an eager laugh, in the place that had been prepared for her. Somebody unfurled the blue silk parasol she carried and she flung it back, making a frame of its silk for her face. Her enthusiasm matched the day. All eyes turned upon her for a moment, and she was graciously conscious of it. Then they went back to the ball game.

An instant later Sharon heard somebody call her name.

"Come over here," said Nadine Allis. "Irv wants to talk to you."

But, apparently, Irv did not. Or if he did, he concealed his desire with great skill. For he merely grunted when she came—a trifle shyly and awkwardly—and went on watching young Mickey Reid who had just knocked a home run and was being wildly applauded. Sharon turned and watched him, too, and she felt again that breathless, tingling sensation she had at first taken for anger.

When she turned back to Irv Kohl, he sat silent in the group of laughing, excited people who gathered about Nadine, all talking at once and all laughing violently at their own jokes. He and Sharon, who still felt self-conscious and forlorn, were the only quiet people in the group.

One of the girls, a slim minx in a startling suit of orange jersey, rallied him about it.

"Irv," she said, contemplating him with malicious eyes, "the trouble with you is that you talk too much. You do, really. You presume upon the fact that you are a producer and most of us poor actors have to treat you decent if we want a job. So you just sit around boring everybody to death with your chatter. If it wasn't for your wife, nobody'd stand for it."

Sharon marveled at her easy impudence. She wished she could be at home with celebrities like that, could say calm and witty things before them.

Mickey came back, hot and elated. After laughing greetings—it never made any difference to Mickey whether he knew the



"Now, Nadine," said the director,

people or not or whether they were great or entirely unimportant—he pulled Sharon up by both hands.

"After that I've got to have a swim," he said, smoothing back the dark hair that was standing up in wildest confusion all over his head. The sight of that rumpled hair, thick and just a little curly around his neck and ears, gave Sharon a sudden emotion. She wanted to smooth it down with her two hands, feel it soft and thick beneath her fingers.

As she turned to follow, Irv Kohl said impersonally, "Better come to see me tomorrow. I'd like to talk to you."

Sharon nodded shyly, conscious of eyes turned in her direction with a new interest, hardly able to keep from dancing away across the sands.

As they went away, those two young things hand in hand, Nadine Allis followed them with her eyes. She had taken rather a fancy to Sharon. There was something real about the child. And that ridiculous story of Mildred Rideout's hadn't affected Nadine in the least.

She had a certain arrogance regarding her position. No one could dictate to her. Sharon Kimm might be blacklisted by everyone else in Hollywood. She—Nadine Allis—would refuse to follow the sheep, would investigate and judge for herself and do exactly as she thought right in the matter.

"You going to give her a contract, papa?" she said.

"I might," said Irv Kohl cautiously. "Looks like she might develop into a good bet."

"He looks like he might be a great bet," said Nadine Allis,



MONTGOMERY CLARK

"remember, dear. Your baby has been taken away from you, and your heart is broken."

whose eyes had not been upon Sharon, tipping her lovely head toward Mickey Reid.

Irv Kohl's quick black eyes followed her gesture. For a moment he watched the finely-made, brown body, fashioned with such a free, youthful grace, and the clean-cut, dark head held so proudly. Then he glanced sidewise, the briefest flicker of a glance, at his wife.

"No, I ain't interested," he said briefly.

Stepping back as they neared the water's edge Sharon said belligerently, "No, I am not going in."

"Oh, yes, you are," said Mickey. "It's so hot. It'll make you feel great. I won't let you get hurt. Be game, darling."

One of the things upon which Sharon prided herself—and she had more than her share of a bitter, defiant pride—was that she was game. There had been times in her life when it took every ounce of strength in her slender young body to go on being game. So far she'd managed it.

So she gave Mickey Reid a scornful look and went. When the water touched her toes and whirled about her ankles, she gave a gasp. But she did not falter.

"It's cold—isn't it?" she said, as a child might have said it.

The roundness of her mouth and the question in her upturned eyes made Mickey Reid suddenly tender. "You darling," he said, "don't be afraid."

She wasn't. Unexpectedly, she was thrilled. The cold water, colder than any she had ever felt, gave her a most amazing

exaltation. Looking straight ahead, she could see nothing but miles and miles of green water. She liked that, too. And so she plunged on into it, until it covered her right up to her slim shoulders.

"Like it?" said Mickey delightedly.

She had started to nod when the wave caught her—one of those big, foaming, churning waves that break with a roar like thunder. Mickey had taken his eyes off the ocean to fasten them upon Sharon's face and the wave had come, as such waves do, from nowhere in particular.

Sharon could only remember being buried in the cold salt water, feeling it pack itself tight, tight, about her face, her throat, her breast. The handkerchief was dragged from her hair and she felt it caught by the water and swept across her eyes in a cloud, then drawn out to its full length behind her. She remembered the feeling of the hard, wet sand, rubbing against her bare legs, as she went down, and the sting of the salt in her eyes, and strange ripples, like strong, cold hands, caressing her tingling body.

And then, part of it all, part of the glorious sensation, Mickey's frantic hands clutching her, steadying her, holding her safely at last. They shot up together, and he caught her in his arms, pressing her close against him. And when they stood upright again, in the rich, hot sunshine, breast to breast in the white-frosted ocean, he kissed her.

She was not afraid. She had never been afraid. She was not afraid of Mickey, either, or of his kiss. It was all part of the wonderful thrill, the clean, stinging, magnificent thrill of the

## The Skyrocket

ocean, and the sunshine, and the warm, summer day. As long as she lived, Sharon would never smell the salt wine of the sea, nor feel the tingling impact of it against her body, without remembering that first kiss.

And in the evening, sitting beneath the awning of the club veranda, with the night wind blowing in their faces and the slimmest crescent of a moon outlining the Palisades and the long line of the Malibu that was black and purple and violet gray and seal-brown in the shadows, they celebrated Mickey's new contract.

Mickey was pretty happy about that contract. Not much money, perhaps, as salaries went. But Mickey didn't care anything about money. It was always his last consideration. He was young. This was only the beginning of things, and a very good beginning, too.

He did not know then that the three-year contract they celebrated so gaily that night was to be the most terrible misfortune of his life, and that he had sold himself into slavery where he must toil, bound hand and foot, while his love was dragged away to the worship of the golden calf and all but sacrificed her soul upon its altars.

But those things will happen, now and again, in Hollywood.

### CHAPTER VIII

"YOU think then maybe you can work hard if I give you a little contract—maybe one year—seventy-five dollars a week?"

Irv Kohl paused in the midst of his speech to light his cigar and so he missed the almost frightened dilation of Sharon Kimm's eyes.

"Seventy-five dollars a week?" said Sharon Kimm, slowly. "Is—that all right?"

"I guess it will do to start you off," said Irv Kohl; "if you need more after while and I like your work, you come and see me. Now you better go see the casting director. Maybe he'll start you to work right away."

There was very little about poverty that Sharon Kimm did not know. There was very little about the sordid makeshifts and the thousand uglinesses of a hand-to-mouth existence that were not as familiar to her as the breath she drew. Her hand had always held an empty purse. Her ear had always been attuned to the howl of the wolf just outside her door.

Sharon Kimm was neither a whiner nor a quitter. There was that to be said for her. And so she had borne poverty rather gallantly.

Prosperity was not to be so easy.

It seldom is. There are so many people who are nicer when they are down than when they are up. And there are players in the game of life who lose with a stiff upper lip but who do not understand the art of winning.

When Lucia came in later that evening, she found Sharon trying to figure out, without any great success, what seventy-five dollars a week for a year meant in actual silver dollars. Sharon had always hated mathematics. Her schooling as a whole had been brief and spasmodic—she was a lawless child and learned well only those things that interested her—and she had never really grasped the significance of the multiplication table.

Lucia, peering over her shoulder, found that when she multiplied seventy-five by fifty-two she got everything from three hundred and ninety-seven to thirty-six thousand, six hundred and forty.

But when Lucia got the correct answer for her, it meant little.

The only thing she grasped was that it was a great deal of money and it was hers. The thought started within her a raging fire of desire, a small blaze that was to be fed continually with the easy tinsel of Hollywood success.

She sat regarding the total figure Lucia had made, and then she said, "Now we're going to start living, Lute."

The next day Sharon Kimm went out and contracted to spend nearly her whole year's salary. It wasn't at all difficult.

First of all, there was the year's lease on the new and glistening bungalow court which she and Lucia had coveted from afar—hopelessly. That was nine hundred dollars, first and last month in advance.

Even when they had moved in, they could scarcely believe it—used to tiptoe from room to room, meeting each other at unexpected corners, and bursting with giggles. The furniture in the parlor was mahogany—at least half an inch of it—and there was a blue lamp with gilt tassels on a stand by the window, and a fireplace all of bright green tile. And a pure white bathtub—not very large, to be sure, but then, Sharon wasn't very large either.

It worried Lucia a good deal when she found that in Hollywood you had to pay for your own lights and gas and telephone and maid service in a bungalow court. But Sharon only laughed.

Then, of course, Sharon bought an automobile.

In the beginning she had expected to save her money, week by week, to buy that coveted treasure.

But the salesman who appeared so miraculously to sell it to her explained that she didn't need to wait. Instead of depositing the money in the savings bank, she would simply make monthly payments to the automobile company. She didn't have to pay it all at once. It sounded very easy that way. She could be driving the car all the time—right from that very day.

Likewise Sharon bought clothes, which were more remarkable for quantity than quality.

When the first six months of her contract was up, and Lucia stopped to take stock of many things about Sharon Kimm, she could only sit rather white and trembling before the vast change in their lives.

And when she added up the ledger and found the debts that stared them in the face—in spite of that miraculous seventy-five dollars a week and her own salary—she was ready to weep.

Not Sharon Kimm. She had the confidence that possesses the victorious. This magical Hollywood that had already given her so much—would it not give her still more? Anything—everything—she wanted?

"I'll fix it," she said.

The next day she came home bubbling with delight.

"Old fuss-budget," she said, "I just naturally went to Irv Kohl and I told him the Hoover people had made me an offer, and I told him he said he'd give me more money if I needed it and had been good, so he said he'd give me a hundred and a quarter right away. Not so bad, what?"

But even as she said it, her voice dropped to an awed whisper. "A hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, Lute," she said, "I—can't—"

Oddly enough, she began to cry.

A hundred and twenty-five dollars a week was more than anyone could spend.

It is interesting to know, looking over the history of Sharon Kimm, that at that very moment the great William Dvorak, sitting in the projection room, was seeing Sharon Kimm upon the screen for the first time.

He had sent for one of Nadine Allis's pictures to see the work of a new leading man Kohl had brought on from New York. He did not like the leading man.

But his eyes dilated suddenly, and his head went forward, when he saw a slim, swift little figure, with a great mop of heavy hair that seemed to defy the black and white screen and actually sparkle with color, who dashed on for the briefest of brief scenes—unpleasant scenes they were, too. A nasty, jealous, biting cat of a creature, her odd, long, slanting eyes blazing and her round mouth parted in a treacherous smile above her small, even teeth.

"Find out for me," he said to his scenario writer, "who the girl is who played the jealous sister."

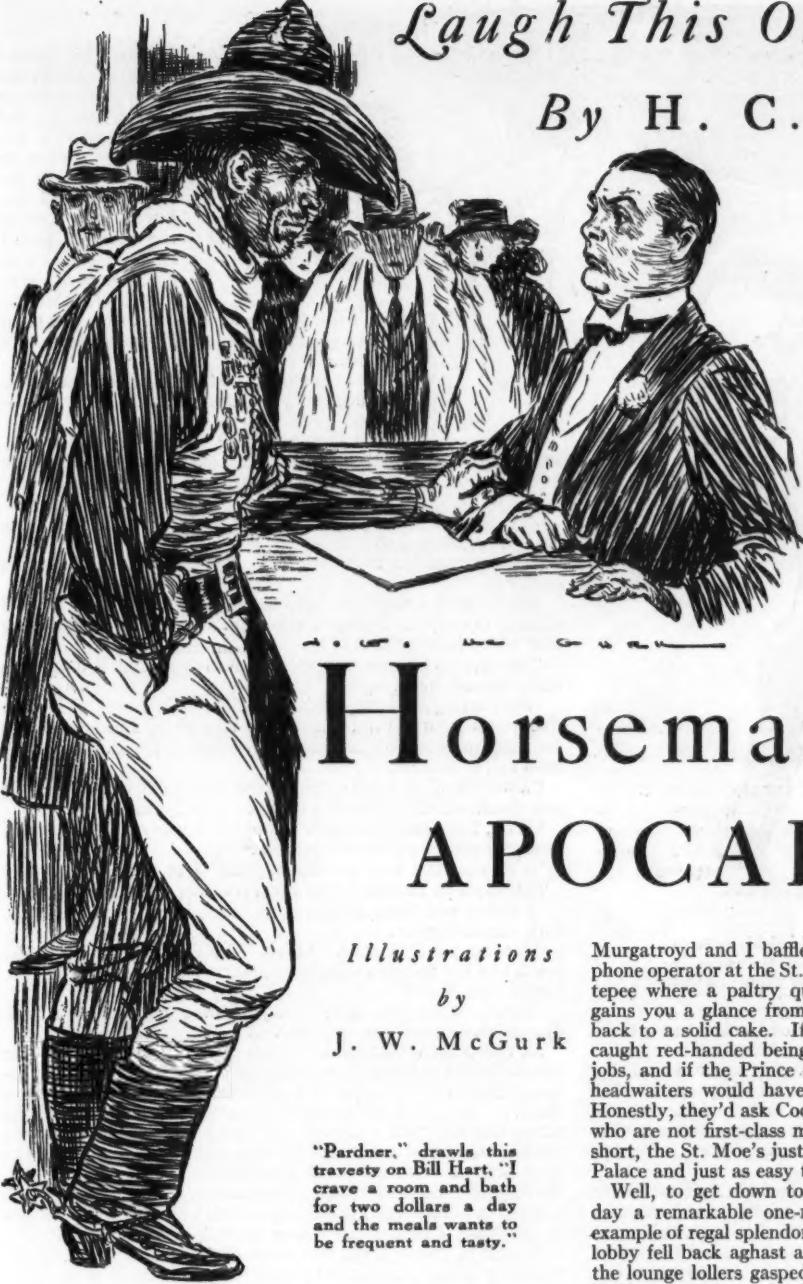
But the scenario writer was a woman and she had her own reasons for forgetting to find out the name of the girl who had played that jealous sister, or any other girl who played any other part, for that matter.

And it was six months before Dvorak, maker of stars, was reminded of the girl again.

### CHAPTER IX

PEPPER O'MALLEY ascended the bootblack stand at the Hirt studio and thrust out her short little foot in its scarlet slipper for the ministrations of Alfred—Alfred of the ebony hue and the ivory smile, who had shined more famous shoes than any other man in the world and had seen enough to hang at least two men if he ever lost his temper.

Now on the Hirt lot that shoe-shining stand, with its six straight-backed chairs, is in the nature of a reviewing stand. From its elevation can be seen everything there is to see on the most important lot in all Hollywood. The doors of the casting office and the publicity department, the big main entrance with its swinging gates, the rickety steps to the wardrobe building and the dozen gray doors of the executive office, all face upon a long gravel walk that runs directly before it. On the right, the huge dressing-room buildings look exactly like stone warehouses and behind the vast stages, canvas-walled and glass-roofed, tower gray and dirty and mysterious. (*Continued on page 172*)



*Laugh This One Off!*

By H. C. WITWER

*The*  
**5<sup>th</sup>**

# *Horseman of the APOCALYPSE*

*Illustrations*

*by*

J. W. McGURK

"Pardner," drawls this travesty on Bill Hart. "I crave a room and bath for two dollars a day and the meals wants to be frequent and tasty."

*"Nothing under the sun is accidental!"*

**T**HIS pungent example of what can be done with the alphabet in the wrong hands was composed two hundred years ago by Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, who evidently had never seen a banana peel at work in his life. Unlike the jovial Eph, I've witnessed flocks of accidents—not only under the sun, but under the moon, too. In fact, I've personally been the plot of so many catastrophes, that, really, if I ever appeared in a railroad collision the crash would merely make me think they were coupling on the observation car.

Well, gentle and otherwise readers, out of the slew of accidents that it's been my pleasure to witness, one stands out in my memory like the humps stand out on a camel's spine. I'm not liable to ever forget it and neither are you when I've unrolled the matter for your perusal. Make yourself comfortable and don't be afraid to yawn.

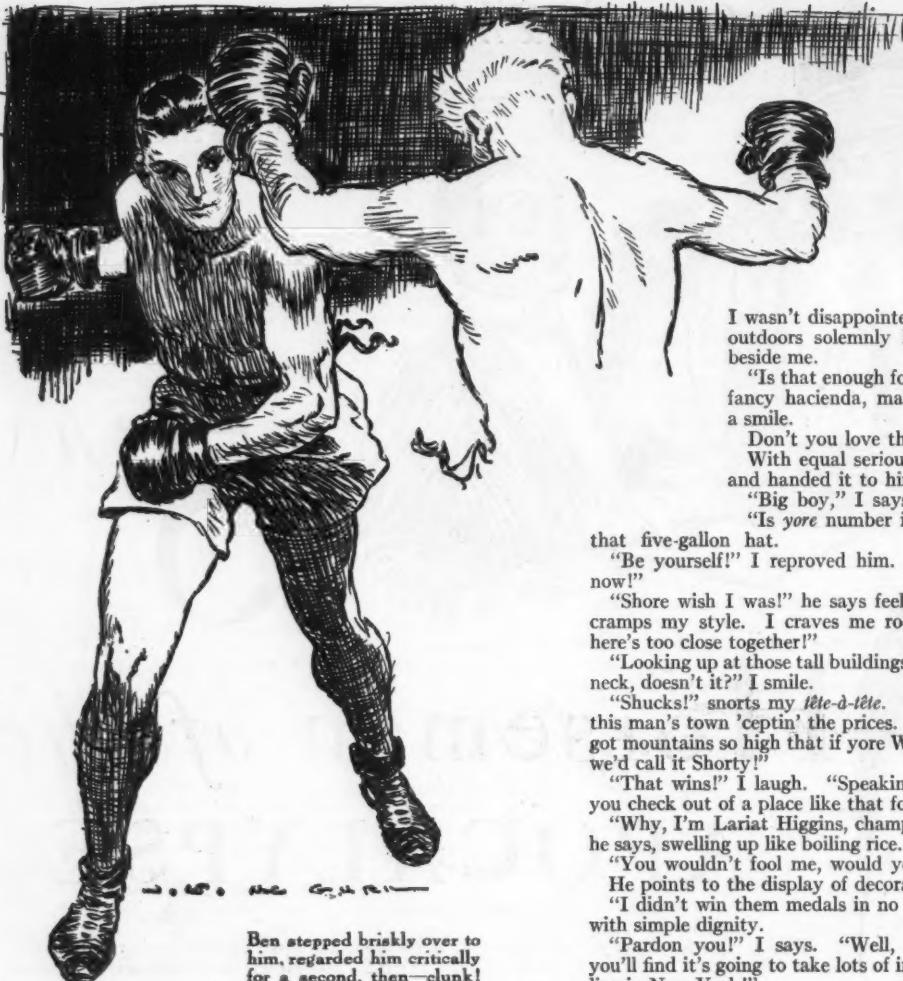
As Eve coyly remarked to Adam, I suppose I better introduce myself before we go any further. I'm nothing less than Gladys

Murgatroyd and I baffle the almshouse by trying to be a telephone operator at the St. Moe Hotel. The St. Moe is a Broadway tepee where a paltry quarter tip for a pitcher of cracked ice gains you a glance from the bell-hop that freezes the ice right back to a solid cake. If the room clerks in this costly trap are caught red-handed being pleasant to the guests they lose their jobs, and if the Prince of Wales had ever registered there the headwaiters would have sneered at him for not being a king. Honestly, they'd ask Coolidge for a reference and all the inmates who are not first-class millionaires simply *slink* in and out. In short, the St. Moe's just as homey and informal as Buckingham Palace and just as easy to park in.

Well, to get down to business, as the coal miner says, one day a remarkable one-man pageant stalked into this typical example of regal splendor. The strolling strutters in the gorgeous lobby fell back agast and made him a present of a clear path, the lounge lollers gasped and rubbed their astonished eyes, the bell-boys, clerks and other vassals froze speechless, while Pete Kift, the bell captain, and Jerry Murphy, our mammoth house detective, almost swooned away in each other's arms. I'm as used to strange sights as a sanitarium attendant, but this weird looking gent'eman panicked me, really! I laughed long and loud, while my stunned colleagues at the switchboard began giving out correct numbers through sheer amazement. To be brief, by his mere entrance, this boy created as much of a sensation in the magnificent St. Moe as a blizzard would in far off Gehenna!

It was the stranger's uncalled for raiment and all around unheard of appearance that ruined the attendance in the lobby. As near as I can remember, the ingredients were something like this: A possible Stetson with a brim easily wide enough to accommodate a horse race topped off a lean, weather-beaten, unshaven and unhandsome collection of features. Underneath this profile that must have caused his parents to bust out crying was twisted a handkerchief so raucously red, that, honestly, it looked as if our hero had just returned from having his throat cut and cut by a novice, at that!

A leather vest took the part of a background for a fanfare of medals and likewise covered a brown shirt of material as coarse



**Ben stepped briskly over to him, regarded him critically for a second, then—clunk!**

as an old-time burlesque show. By an odd coincidence, there was no coat. A broad leather belt with a broader silver buckle accepted the grave responsibility of holding up a pair of corduroy trousers that ended in short leather boots, bristling with murderous looking spurs. Torrid Rover! Really, he looked like a scenario for one of those cowboy movies and I peeked eagerly behind him, confidently expecting to see his faithful horse following him into the lobby.

Either unawares or unruffled by the fact that all eyes were mucilaged on him, this clown strolls up to the marble counter and leans on it as if it was a bar. Two timid youths, about to register, yelped nervously and fell over each other trying to go places. Before the horrified room clerk could flee to cover, our peculiar friend has him clamped by the arm.

"Pardner," drawls this travesty on Bill Hart, "I crave a room and bath for two dollars a day and the meals wants to be frequent and tasty!"

Creeping mackerel! This is the Hotel St. Moe!

At this point the curtain drops for a period of fifty-nine seconds, to allow for the lapse of the room clerk's breath.

"We have no rooms for two dollars a day, my man!" says Mr. Clerk, with a faint attempt at being haughty.

"Filled up, eh?" says his opponent, tilting the biggest sombrero in the world back on his head. "Well, have the boys put a bed in a dollar-a-day room then. It'll do till a better one gits empty!"

"I can't believe my ears, no kiddin'!" pants Pete Kift to Jerry Murphy—both of 'em on the verge of hysteria. On the bell-hops' bench the kids are in spasms, really!

"Our rates are fifty dollars a day and up!" says the clerk, and there's *twice* fifty dollars' worth of ice on each word. "We have no accommodations at present whatsoever!" he added meaningfully.

The defeated candidate for parking space gazed at the clerk for a minute and then turned around and gave the St. Moe lobby a long, dizzy look. Evidently convinced of something by what

he saw, he nodded his head as though in total agreement with everything and without another syllable to the clerk he roamed over to the switchboard. I was busy being idle at the moment and I looked forward with no little pleasure to a few healthy laughs.

I wasn't disappointed. The man from the great outdoors solemnly laid a five-dollar bill down beside me.

"Is that enough for a telephone number in this fancy hacienda, ma'am?" he asks me, without a smile.

Don't you love that?

With equal seriousness, I picked up the book and handed it to him.

"Big boy," I says, "you've bought 'em all!"

"Is *yore* number in this?" he grins, removing

that five-gallon hat.

"Be yourself!" I reproved him. "You're not on the ranch now!"

"Shore wish I was!" he says feelingly. "This town kind of cramps my style. I craves me room to ramble. Everything here's too close together!"

"Looking up at those tall buildings does put a kink in a person's neck, doesn't it?" I smile.

"Shucks!" snorts my *lête-à-lête*. "They ain't nothin' high in this man's town 'ceptin' the prices. Out where I come from we got mountains so high that if *yore* Woolworth Buildin' was there we'd call it Shorty!"

"That wins!" I laugh. "Speaking of artichokes, what made you check out of a place like that for New York?"

"Why, I'm Lariat Higgins, champion cowboy of the world!" he says, swelling up like boiling rice.

"You wouldn't fool me, would you?" I says.

He points to the display of decorations on his manly chest.

"I didn't win them medals in no raffle, lady!" he came back, with simple dignity.

"Pardon you!" I says. "Well, Mr. Cowboy, I'm satisfied you'll find it's going to take lots of ingenuity to get a job in *your* line in New York!"

"That's what *you* think!" says Lariat Higgins. "I been drawin' down pay here now for a week!"

At this point explanations were served, and, really, they were tasty. Lariat made a clean breast of being the principal attraction with "Oklahoma Steve's Rodeo and Wild West Show," then thrilling the jaded at Madison Square Garden. He said his playmates had "ran a blazer" on him by sending him up to the world famous and exorbitant St. Moe and telling him it was the best hotel in Manhattan at two dollars the day and found. Before going downtown and assassinating a few of his pals, he wished to phone 'em his opinion of matters, and while he was in the booth I turned this boy scout over in my mind.

Honestly, to me there was more than a slight touch of the romantic about Lariat, who was unquestionably a genuine, blown-in-the-bottle he-man from the great open spaces, where men are men and women are safe—in books. An incurable yen for novels about the West caused me to yearn for a trip to "God's Country." I felt the call of the sage brush, the two-gun men, the bucking bronchos, horse thieves, cattle rustlers, roundups and sheriffs who's entire command of the English or any other language consisted of "Uh-huh!" Well, here was the chance of my existence. Oklahoma Steve's rodeo had brought all this to my own New York. A subway ride and behold—the wild and woolly West!

Lariat stepped out of the phone booth while I was pondering thusly and at the same time Hazel Killian came tripping through the lobby, causing the males therein to bite their lips and the females to do the same thing, but through widely different emotions. Hazel's one of the reasons why the movies get past and she's also my roommate and sparring partner—beautiful, hard-boiled and expensive. Well, one glance at the weirdly attired Lariat and Hazel just can't keep still.

"Warm puppy!" she remarks loudly. "I see the James Boys are in town!"

"You needn't be jealous, dear, really!" I says quickly, to keep



Ben left the saddle as if shot from a gun, and landed on the steer's head.

Lariat from being embarrassed. "Jesse James was a bungling novice alongside of you! What tired business man did you talk that brooch out of?"

"I love that!" says Hazel, a bit peeved. "People who reside in fur houses shouldn't throw moths!"

"Ha ha!" cackles Lariat. "You shore got a haid on you, little lady. That was a keen answer!"

Hazel dropped him a curtsey. "Oh, thank you, kind sir!"

she says. Then she adds: "I'll bet *you're* no dumber than you look, either!"

"Reckon I couldn't be that illiterate!" grins Lariat. "Seen the rodeo yet?"

"No," says Hazel, impishly. "Have you?"

"Some!" returns Lariat, kid-proof. "I'm Lariat Higgins."

"Good for you!" says Hazel, undaunted. "I know what a lariat is, but what's a Higgins?"



"As for steers," said Ben. "I know them only as steaks."

When Lariat stopped guffawing at this brilliant crack, he hauled off and sprayed Hazel with a short autobiography, giving himself none the worst of it. According to his own confession, he'd already clicked off most of the championships at the rodeo and confidently expected, in fact, intended, to successfully defend his title of "World's Champion Cowboy." Before Hazel could enter any defense, Lariat then showed her his medals and broadcasted how, why, where and when he won 'em.

I could see Hazel was beginning to fall under the spell of the free-swinging tongue of this cow's guardian and to tell you the truth I was slightly interested in his sales talk, myself. Pretty soon, two of the most sought after young ladies since Helen of Troy, Cleopatra and the one on the dollar were actually competing for Lariat's attention—a situation which this colorful sheik seemed to take as no more than his rightful due. Some violent signals from Mr. Williams, the hotel manager, caused Jerry Murphy to approach the switchboard with the apparent intention of giving Lariat the air, but the gallant cowboy sent Jerry scampering to cover with a single, poisonous stare.

Two or three pedestrians passing the switchboard recognized Lariat and stopped to congratulate him on his wonderful riding at the rodeo. A gushing young damsel gazed soulfully at him and exclaimed to her boy friend, "Oh! Isn't he picturesque?" None of this did Lariat a particle of harm with the listening Hazel. Already a dashing figure in her eyes, he now began to seem of considerable importance, and, honestly, my charming girl friend loves the spotlight like Richard the Third loved horses. So with one, brief, defiant glance at me, Hazel proceeded to do her stuff and to my great and astonished amusement she and Lariat left together for the matinée capers at the rodeo. Knowing Hazel, my heart went out to Lariat Higgins!

The moment this oddly assorted pair passed through the revolving doors of the St. Moe, I'm honored by a visit from two gentlemen—to use the word in a broad sense. This set consisted of Pete Kif and Jerry Murphy, a couple of zeros with the rims removed.

"If 'at Hoboken cowboy comes acin' around here again I'll snatch his tonsils out," growls Jerry.

"You'd better not irritate him, Jerry," I warned him. "He's one of those Western bad men. You know what *they* are!"

"Sure!" sneers Jerry, contemptuously. "I met a flock of them mugs—when dime novels was as popular as breathin' is. 'Bang! And another Indian bit the dust!' 'At's the peacock's nail file! Why, a East Side gunman, properly coked up, could go out West and knock off all them so-called bad men in one afternoon without any trouble at all! How 'bout it, Pete?"

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This other authority on Western folk-lore nods his head.

"Absolutely!" he says. "The only thing bad about them babies is their manners. If that ape which was tryin' to promote you ever sticks his pan into this drum again I'll run him bow-legged!"

"Really, you boys are getting too vicious to be at large!" I says. "When Lariat returns——"

"When's he comin' back here?" butts in Jerry nervously, with a quick look at the doors.

"Well, it won't be long *now*, as the barber remarked while picking up his shears," I says. "He told me he'd be back in ten minutes and——"

"I got to shove off and get on the job!" mutters Pete, and dashes away.

"I'll get bawled out if I stall here, Cutey!" says Jerry, and loses himself in the lobby traffic.

Now, honestly, how would you like *that* pair hanging around you all day?

I didn't get a chance to interview Hazel that night on the subject of Lariat Higgins, because I went to bed early in honor of Washington's birthday and therefore didn't even see her. But she came downtown and lunched with me the next day and over the Yankee pot roast mit noodles, I brought the matter up.

"I don't see the percentage in you playing around with that cowboy, Hazel," I says. "Why, *he* can't have enough pennies to keep you in rouge!"

"That smacks of jealousy to *me*!" returns Hazel, calmly. "I think you have a weakness for Lariat Higgins yourself!"

"Don't make me laugh!" I says scornfully. "I wouldn't wipe my shoes on his best shirt!"

"I didn't hear you shriek for the gendarmes when he draped himself over your switchboard," remarks Hazel, reaching for the last roll. "But let's be friends—battling at meal times is the recipe for indigestion. There's more to Lariat than you think. He's got a five-hundred-acre ranch and you know that runs into serious money. As if *that* wasn't enough, there are better figures in his bank-book than Mack Sennett ever saw!"

"Where did you accumulate all *that* information?" I asked her.

"Why, Lariat told me himself!" says Hazel.

That goaled me, no fooling! I laughed so enthusiastically that a lot of the restaurant inmates got the idea this place was selling and began to proposition the waiters for quarts. Hazel eyed me coldly.

"Are you trying to make a fool of me?" she demands, angrily.

"No," I giggled, "Lariat Higgins will take care of that part of it!"

Torrid terrier! It was no wonder I laughed myself ill! I thought what a riot it would be if this crude, raw-boned cow-hand, untutored in the ways of the smart Broadway Johns, should come out of the West and put over a fast one on the super-sophisticated and hitherto adamant Hazel. I told her this and she scoffed at the idea—but nevertheless, she did look thoughtful.

Lariat had plied Hazel with a book of tickets for the rodeo and she pleaded with me to go and view the thing with her that night, but I had a very good reason for claiming exemption. This reason stood six foot with his hair smoothed back and weighed two hundred pounds after shaving. You guessed it, he was the heavy boy friend—Ben Warren, former Hale football star and now a rising young heavyweight boxer. Really, "rising" is the proper word, because no matter how many times Benjamin got knocked down he always got up!

Back in Bountiful, Utah, where we both first learned the mysteries of a rattle, Ben had been my childhood sweetie. Then I won first, second and third prize in a state-wide beauty contest, bathing-beautified in the movies till I felt I'd like to wear dresses again, and fled Hollywood for New York. One day I accidentally ran across Ben, who had also left dear old Bountiful to its own resources, and we took up our friendship where we left off before romantic, wasn't it?

Well, this night Ben was to fight a gentleman by the name of Twenty-eight-Round McWagon in the land of Newark, New Jersey, and I had promised to grace the shambles with my presence. So I suggested that Hazel come with me, bringing Lariat Higgins along. My girl friend declared this a good thought and she phoned her cowboy to do his steer roping early at the rodeo so he could take us to Ben's cuffing party. Hazel never asks the masculine to do anything, she tells 'em to do it, and when Lariat began to hem and haw that he mightn't be able to get away, Hazel just coolly hung up on him.

Lariat was on hand.

Hazel insisted on a taxi to Newark, disregarding Lariat's panic-stricken face. Really, it was a cruel trip for our hero, who was forced to sit where he couldn't miss watching the dollars drop on the clock. When he began gulping and mopping his perspiring forehead at \$4.20, I figured that was the tip-off on his five-hundred-acre ranch and incredible bankroll! Hazel caught him glaring at the meter and looking out the window she remarked softly to the world at large, "Go on, like it!" Lariat didn't get her at all.

Honestly, the crowd outside the club-house could have put La Follette over had they all voted that way, but we ploughed through 'em, got inside, and finally reached our ringside seats. Lariat's fearsome sombrero and the rest of his unusual garb caught the restless gallery's attention, and, really, they razed him till my cheeks burned with embarrassment. Even Hazel looked annoyed and the scowling Lariat's hand made several convulsive twitches towards his hip before he remembered that his usual armament was elsewhere. The timely arrival of the boxers distracted public notice from Lariat, to my unqualified delight.

My handsome Ben in the beautifully flowered mauve bathrobe I gave him for his birthday climbed through the ropes with his seconds, closely followed by Twenty-eight-Round McWagon and retinue. "Good Luck, Bennie!" I called excitedly, and behind me some thick-necked patron of the manly art immediately remarked, "That's right, kid, wish him luck—he'll need it!"

It was Hazel who suddenly swung around on him angrily. "Mind your own business!" she snaps.

"I don't have to tonight!" returns this goof, with a grin, "I left a trusted clerk in charge of it!"

The announcer introducing the gladiators murdered Hazel's comeback.

Then known as the "Adonis of the Ring," Ben would have made a Greek god look like Bull Montana as he flung off his bathrobe and stood against the ropes awaiting the bell. On the other hand, Twenty-eight-Round McWagon looked more like a gorilla than a gorilla does itself. It seemed like throwing a piece of raw steak to a famished lion, really! Lariat Higgins thought that way himself. The open admiration of myself and Hazel for Ben got the cowboy bit steamed and he expressed the opinion that Twenty-eight-Round McWagon would hit Benjamin with everything but the timekeeper's watch. That was more than I could take and as the gong rang for the first round I bet Lariat fifty dollars that Ben would place his opponent in a reclining position before Lariat could say "knife!"

Honestly, you could write a description of that quarrel on the head of a pin and still have room to illustrate it. With the crowd in the usual uproar, Twenty-eight-Round McWagon charged from his corner like an ill-tempered grizzly and met Ben in the middle of the ring. That isn't all McWagon met! In some way his chin collided with one of Bennie's gloves and Mr. McWagon immediately dropped to the canvas to think matters over.

The customers howled for him to get up and fight, and, really, he tried to give them service, but he just couldn't cope with Ben. The instant his prey rose, Ben stepped briskly over to him, regarded him for a second with a critical eye and then—clunk! Once more Twenty-eight-Round McWagon took up the art of diving in a serious way. This time he turned a deaf ear to the mob's pleas. At the fatal "ten!" he was still prostrate and for all I know he's laying there yet!

Lariat Higgins handed me five ten dollar bills, with the same grace that he would have handed me his right lung.

"What do you think of Ben now?" I asked him, mischievously.

"I never cuss in front of women!" scowls Lariat.

(Continued on page 130)



Hazel eyed me coldly. "Are you trying to make a fool of me?" she demands.

# By Mrs. Berton Braley

# Starving With A POET

I THINK I would have been nice to him under any circumstances, because I had read a lot of his verse and had heard about him through some of his friends and because I had seen his picture in *Cosmopolitan* and liked it. However, the fact is that I was specially nice to him at last year's Illustrators' Ball because I thought he was somebody I'd known for years. "And that's how it all began, my dears, and that's how it all began."

You see he was a yellow, pigtailed, blue-robed Chinese mandarin at that party and might have been anybody. And he knew me and called me by name and—well, you know how those fancy, dress balls are. Besides I still insist I thought he was somebody else.

Yet it was because he isn't like anybody else that I married him. Married him and his flivver and his battered old cheap hat—he won't buy high priced hats because he says he doesn't like them. I thought I was going to change his attitude about that and a lot of other things, but I've learned that when he says he doesn't like anything he means it.

Well, anyhow, we were married in about three months—and we don't live in a garret. I was just a wee mite disappointed not to live in a garret because I supposed all poets did.

"Not this poet," said Berton. "Garrets in good neighborhoods are called studios and rent for \$4000 a year. And garrets in poor vicinities have to be heated with stoves—and I hate carrying wood or packing coal up five flights of stairs. No, we're going to live in a steam heated apartment."

That sounded frightfully practical and mundane and a little bit commonplace, and I murmured something to the effect that perhaps I had not married a poet at all but a business man.

"How the hell," replied my husband, whose profanity is infrequent but heartfelt, "do you think I could make a living out of verse if I wasn't a business man?"

Right here let me digress to one peculiarity of this poet I am writing about. Except in jest he never calls himself a poet. He says he's a "versifier"—and lets it rest at that. And he calls his poems—"pomes." But I notice that he gets very mad when some reviewer intimates that his verse "has nothing to do with poetry." So do I. I thought he was a true poet before I ever met him, and marriage hasn't diminished my belief.

Yet he is a business man. He goes about writing his poems as a business man would set about getting out his mail, or planning a sales campaign.

"I've gotta do two pomes today," he says, and sits down at his desk and does two poems. His eye does not roll in a fine frenzy and his gaze does not rove from earth to heaven. He doesn't even walk up and down the study. He sits with his pipe in his mouth and pounds out his stuff on the old typewriter.

But he's sufficiently crazy and temperamental in other ways to be the very pattern of a poet. He can make money but he can't keep it. No wonder! When the second month's rent of our apartment was due and we didn't have enough money, Berton went out and bought a phonograph on the installment plan for me because I had said I would like one sometime. He doesn't dare carry more than two or three dollars in his pockets because he spends all the cash he carries.

We dined out a few days ago and when the dinner check was paid we had sixty cents between us—forty of it was mine.

"I think," said Berton, "I'd like to smoke a cigar and I reckon a ten cent cigar will have to do."

"I reckon it won't," I said. "I hate the smell of 'em."

"But I don't like my pipe tonight," he answered. "I want a darn good cigar, but I've only got twenty cents."

"How much does a darn good cigar cost?" I asked.

"A Corona Corona is sixty cents," my husband replied.

"All right," I said, "I've just got forty cents. Let's get one."

And we did. He smoked it before the fire at home and I simply bathed in its aroma watching him luxuriate in each mouthful of smoke—and we both had a noble time. But we couldn't have grapefruit for breakfast the next day.

Now and then when Berton gets in a bad hole and is overdrawn at the bank he really gets worried about money. But as soon as a check or two comes in and the rent money is assured,

he stops fretting. I'm a bad wife for him monetarily speaking, and I haven't sense enough to do the worrying for both of us. But he says he thanks heaven every day that he hasn't got a wife who nags him about extravagance, and that I'm a good sport when we're broke. I fancy thrift is born and not made.

My husband is nearly twice as old as I am, and the biggest kid I've ever known.

He's not at all egotistic about his work, though proud enough of it, but if you don't tell him from time to time that he is the best flivver driver in the world his life is spoiled. And if you don't tell him he is a wonderful dancer—and I don't because I can't dance with him worth a cent—he feels cheated.

He loves to paint, and all our furniture is second hand stuff which he has painted and which he adores. I don't, but I think if I threw it out and got something really decent it would break his heart.

He loves to drive nails and make things. Our little country place up at Lake Oscawana was built by his hands and those of his friends. It is made of canvas stretched on hinged frames which can be swung open to let in all the sunshine and all the winds of heaven. He is prouder of that invention than of all the books he's written.

Incidentally that shack showed me why Berton is a success as a poet. He had an idea and he carried it out though carpenters and builders and wise friends told him "it couldn't be done that way." He thought it could. And he persisted.

So when he came to New York fourteen years ago with the idea that he could make a living writing verse and editors told him he couldn't, he persisted.

He persisted—and fourteen years later he is still here; and verse is still his means of livelihood. And ours. A pretty good livelihood, in the main, though the only way we will ever be rich is by inheriting a fortune from some non-existent rich relative.

I suppose most women dream of a poet lover—perhaps that's one of the reasons I married one.

I had had lovely visions of being his inspiration. But I found that his inspiration came from various unusual sources: from the hurdy gurdy in the street, from the splash of a paddle in blue water, from the raucous tumult of Longacre Square, from the rattle of a pneumatic hammer on a steel building, from ferry boats, ships in the harbor, a rattling old flivver, pretty girls, Coney Island, a chance phrase at the kelley pool table—in short, from life in general and New York in particular.

And though he finds romance in the simplest things, he isn't romantic in the flapper's sense of the word. He is considerate and thoughtful, understanding and good humored, but neither ecstatic nor ethereal. I would call him an idealistic materialist. I fancy he's rather a typical American husband, except that he never forgets that a woman "has to be told."

It may be that he has had plenty of practise in his forty odd years, or it may be because he is a poet, but he certainly does say nice things nicely.

We have only been married about eight months, so I can't say finally that marriage with a poet is a success. But so far—it's going splendidly. And I think it's due for a long run.

The practical worker and the business man in Berton are the ballast that keep his temperament from upsetting his balance. I love his sober qualities, but it's the poet and the boy in him I care for most. For all his commonsense he is the most impractical, fanciful, whimsical fellow imaginable. I love the way he blows up and swears when I beat him at Casino; I love the way he forgets to bring home the steak but remembers the flowers for me.

And there is just enough of the eternal feminine in me so that I get a real kick on those rare occasions when he loses his temper and gives me a good old-fashioned calling-down such as every wife ought to get every now and then for her soul's sake.

Naturally he gets his, too, occasionally, for we seldom let a day go by without a cross word between us.

Married people who boast of perfect and uninterrupted peace are either colorful liars or colorless personalities.

And my poet and I neither aspire to the former category nor admit that we can be classed in the latter.

Which seems to me a fairly good exit line.



<sup>26</sup>  
Mrs. Berton Braley rather expected that marrying a poet meant living in a garret. But the newly-weds found that in New York artistic garrets cost about \$4000 a year. So they contented themselves with the homey apartment glimpsed above. On the opposite page Mrs. Braley frankly analyzes the good and bad points of poets as husbands.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIO



Photographic illustration by H. Williams

In such luxurious surroundings as this, Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre (on the right) watched the world-

# Chic, Madame! o. o. M<sup>c</sup>INTYRE

**E**XCEPT for cut-out monogrammed handkerchiefs, gaudy pajamas and walking sticks there is little in Paris to attract the male shopper. Paris shops bloom for the ladies. The man must go to London.

My pearl white hat is off to Parisian dressmakers. Their art of beguilement is supreme.

They are the master psychologists of business.

Even the perfectly trained husband—the kind who matches

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thread and silk and does the evening dishes—is likely to do the high, low and middle pouting record at the mere thought of shopping with his wife for gowns.

Yet the Paris dressmaker makes him like it—and don't be silly! They give husbands a free show that would stir envy in the breasts of American musical revue producers. You pay ten dollars for a seat behind the post over here to see a beauty pageant that the Paris couturier does infinitely better without charge.



famous Paris mannikins. "There," says McIntyre, "all the 'Oo-la-la-ing' is for the husband."

## On the Delights of Paris Shopping

And the husband may loll in the cushioned depths of a luxuriously upholstered chair while attendants serve him—free also—selected Turkish cigarettes, Scotch and soda, champagne cocktails and other libations as the show goes on. Such fun! My, my!

The comedian's deathless cry: "So this is Paris! I wonder where the girls are?" is answered in the dressmaking salons. All the husband from Purdy's Gap, W. Va. needs is a dusky serf at his side waving a long-handled peacock fan to feel he has been

suddenly made the hero of a musical comedy and as suddenly transported to one of those chimerical isles of Bong Bong.

Of course when he leaves and inspects the remains of what was once a perfectly good traveler's check book he may feel like a bludgeoned hero in some melodrama such as "Tricked by Treacle"—but it is almost worth it.

The dressmaking establishments of Paris present an exterior that resembles a murky side street (Continued on page 104)



Miss Bessie Beatty used to be a magazine editor until the thrilling stories she read got so strongly into her blood that she went out into the world's exciting places to live adventure herself. She was aboard the S. S. Arabic, pictured above, when a tidal wave nearly swallowed it whole. She tells of other close escapes on the opposite page.

# The Thrill of Facing Eternity

By Bessie Beatty

THREE times I have been almost drowned. One afternoon of my life I spent under armed siege in the Petrograd telephone exchange and heard the sound of crashing glass and the impact of lead on the walls outside. I passed another afternoon in a front line trench blown up fifteen minutes after my departure. I followed the Russian Red Guards over the barricades defending the Winter Palace. I was present when the Kerensky government surrendered. I have known war, revolution and famine in most of their phases.

My last encounter with danger was aboard the Arabic in a hurricane that splintered her life boats, smashed her ports and all but sent her to the bottom of the sea.

I have seen people in panic and terror of every kind. Yet, what do I know about fear? What do I know about courage? Or that curious indefinable thing we call the ego?

Until actually faced with a crisis no man knows how he will behave. And when things happen they happen so swiftly it is almost impossible to record what we feel. Even afterward it is difficult to understand the significance of our actions.

Quite recently I have made a disconcerting discovery about myself. I like disaster.

Ours is a self-conscious and analytical generation. I cannot say that I was either shocked or terrified by the discovery but I was startled and puzzled and it has made me look back and ask some questions.

The knowledge came to me in the midst of that hurricane on the Atlantic Ocean. The Arabic had been fighting its way for hours through the most terrific storm any human being aboard had ever witnessed. Suddenly a great mountain of water swept over and through her. It smashed her ports and doorways, flooded her air shafts and stripped her decks of rails and companionways. It pounded her life-boats to pieces and left her lurching and groaning in every timber. It swept our feet from under us and hurled us across decks like bits of driftwood. And when it had passed I was surrounded by men and women with bleeding wounds and broken bones and every one of them conscious that the next roll of the ship might be its last.

With that for a setting, drenched to the skin and shivering, I was suddenly aware that I was happy almost to the point of exaltation. I had a feeling of being lifted out of everything petty and small and caught up in something so big that I could not care in the least what it did to me.

Then another voice inside of me: "It's easy enough for you to feel this way, you're not hurt . . . You're not suffering. You like calamity."

Defensively my ego came to the rescue: "Yes, but my chance of going down is as good as theirs. I don't mind being hurt. It would be worth it."

I haven't a good memory and an event's sharp outlines are quickly blurred for me, but that mental argument made while I cut the wet clothes from a girl with a broken leg is as vivid as though it were occurring at this moment. Self-analysis in this case led to further introspection in which I have tried to find out through my own experience why it is that human beings react so differently to danger.

When the wave struck I was sitting in the outdoor café on the boat deck against the wall of the smoking-room. The storm had been raging since the middle of the morning. Already many people had been injured. It was then half-past two in the afternoon. We had been told to stay below; but half a dozen of us, all more or less insensitive to danger, disobeyed the warning. Each successive wave washed higher and I had to cling to the seat to keep from being thrown with the boat. Suddenly the ship gave a lurch and at the same moment a flood of water poured under and over me. It seemed to come from every direction

and to carry everything before it in an overwhelming fury. Two girls standing near were thrown down and I saw their limp white bodies being flung across the deck toward the ship's edge. The tables in front of me were torn from their moorings and hurled after them. They went so swiftly it seemed no power on earth could stop them. I had a terrible moment of helplessness as I saw them shoot past.

Then the ship gave another lurch. "This place will be the next to go," I thought, and decided to make a dash for the door. I reached it but my feet went out from under me. I felt myself heading for the opposite rail. "Well I suppose I'm going," I said, holding tighter. Then a man who had already reached the door caught me and pulled me inside.

It was not until late that night that the storm subsided sufficiently to assure us that the danger was passed.

In the intervening hours there was plenty of opportunity to observe the way different individuals behaved in the face of danger. On the whole they were rather wonderful. They usually are. Perhaps that is part of my reason for liking calamity.

The two girls whom I had never expected to see again were brought in badly injured. One of them was suffering so she could think of little but her own agony. Several times she moaned: "Why didn't they let me go down?" Yet every now and then she looked up with a feeble but lovely smile to thank me for trying to ease her pain. The other, bleeding in a dozen places, had no thought at all for herself and met all our attempts to give her brandy or a blanket with: "Let Mary have it. I'm all right. Just take care of Mary."

There was one woman whose terror stricken eyes still stand out above everything else in the cabin. She was thin and white with fright and her long bony hands clutched mine in a panic of fear every time the ship lurched. She had been below when the wave struck but was afraid of being caught and drowned in her cabin. The torture which fear had made of her life was written in her face.

"Aren't you afraid?" she asked me. "Aren't you ever afraid?" I reminded her that the worst that could happen to us was death. One by one her fears came out. "Soon it will be dark," she said, "and the lights will go out. We'll die in the dark." Around her young officers and stewards, most of them injured themselves, were trying to keep up the spirits of the people. We found a doctor who eased Mary's pain with a hypodermic.

"If he'd only give me one of those I would not know anything," said the frightened woman. "I suppose you think it's cowardly of me to want it."

I shook my head. "If you see this through nothing will ever be quite so hard again," I said.

Some of the passengers met fear by falling on their knees in prayer. Some put on their life belts and waited the end in their cabins. More huddled together in the halls or saloons. The children seemed to take it more calmly than the adults. There was a general tendency to stick together and all barriers were down. Calamity is a great democratizer. Perhaps that is another reason why I like it.

Through the storm my own feeling of exaltation persisted. It was with me when I lay down to sleep at two o'clock next morning and it was still there when the crippled ship and the bedraggled crew of us finally crawled into port. I felt it for days afterward and even now as I look back it seems one of the most crowded and vivid days of a not uncolorful life.

Weighing the experiences of the last seven years when accident or design has carried me to many dangerous places, I have come to realize that there has been no other thrill in life equal to those seconds of arrested time when I have stood waiting an answer to that most dramatic and poignant of human questions, "Is

## The Thrill of Facing Eternity

this the end?" My reaction to danger is of little consequence except as it expresses the reactions of groups of individuals, but I have an idea that it may help to explain some of the differences between the so-called cowards and the so-called courageous.

Give science and psychology a little more time and I imagine they will strip the cloak of sackcloth from the coward and take the brave man's medals all away.

In my own case a psycho-analyst could probably find a simple, unflattering and doubtless truthful explanation of why I am what I am.

Because I am not afraid of a mouse, death, a storm at sea or a Bolshevik, I have a reputation for courage. Yet I know beyond the question of a doubt that my lack of fear is something for which I am in no way responsible. I can honestly say that with one or two exceptions, and those are not recorded to me in the public ledger of noble deeds, I have never made an effort to do a brave, courageous or fearless act in my life.

I have seen many timid fearful men and women put up a magnificently courageous fight against fear without ever blotting out in their own sight, or the sight of others, the fact that they were once afraid.

I imagine that many, perhaps most, of those others who are called courageous, are as little responsible for their lack of fear as I am when I face danger.

Fear seems to grow out of a doubt of one's own adequacy. Though most of the conventionally terrorizing experiences give me pleasure, I know fear of another kind. Sitting quietly in front of my own fireplace with a blank sheet of paper in my typewriter I know both fear and inadequacy. I have something to say, and nothing but words with which to say it. Words stripped of tone, gesture, inflection. Illusive, inadequate, wonderful words. What I have to say goes wrong. The difficulty of expressing myself accurately and vividly defeats my progress. The clamoring crowd of modifications, the "ifs" and "buts," storm my carefully worked out generalities and attack the walls surrounding my favorite theories.

Before these intangible things I am a coward. I would run from them to the ends of the earth and rest in the arms of calamity. Lack of faith in myself as an artist may be the motive force that drives me to wars and revolutions and makes me a magnet for danger.

Danger has both a calming and an intoxicating effect on me. The more excited and inadequate people around me are the more calm and adequate I become. I always have a feeling that nothing can happen which I cannot stand; a foolish irrational sense of protection; a belief in luck, in something that persists despite the refusal of my intelligence to credit it. The cause may be glands. It may be heredity. Or early environment. It may be self-delusion. Too little imagination. Or too much.

The gland theory is yet too new to serve as a measuring rod to be used by the amateur. Heredity is also difficult to assay. I come from a

reckless breed of hard riding, hard hunting Irishmen. My father who died when I was sixteen was a famous horseman in his own youth and our family story is full of the tales of his reckless daring. My mother at twenty had the reputation of being the best horsewoman in her county. I never knew either of them to be afraid of anything.

Many women who have no fear for themselves develop acute fear for their children. My mother had none of it. When I wrote her in 1917 that I was sailing in ten days for Siberia en route to Russia and the Revolution, she made neither protest nor admonition. "If I had planned this myself I could not have dreamed anything that I would have liked better for you," she wrote. And on Christmas day of that year when newspaper reports had me incarcerated in a Bolshevik prison, she sensibly chose to believe my own cable with news of Christmas plans, though the horror report was of later origin.

From what I know of my immediate heredity and my early environment, the influences would seem to be against fear instead of for it. What battles my ancestors fought with fear for my benefit I don't know. It is probably due to the fear impulse which made our ancestors run and hide, that the human race is here today.

It may be that since the human species has become so well established upon the earth, there is less need for individual survival. Perhaps the survival instinct is diminishing. Perhaps as one great psychologist has suggested, we are developing an instinct toward death. Far fetched as this may seem it is not impossible that the thing the world calls courage is simply an expression of that instinct.

I have thought of that and asked myself: Do I then want to die? I don't know. I know two things; that up to the present moment I have never wasted a second's worry over it and that each time I have either walked into danger or been carried there, I have done everything possible to save my life, except to run.

Anatole France when he was dying said: "I have known death and I am not afraid of it."

I don't know what death is but on the whole the known has less interest for me than the unknown. Is it a sudden ceasing? Oblivion? Perhaps. Then I see no reason to worry. The life of the day is good while it lasts, but so is sleep.

Is death a journey, a passing to a strange unexplored somewhere? The unexplored somewhere have a lure for me that the beaten path does not possess.

If I could choose my death it would be a swift and young one. I know I do not want to live to be old. But "old" is a movable term. In my teens and strenuous early twenties, working hard and playing hard, thirty was the hour marked as old. But when my thirtieth birthday came I fortified myself with some new clothes and moved the clock ahead.

Forty does not seem to me quite so old as it (Continued on page 188)



The magic symbol that blazes the trail of terror in "The Red Lamp."

IT always interests me to watch the critics at a "first night" in New York. From studying their expressionless faces one would conclude (if one didn't know better from having played with some of them) they'd all make excellent poker players, for never by a sign do they betray the slightest emotion, whether they be feeling intense enthusiasm or intense disapproval.

Never, that is, save at those rare intervals when some play jolts them out of their calm. Such a play as that perfectly mystifying "The Bat" which Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood wrote some four years ago.

That night I sat just behind Alan Dale, the veteran critic of *The New York American*. I've sat near him at scores of openings, but always before, just as his criticisms are the wittiest, his face had been the most frozen of any.

But that night! By the second act, Alan Dale was sitting upright, all animation, following the movements on the stage as if he were a novice. By the final curtain, he was gripping the arms of his seat. He was so absorbed that he forgot to conceal his absorption!

Of course, you've seen "The Bat." No matter where you live, it's been there. And, of course, you know, as Alan Dale and I know, that Mary Roberts Rinehart is the only living author who can produce that sort of tense mystery.

Not only can she do it once; she has done it several times; and now she's done it more superlatively than ever. This time it's a novel, "The Red Lamp," and when I tell you that her son, Alan, leaving for Europe when the story was two thirds completed, exacted a promise from his mother to cable the finish to him at his expense, I'm only giving you an idea of the thrills that are in store for you.

In my reading, "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is the only story to compare with it. And in saying that the story begins in next month's *Cosmopolitan* I am making an announcement that really should be shouted from the rooftops.

[R. L.]



There sat a remarkably pretty  
young woman in mourning.

By J. S. FLETCHER

# Diamond Cut Diamond

*Showing What Happens When Two Crooks Meet*

*Illustrations by F. R. Gruger*

M ARKET HARLING is one of those towns, more than half medieval in aspect and atmosphere, which are still to be discovered in certain corners of England. It lies on the southeast slope of a shelving hill, on the heights of which rises an ancient castle, grim and formidable as when it was built seven hundred years ago. The Marquis of Harling, when he happens to be at home in that castle, and looks from any of its hundreds of windows, can truthfully say that he is monarch of all he surveys. The queer gables and timbered fronts of the houses beneath him and his stronghold are all his; his are the broad meadows below the town through which a winding river runs; his the quaint three-arched bridge that spans the river; his the more distant fields of wheat and barley and the hills that shut in the various views.

Not a sheep nor an ox, a sack of potatoes or a quarter of grain comes into the market place in the center of the little town but pays him toll in the shape of market-dues. His hand and his stamp are on everything and every man. The effigies in marble and alabaster of his ancestors crowd the thirteenth-century church; his escutcheon is emblazoned on the sign that swings before the picturesque old hostelry facing the church. It is a gaily-colored emblem, too, and catches your eye as soon as you cross the bridge, and it is only when you get close to it that you notice that there are words above and beneath the brightly hued quarterings—"The Marquis's Arms, by Benjamin Gosling."

Benjamin Gosling, host of the Marquis's Arms, stood in the doorway of his old-established hostelry one summer evening about seven o'clock, looking out on the market place. He was an elderly man, good-looking, fond of smart clothes of a sporting cut, with a habit of wearing a white billycock hat on one side of his close cropped head and carrying a bit of straw on the opposite corner of his lips. He also had a trick of standing with his neatly gaitered legs somewhat wide apart and his hands under his coat-tails; this attitude seemed, somehow, to enable him to appraise at its proper value whatever was going on in front of his nose.

Just then nothing was going on. The market place was asleep. Two or three old men, ancient gaffers of the town, sat on the steps of the market-cross; two or three children played about the church steps; half-a-dozen chickens scratched where grass grew among the cobblestones; from the meadows across the river came the voices of boys playing cricket. It was a peaceful scene and Benjamin Gosling was taking it in before retreating to his bar-parlor to refresh himself with a glass and a cigar. But as he was about to turn away into the old stone-paved hall of the inn, the one fly which his establishment boasted came over the bridge. That fly went down to the railway station, a mile away, to meet all the London trains. Sometimes it brought back a passenger, a commercial gentleman or a tourist; more often it brought nobody. But on this occasion its driver had captured a



*They were evidently very great people, and*

fare, and Benjamin, who was a keen man about profits, lingered on his doorsteps to see if the fare desired accommodation.

The fare was a young gentleman of apparently five-and-twenty years of age, well-dressed in a quiet way, and accompanied by a handsome suitcase and a brown paper parcel. That brown paper parcel immediately attracted Benjamin's attention. For when the odd-job man of the Marquis's Arms came running out of the stable-yard to carry in the luggage, the stranger laid hands on his parcel with a gesture which showed plainly that he was not going to entrust it to anybody's handling but his own. It was a very tidy parcel, a square affair, about two feet wide by as many deep, and from the fact that it was only a few inches in breadth the landlord came to the conclusion that it contained a picture. Still, he moved forward with an outstretched hand.

"Allow me, sir," he began. But the young gentleman planted the parcel firmly under his left arm, and at the same time shook his head firmly.

"Thank you, but I'll carry it myself," he said. "You the host?"

"At your service, sir," replied Benjamin. "Want a room, sir?"

"I want a room, if you please, and dinner," answered the newcomer. "Dinner especially!—at present."

"Ready in a few minutes, sir," said Benjamin. "This way, sir. Beautiful weather we continue to enjoy, sir."

The young gentleman agreed, and following his host into the hotel, booked the best bedroom in the house and retired to it, still hugging his parcel. According to the chambermaid he locked it up in the deepest drawer of the old-fashioned press in his room, having previously made a bed for it with his overcoat; and he had the key of the drawer in his pocket when he descended to dinner. But he said nothing to her about what was in the parcel, nor did he mention it to Benjamin Gosling, when, having dined in solitary state in the coffee room, he turned into the bar-parlor to smoke an after-dinner pipe. A very quiet, well-mannered young gentleman, this, decided Benjamin; one who knew how to keep himself to himself; all the same, he wondered what the young gentleman's business might be.

Next morning, he was to know. Behind the bar-parlor lay Benjamin's private parlor, a holy of holies into which none but his very intimate cronies of the town ever gained admittance. Benjamin was at his desk in this, soon after breakfast, looking



Benjamin was all politeness and obsequiousness.

over his letters, when a tap at the door prefaced the partial entry of the stranger.

"Can I have a word with you, Mr. Landlord?" he inquired. "If you're not busy."

"Certainly, sir, certainly," replied Benjamin. "Come in, sir, come in. Hope you slept well, and have found everything satisfactory, sir?"

"Everything is most comfortable, thank you," said the guest. He perched himself on the edge of the table and lighted a cigaret. "I just wanted," he went on, giving Benjamin a look that suggested a desire for confidence, "to ask you a question—between ourselves. Now it's this—what's the best time to call on the Marquis?"

Benjamin started. There was that in the young gentleman's tone which seemed to savor of mystery.

"The Markis, sir?" he exclaimed. "Well, that depends on—but you know, sir, the Markis isn't at home!"

It was now the turn of the stranger to start. An obvious cloud spread over his good looks.

"Not at home!" he said. "Confound it—I made sure he'd be at home! Where is he, then?"

"Salmon fishing in Norway, sir, is the Markis at present," replied Benjamin. "Gen'rally is, this time o' year, sir. Stops a goodish while there, as a rule—but I did hear the steward say a few days ago, that his Lordship might be coming home any time now—uncertain, like. Relation of his Lordship's, sir?"

"No, I'm no relation," answered the stranger. "No, I came to see him on business—I'd no idea he'd be away. You see—here, I'll tell you why I came to see him. You know, of course, that he's a great connoisseur of pictures?"

Benjamin smiled indulgently.

"We all know that, sir, hereabouts," he replied. "His Lordship owns one of the most wonderful collection of pictures in this country—so I'm informed. And of course I've seen it, many a time. The old masters, sir—that's what they call 'em. Not exactly gay and flowery sort o' things, you know—dull and dark, I call 'em, most of 'em, but worth, oh, no end of money. So I'm given to understand—by them that know."

"Just so," agreed the stranger. "Well, Mr. Gosling, I'm an expert in pictures—that's my profession. I'm well known in London, Paris, Vienna, Rome, New York—here's my card."

He drew forth a highly glazed and beautifully engraved card

## Diamond Cut Diamond

from a Morocco case and Benjamin put on his glasses and read the name aloud. "Mr. Albert Faroni," he said. "Thought you was a foreign gentleman, sir—said so last night. Complexion, sir!"

"I'm not," replied Mr. Faroni. "I'm a Londoner, born and bred. Grandfather was Italian, though. But I was telling you why I came here, Mr. Gosling. When I was in Paris a week or two ago I bought a Rembrandt—you've heard of him, of course?"

"The gentleman's name sounds familiar, sir," answered Benjamin. "I've no doubt heard it up at the castle. I believe his Lordship has pictures by that gentleman."

"He has!" said Mr. Faroni. "He's a very fine collection of Rembrandts. That's just why I brought mine to show him, for he'll be sure to buy it—and he hasn't got anything finer. Do you know, Mr. Gosling, I discovered it in a second-hand furniture shop in a back street in Paris. Got it for—well, between you and me, a mere trifle. That is, a mere trifle in comparison to what it's really worth."

"Dear me, sir!" remarked Benjamin, always deeply interested in any bargain. "And what may it be worth now, sir?"

Mr. Faroni's olive-tinted face grew enigmatic.

"Ah!" he said knowingly. "That's a little question that will have to be settled between the Marquis and me—when we meet. It's a peculiarly fine specimen of Rembrandt's genius, Mr. Gosling. But you shall see it."

Without staying to ascertain whether Benjamin wanted to see the picture or not, Mr. Faroni hastened out of the room and upstairs, and in a few moments returned carefully carrying his parcel. He unwrapped various sheets of brown paper and folds of thin canvas and finally removing two stout cardboards revealed an ancient, much worn gilt frame wherein was displayed an oil painting of a very dark woman posed amid almost equally dark surroundings. Benjamin nodded, as at an old acquaintance.

"Yes!" he said. "I've seen that sort of production before, sir, at the castle. His Lordship owns a many of 'em. Not beautiful, to be sure, but I'm told worth their weight in gold, some of 'em."

"Oh, of course," assented Mr. Faroni. "You may be quite certain that his Lordship will simply jump at this. But you can't see it very well in this light, Mr. Gosling. Let's see, now—" he looked round, and suddenly moved towards a corner of the parlor where a sporting print hung on the wall. "Now if you'll just let me take down this drawing, and hang my picture in its place," he went on, suiting his action to his word. "There! Now you see it better. One of the finest Rembrandts I ever had to deal with, Mr. Gosling!"

Benjamin put his head on one side and strove to look admiring.

"Indeed, sir," he said. "Pity his Lordship's away from home, I'm sure. But as I observed just now, the steward did say—"

"Just tell me where the steward lives," interrupted Mr. Faroni, "and I'll step along and see him. He may have heard when the Marquis is expected, and in that case I might stop here till he comes. Is the steward close at hand?"

Benjamin gave the desired information and Mr. Faroni hurried away. In half an hour he was back again.

"He says his Lordship may be home within a week, and he may stay a bit longer in Norway," he reported. "Personally, he believes he's coming home soon. I'll tell you what I think I'll do, Mr. Gosling. As the Marquis certainly won't return for a week, I'll go back to London, and come here again in ten days or so, so if you'll just have my bill made out, I'll settle it and catch the 11:40. And oh, and the picture. As it's hung up there in your private parlor, perhaps you'll let it hang till I return—it's out of the way, and that'll save me the trouble of carrying it back to London and bringing it down a second time. Oh, it'll be quite safe, quite safe, Mr. Gosling—need not bother your head about it—it'll be safe as houses in that corner. Much obliged to you, you know."

Benjamin replied that he, too, was much obliged, and that he hoped to see Mr. Faroni again in due course, and Mr. Faroni thereupon settled his bill, tipped the servants liberally, and hurried away to London, leaving the Rembrandt, a dark achievement, in the darkest corner of the landlord's parlor.

The Rembrandt hung in its corner for several days without attracting any attention from Benjamin's cronies. Then, on the Sunday evening following Mr. Faroni's visit, Dr. Pepperdeane looked in at the Marquis's Arms, and finding Benjamin alone in his parlor, sat down with him to discuss the local news and drink a glass of whisky. Presently he nodded towards the corner

from which Mr. Faroni had taken down a crude representation of hounds in full cry.

"Got a new picture, I see, Ben," observed Dr. Pepperdeane curtly.

Benjamin waved his cigar in a non-committal gesture.

"Well, it's not mine at all, doctor," he answered. "No business to be there, in a way of speaking. A young fellow came here with it the other day in hopes of selling it to the Marquis, and as his Lordship isn't at home, asked me to let it hang there until he came down again. He said it's a Rembrandt. Picked it up in a back street in Paris. Art expert he called himself—high art."

"Pay his bill?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, yes!—quite the gentleman—very superior young fellow," replied Benjamin, "known all over the world, he said he was. Gave me his card—name of Faroni, Mr. Albert Faroni."

"Oh, I know that name," said Dr. Pepperdeane, "famous house of that name—art dealers, London and Paris. Um!—wants to sell it to his Lordship, eh?"

"So he said—it was what he came for," responded Benjamin. "Gave me to understand it was an uncommonly fine specimen of this Rembrandt's work. What do you make of it, doctor—you're a bit of a judge of these things, I believe?"

"Ought to be," growled the doctor. "Brother was an Associate of the Royal Academy—Samuel Pepperdeane, A.R.A. landscape painter, though—and landscapes are more in my line—not portraits. Got some fine specimens of my brother's brush, Gosling. Still, I know a good thing when I see one—landscape or portrait."

He rose and made over to the Rembrandt, and for some minutes stood examining it with a critical eye and pursed up lips.

"Good thing, sir?" inquired Benjamin.

The doctor stepped back, viewed the Rembrandt from another angle, and nodded.

"In my opinion," he said oracularly, "in my considered opinion, Gosling—undoubtedly genuine! A distinct find!"

"Then you think the Marquis'll buy it, sir?" inquired Benjamin. "You think he'll be a bidder?"

"The Marquis will be an ass if he isn't!" replied Dr. Pepperdeane. "And the Marquis isn't an ass about pictures. Oh, yes, he'll buy—it'll be a valuable addition to his Rembrandts."

"Will it indeed, sir?" exclaimed Benjamin. "Dear me!" He cocked an eye at the picture with growing affection. "Um!—just so. And what might a thing like that be worth, now, doctor, in plain figures? Much?"

The doctor took a pull at his glass, smacked his lips and let out one word. "Thousands!"

Benjamin gaped at his astonishment.

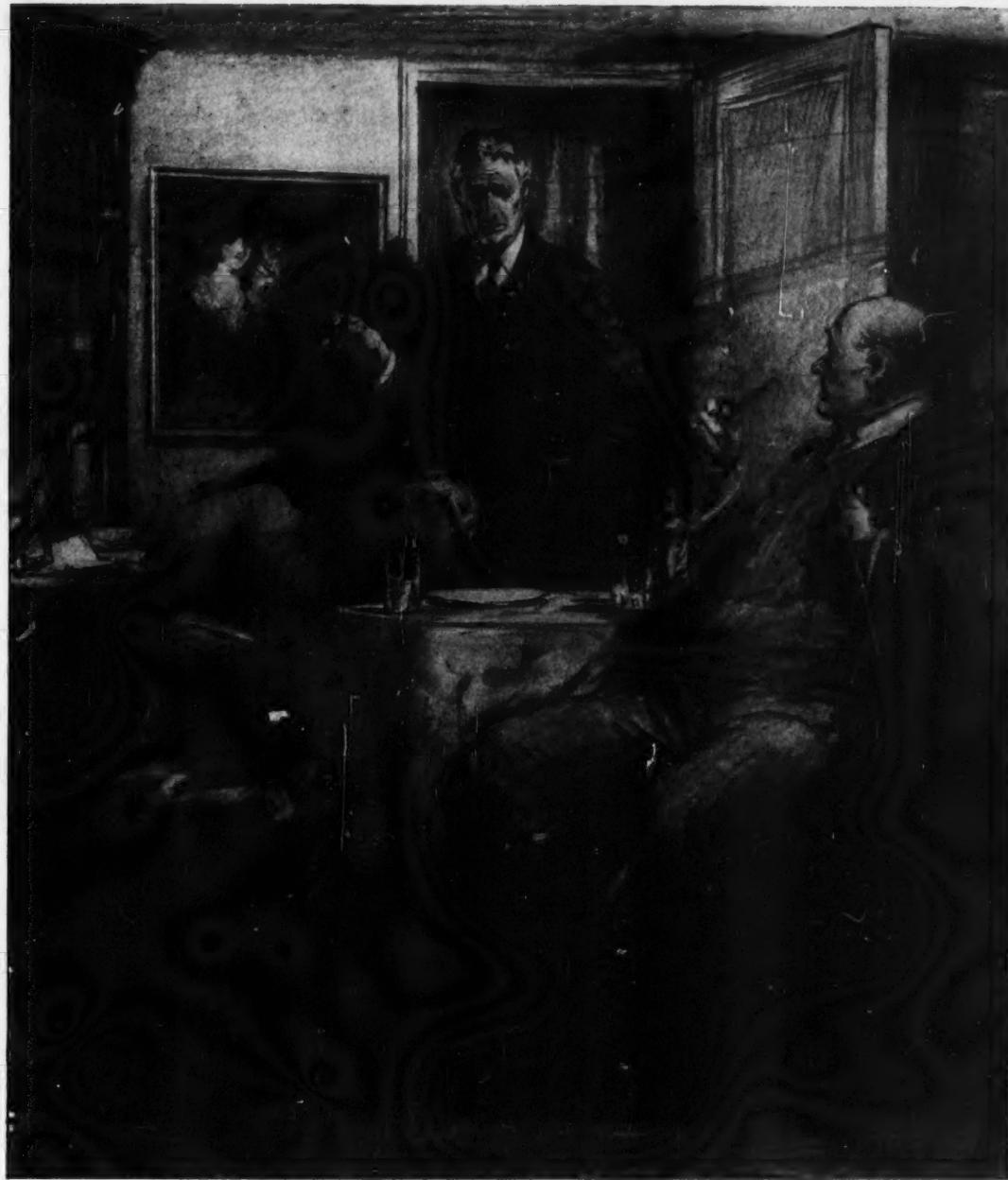
"Pounds?" he exclaimed. "Pounds, doctor?"

"Guineas!" said the doctor. "Guineas. Know one Rembrandt that fetched seven thousand guineas; another that fetched six. Greatest painter of his age, Rembrandt, Gosling. And that" he added, waving his hand towards Mr. Faroni's property, "is, I should say, a very fine and characteristic specimen."

From thenceforward Benjamin could scarcely keep his eyes off the Rembrandt. When he had no one with him in his private parlor he used to sit and look at it, and every time he looked at it he broke the commandment which forbids the coveting of one's neighbor's goods. He wished it was his, so that he could sell it for seven, or even for six thousand guineas. He wondered if Mr. Albert Faroni would sell it to him so that he, Benjamin, could sell it again, at a profit. He began to speculate on the chances of Mr. Faroni's being or not being a young gentleman who would be tempted by ready money, cash down on the nail. Would there be any chance of doing a deal with Mr. Faroni when he came down again—a deal that would, of course, be advantageous and profitable to Benjamin Gosling?

Benjamin Gosling had known many deals in his day, generally in horseflesh, and he had usually, that is to say in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—turned them to his own advantage. Could he manage a picture deal? There was no doubt as to the value, the immense value of the property concerned—didn't Dr. Pepperdeane say it was a genuine and very fine Rembrandt? And Dr. Pepperdeane's brother was Samuel P., sometime Associate of the Royal Academy—"and would have been an R.A., sir, a Royal Academician if he'd lived a year or two longer!" said the doctor. Oh, yes, there was the potentiality of profit in that corner—big profit, said Benjamin. And he looked forward to Mr. Faroni's return, and felt glad to know that he always kept a large, comfortable balance at the old bank across the market place.

But Mr. Faroni did not return to the Marquis's Arms at the end of a week or ten days. Instead he sent a letter. It was



"In my opinion," said the doctor oracularly, "undoubtedly genuine! A great find!"

written in a delicate, artistic hand, on tinted notepaper, and it was somewhat unusually headed:

In the Train between London and Birmingham.

Dear Mr. Gosling,

I learn from the Morning Post that the Marquis has decided to extend his visit to Norway by some weeks and is not likely to be at Market Harling before the end of July, so it is no use my coming down there just now. I will wait until his return. Kindly keep the picture for me till then. I am sure it will be quite safe in your charming little parlor.

Yours truly,

ALBERT FARONI.

Benjamin had no objection to acceding further hospitality to the Rembrandt. It gave him a warm feeling in the region of his epigastrium when he looked at the wall above his bureau and reflected that what hung on it represented six or seven thousand guineas.

It was about a fortnight after the receipt of Mr. Faroni's letter that a very smart car drove up to the door of the Marquis's

Arms one fine morning just before the luncheon hour. It contained a handsome gentleman and a pretty lady, both of aristocratic appearance and, if the style of their equipage and quality of their apparel were anything to go by, of means and position. They were evidently very great people. Benjamin, who as usual was at the front of the inn, was glad to think that this, being a show-day at the castle, was one of the days whereon folk of good degree often came to lunch in his coffee-room, and provision was made accordingly. Of the high quality of these two guests, he had no doubt when the gentleman selected a bottle of the best champagne on Benjamin's wine-list. And he was all politeness and obsequiousness when, lunch being over, the gentleman presented himself at the door of his private parlor to ask for information about the best and nearest way to a town some twenty miles off. While Benjamin afforded this he saw his questioner start. Regarding him more closely, he realized that the stranger's eyes were fixed on the Rembrandt. The next instant, he waved his cigarette in its direction.

"Rather a fine picture you have there!" he remarked. "May I look more closely at it?"

(Continued on page 104)

# Nunku

*A Little Story of a Strange Friendship  
Between Strange Wild Folk*

Illustration by Herman Palmer

**H**EAT and haze, copper-lake grass, thickets bristling with six-inch thorns white as bleached bone, rusted rocks, stunted trees, blistering saffron sand with death lurking everywhere—that is the veldt of South Africa. By tame-folk standards it is no place for a home, yet unnumbered wild folk live happily—and die suddenly, in the veldt.

One of the wisest and wiliest of them all slipped like a shadow through the thickets one scorching afternoon and traveled across the hot sand like a puff of tawny dust before the wind. Blackback, the Cape jackal, cared nothing for the heat and less for the various deaths which lurked beneath that blazing sun. In fact, any death which can overtake a blackback jackal has to be sudden and well concealed indeed. This one had a special reason to hurry home—nine special reasons in fact, for Mrs. Blackback was no believer in birth-control.

One day she decided to wean her cubs and in spite of hungry little whines and protesting wails from nine fuzzy, cuddly puppies, weaned they were. From then on neither of the old jackals ever entered the den, an old aardvark burrow under a mimosa tree, yet there was never a moment night and day when one was not on guard, while the other scoured the veldt for food.

Once a cream-colored genet, that long sinuous hunter, half-cat, half-weasel, with legs so short that he moves over the ground like a snake, started to flow down the burrow of the jackal family. His pointed head was just disappearing in the entrance when the mother jackal descended upon him from a near-by thicket in such a fury of rage that the genet, although a fighter of sorts, was glad to retreat by the tree-top route. The same thing happened to a long-legged serval cat, while an eight-foot python, who had decided to try young jackal as a change in diet, was caught in the jaws of the father and shortly thereafter disappeared in sections down eleven hungry gullets.

There came a day, however, when an imperturbable stranger waddled deliberately up to the burrow and right under the watchful eyes of its guardians entered without interference.

The new-comer had a cylindrical body and short legs and was about half the size of an ordinary pig. Not only did it march along in the open without the slightest attempt at concealment, but it even gave notice of its coming by rattling a bunch of hollow quills at the end of its stumpy tail as it walked. Its air of confidence was entirely justified.

No wise animal attacks Nunku, as native hunters have named the African porcupine. Many have tried—and died, and the number includes the lion and the leopard. As this one moved toward the burrow he kept up a petulant grumbling and every once in a while raised a thicket of black and white quill's on his back, some of which were fully a foot in length. As he disappeared down the tunnel, the mother jackal gave the muffled slow bark which signaled her family that all was well.

They needed some such assurance when the round squirrel-like head of the porcupine, surmounted by bristling, needle-sharp spines showed at the entrance to their snug living-room. Foot by foot the puppies backed away from the stranger as he waddled forward grunting and clashing his quills as he came. Nunku, however, paid no attention to them, but after sniffing here and there dug out a room for himself in the side of the tunnel between where the cubs lived and the entrance.

From that time on the ten lived together in peace and amity. When the porcupine was at home he kept himself curled up in his own room and never interfered with the rightful owners of the den in any way. Yet somewhere in the depths of his

grumbling, spiny nature he must have had a liking for his nine little landlords as he proved the day that a pack of Cape dogs found their way into that part of the veldt.

Big as a mastiff and wise as a wolf with a cruel lust for slaughter, the Cape dog is death incarnate for all the smaller dwellers of the veldt. Accordingly when one mid-morning the unerring nose of the mother jackal caught the unmistakable reek of a pack of hunting wilde honde she gave the sharp staccato yelp which carries far and signals danger to her mate. He heard it from the thicket where he slept with both ears open.

Slipping like a snake through masses of mimosa scrub and tangles of unadilla creeper, he joined her just as a pack of twenty ochre-yellow hunting dogs with white brushes came galloping down the wind. As they quartered the plain, drawing cover after cover, their baying rang clear as a bell. Then it was that the two blackbacked jackals did one of those acts of cool courage which make up the life of even the most timid of the wild folk.

The pair crept out from the protection of the bristling thorns behind which they had lain hidden and showed themselves in the open not a hundred yards away from the pack. The wild dog is as crafty as he is fierce and this pack of veteran hunters at once realized that two Cape jackals would not have given up the protection of their thicket except for one reason—puppies.

Accordingly, paying no attention to the frantic father and mother who edged in nearer in a hopeless effort to draw the pack away from their home, the dogs spread out in an ever-widening circle. Before long one of them discovered the entrance to the jackal's burrow and in a tumult of excited barks and yelps the pack began to dig its way down to the little family. Aroused by the noise the puppies rushed out of the cozy room where they lived and hurried along a narrow tunnel which led to the back-door of the burrow.

Unfortunately they had not reckoned on the wile and wisdom of the Cape dog and when the first of the hurrying line of puppies squeezed his way up through a narrow passage to an emergency exit he found a pair of tawny sentinels waiting to receive him. Whirrering with terror the little family scurried back to the living-room. Death was coming toward them from in front and death waited for them at the rear. As the sound of digging came nearer and nearer the frightened puppies saw for the first time a gleam of light as the dogs opened up the tunnel.

At this moment, when even their own father and mother dared do no more, an unexpected champion came to their rescue. Nunku, the Prickly One, had slept through the barks and yelps outside and the hurrys and scurryings and whimperings within. Not until daylight streamed in to disturb his slumbers did he awake. Then bristling and grumbling he backed out of the burrow and for a second the startled wild dogs drew back.

That instant of hesitation gave the porcupine all the time he needed to prepare for his peculiar system of fighting. Dropping his round unarmed head between his forepaws he seemed to double in size as hundreds of needle-pointed spines stood up all over his body. A hunting pack of wilde honde have been known to kill a leopard, that spotted demon of the jungle, and even a lion avoids if possible an encounter with a full pack of Cape dogs.

Nunku, however, although less than half the size of the least of his opponents never even hesitated. His grumbling ran up a full octave to a shrill squeak as he charged his enemies in the most approved porcupine fashion—backwards. It seemed impossible that any animal of his clumsy build and waddling ways could move so swiftly as with all the speed and invulnerability of a baby-tank he bore down upon the pack.



Nunku charged his enemies in the most approved porcupine fashion—backwards.

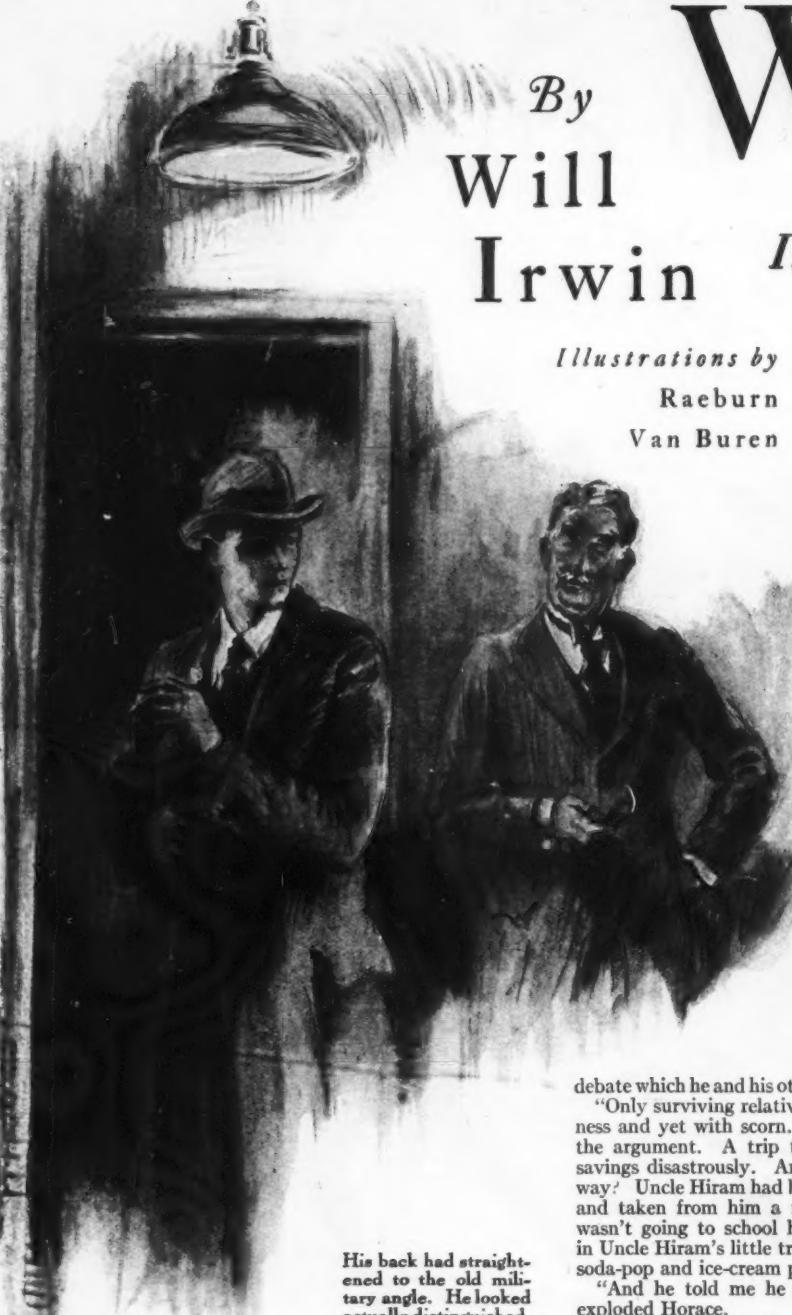
In spite of their courage and fierceness and hunger the wild dogs scattered before him like dry leaves before a gale. Only a few of the younger and more inexperienced ones were rash enough to try and grip the porcupine's unarmed nose or unprotected underparts. To each and every one of these Nunku's answer was the same.

Backing against them he drove his long keen black and white quills deep into their flesh, while the hollow spines at the end of his tail clattered like the rattles with which Zulu warriors hearten themselves when they charge in battle. Every quill was loosely

attached to the porcupine's skin by a thread-like ligament which pulled loose at a touch, leaving the spines to work their festering way deeper and deeper into the flesh of the wretched victims.

One by one the dogs turned tail and fled away to safer hunting grounds. Not until the last one had disappeared did Nunku retire from the field of battle with all the honors of war. Then, still rattling his stumpy tail, he waddled back into the burrow to resume his interrupted nap.





# Where Will Irwin      *Is It in Money*

*Illustrations by*

Raeburn

Van Buren

His back had straightened to the old military angle. He looked actually distinguished.

A HALL bedroom with bath privileges; outside of the drawn window shades, New York flowing to work in a resistless tide. A room grotesque in its defiance of proportions; when Mrs. Meehan, the landlady, transformed this old Lexington Avenue mansion into a lodging-house, she built her partitions with an eye to revenue, not art. Before a loose-jointed Early Grand Rapids washstand, stood Horace Butterworth, erasing with a safety razor man's daily caricature of himself. The countenance which emerged showed pink-skinned, lineless, pleasingly irregular. Yet it was a contradictory face. The strong chin, the firm, straight nose, somehow failed to match a pair of blue eyes too soft in repose, too uncertain in motion. As those eyes regarded the counterfeit Horace Butterworth framed in the cracked white enamel of the mirror, they even looked furtive.

Presently Horace dropped his gaze from that of his other self

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and spoke aloud. "I feel kind of sneaky," he said.

The habit of talking to himself was growing on Horace. He had many thoughts to express; ideas on the management of Curtis and Hellman, realtors; views on politics, literature and life; comments on the beauties and perfections of Miss Polly Cook. But when he faced a tangible listener, a sense of his own unworthiness, a fear of seeming ridiculous, squeezed his brain-cells and clutched the muscles of his throat. So more and more he talked to that one sympathetic listener, Horace Butterworth.

"Kind of sneaky," he repeated. He wheeled on the worn New Jersey Navajo rug, faced the rickety black-walnut center table. There, crumpled but unfolded, lay the telegram. Horace read it for the twentieth time:

Carney, Wisconsin  
Your Uncle Hiram died suddenly  
today Funeral Tuesday  
Mrs. Henry T. Baldwin

Dated Saturday. Funeral Tuesday. And it was now Wednesday. The die had been cast long ago. But as he put on a clean shirt, tied his slightly shiny cravat, laced and polished a pair of resoled tan shoes, Horace went on with the

debate which he and his other self had been holding these four days.

"Only surviving relative," he said aloud with a kind of tenderness and yet with scorn. Speech stopped and thought took up the argument. A trip to Wisconsin would have cut into his savings disastrously. And what did he owe Uncle Hiram anyway? Uncle Hiram had brought him up from the age of twelve—and taken from him a man's service without pay. When he wasn't going to school he was hoeing weeds or thinning beets in Uncle Hiram's little truck-patch, or clerking in Uncle Hiram's soda-pop and ice-cream parlor.

"And he told me he never wanted to see my face again," exploded Horace.

Uncle Hiram had said just that, when his nephew announced that he was going to New York. To supplement Horace's meditations with a significant but forgotten fact, it should be pointed out that Uncle Hiram made this announcement the very week his nephew took "Tales of Merchant Princes" from the Public Library. All of these plutocrats, from John D. Rockefeller down, had been born in small towns, worked hard as boys, and moved on to success in New York.

"Wouldn't even pay my fare!" snorted Horace. No, Horace had left with empty pockets, taken a place as clerk at Ripon to save money for his passage to New York; caught the war fever, volunteered, served his country as company clerk on the Mexican border; and finally reached the great metropolis by means of six months' accumulated pay. There, he had accepted the first job that offered itself, a clerkship at Curtis and Hellman's. At the end of a year the boss raised him to forty dollars a week. On that first rung of the ladder to Merchant Princedom, he stuck.

"Said he was going to cut me out of his will!" exploded Horace.

# The Treasure Lies

## Bags Or at the Bottom of a Girl's Heart?

Here, he almost laughed. Uncle Hiram was the world's champion come-on. The dollars he scraped together—partly by denying wages to Horace—all went into wildcat stock. The worse the stock, the more eagerly he bought. He had already mortgaged and remortgaged the little house in which he kept store, and his garden patch. Some of the companies into which he poured his hard earned money even bled him for assessments!

"Better forget it!" concluded Horace as he put on his shoddy two-dollar brown spring hat. Of course, Carney would talk. But what did that matter? The last place on earth he expected ever again to see was Carney, Wisconsin.

By the time he joined the brisk procession on the street, Horace was already forgetting. His mind, as usual when unoccupied with business or reading, began to wreath iridescent visions about the unattainable Miss Polly Cook. Into their fabric—this was another mental habit—he wove the circumstances of the day. He was sitting beside her enjoying a state of confidential intimacy which in real life her coolness had never permitted nor his shyness dared. He was talking wonderfully about Uncle Hiram and his own blighted youth. His tale moved Miss Polly Cook to sympathy, to pity. She laid her soft, firm, olive-brown hand on his. She—

Horace had walked three strides beyond the news-stand. He stopped, habit banishing dreams, bought his favorite conservative morning journal, entered the white-tiled restaurant where he always had breakfast, ordered, settled down to eat and read.

He devoured the headlines, skimmed through the small items. And—

CARNEY, Wis., May 10. Hiram Butterworth, eccentric bachelor and miser of this town, died in solitude and apparent poverty. His will, filed for probate today, shows that he was the richest man in this region. Besides smaller bequests to friends and

institutions, he leaves \$200,000 to the public library, \$100,000 to the local Baptist Church, and \$300,000 to his nephew Horace Butterworth, who when last heard from was employed by a real estate firm of New York. Horace Butterworth is also the residuary legatee.

Habit more than anything else guided the feet of Horace two blocks west and five north. That and the instinct, strong

in great misery and great joy alike, to grasp a friendly hand. As he entered Curtis and Hellman's, habit persisted; he glanced at the clock; noted for a perturbed instant that he was ten minutes late. Then through his rosy haze he perceived that the office had not settled down, as usual, to its 9:10 routine. Mr. Orcutt, office manager, sat side-saddle on the rail which fenced him off from his subordinates; and the rest stood grouped familiarly round him. Miss Cordingly, head stenographer, held a folded newspaper. She looked up, saw Horace and:

"That's him. That's the heir to the Butterworth millions!" she cried. They surrounded Horace. First Mr. Orcutt, by virtue of his position and dignity grasped his hand and congratulated him. The rest slapped him on the back, babbling pleasantries. Miss Cordingly slipped her arm through his and asked in her kittenish way, "How do we look as Mr. and Mrs. Millionbucks?" Blushing, pulling away in spite of his desires, Horace edged into the first silence.

"Maybe it isn't true," he said.

"Ain't true?" exclaimed Miss Cordingly with an air of finality. "Why, it's in *all* the papers!"

"If it isn't true, how do you happen to be getting telegrams right in office hours?" asked Flock, the mail-clerk. And he flourished a yellow envelope.



Polly had never noticed before how blue his eyes were, nor how strong, somehow.

## Where the Treasure Lies

Horace opened it with uncertain fingers. It was a double night letter from the "Milwaukee Chronicle," the city newspaper on which he had been brought up. The "Chronicle" retold the story. It wanted him, Horace, to telegraph collect, expressing his feelings and telling what he intended to do with the money. Then it must be true. Until this moment, somehow, it had seemed a wonderful dream. And in a flash Horace saw the situation. Uncle Hiram's stock had not been so worthless after all. One of his wildcat ventures had panned out!

"Oh, let me see!" exclaimed the sprightly Miss Cordingly.

Horace handed over the telegram. Miss Cordingly read it, crumpled it impulsively in her clasped hands.

"May I take your answer?" she exclaimed. "I'd feel as if I was making history."

"Write it yourself," said Horace. "Say that I am sorry my uncle's dead. Say that I shall look about for a suitable investment in a business and meantime shall keep on with my work." It came to him in a flash—the appropriate thing. That was always happening; only usually the words would not cross the gulf between his mind and his voice. But now he said it easily, nonchalantly.

Mr. Curtis, the unapproachable John G. himself, came bustling from the inner office with his hand out and a cordial smile showing his large, white, aggressive teeth. Mr. Curtis smiled seldom, and never before on Horace. In fact, their last conversation had been brief, unhappy, disastrous. Mr. Curtis had sent Horace to show a customer a lot in Curtis Gardens, Long Island. Waiting for this prospect in the company car, Horace had rehearsed to himself an eloquent selling-talk. When he arrived at the scene of action speech as usual froze in his throat. The fact that Curtis Gardens were for the moment his, cast a blight on the enterprise. He felt like a confidence-man selling a gold brick to Uncle Hiram. And when Horace reported his failure, Mr. Curtis had said tersely:

"Butterworth, salesmanship is the heart of this business. And you—"

He had stopped dead on that. However, Horace understood. Mr. Curtis simply wasn't brutal enough to finish. Whenever after that Horace heard anyone say "and you," followed by a pause, he felt as though a rusty nail had been drawn cross-wise over his nerves.

But now Mr. Curtis smiled. And catching at the last words of the conversation, he exclaimed:

"That's right, Mr. Butterworth"—before, Horace had always been Butterworth to the Boss. "You're the sort that won't let wealth turn your head. Keep right along with us. There's a future for you in this business."

"Thank you, Mr. Curtis," said Horace with nonchalant simplicity.

"But you'll be wanting a few days off to arrange your affairs, I suppose," continued Mr. Curtis.

"Yes," replied Horace. "I was going to speak to you about that."

"I'll have Orcutt arrange things so as to get along without you for a week," Mr. Curtis sweetened the favor by a subtle compliment, "but keep in touch in case of emergency. Anything I can do to help you? Need a lawyer?" Then he glanced more personally at Horace. "Money won't be coming along for a little while, I suppose. Perhaps you'll want some clothes and fixings to dress the part. How about arranging credit with my tailor and my furnisher?" Mr. Curtis, even when doing a favor, belonged to the rush-them-off-their-feet school of salesmanship. Giving Horace no chance either to accept or to refuse, he appropriated Mr. Orcutt's desk, drew two cards from a silver-mounted case, scratched off guarantees of credit to Antoine, tailor, and Basil Brothers, furnishers.

"Take a week—but keep in touch!" repeated Mr. Curtis over his shoulder as he rushed back to the inner office, his feet seeming to hurry on before him.

The force had settled down to work. All but Flock. He kept his eye ever on the main chance.

"S'pose you'll want a car," he said, stopping Horace at the door. "My brother's in the agency of the new Noiseless Nelson. Only costs \$1500, but it's a great little bus. Here's a card to him. Give him a ring, won't you?" Hazily, Horace wandered out into the street.

Three hundred thousand dollars. At a business man's investment of six percent, eighteen thousand a year. Take a risk at seven percent—twenty-one thousand a year. But invested with judgment in a paying business—anything! Gosh!

Why was he out on the street? Mr. Curtis had given him a

week to arrange his affairs. But they required no arranging. All he had to do was wait for the check. How much was the inheritance tax on three hundred thousand dollars? What would he do with himself now? He wanted to celebrate. Where could you celebrate at nine o'clock in the morning?

His aimless gait ran down to immobility. For a full minute he stood still, while interrupted pedestrians gave him hostile looks. A light blush mounted to his cheeks. Suddenly he shot forward with enormous energy, made straight for the Cat and Whistle Tea-Room and Gift Shop in East Thirty-third Street. Right in business hours, he was going to call on Miss Polly Cook.

Miss Polly Cook, brown as a mulberry and like a mulberry glowing with the warmth of inner red; Miss Polly Cook, bobbed of hair, neat of figure, ready of tongue, the last word in chic and managed dress; Miss Polly Cook to whose sympathetic ears he had addressed in imagination whole libraries of the world's best eloquence. Since first he saw her speeding into the door of her establishment, shedding her coat and drawing off her gloves with that swift, certain, efficient motion of hers, Horace had lunched daily at the Cat and Whistle.

Joint proprietress, Polly Cook waited on the easternmost row of tables during the noon rush. For a stuttering, commonplace word or two with her, he sat on a microscopic painted chair, fed himself at a doll-sized veneered table with minute dabs of decorative salad. After six months he had learned that Miss Polly Cook "received" on Friday evenings; a month later, he got up courage to ask in a hollow voice if he might call.

Once a week thereafter, he sat silent as a stone idol on the remote fringe of Polly's friends and admirers, carefully adjusting his legs to the proper society angle, arranging and rearranging his hands, while the rest talked Broadway patter of theaters and cafés and automobile excursions. Between themselves, Polly Cook and Josephine Hatch, her tall, stringy, old-maidish partner and flat-mate, called him "the dumb-bell." Horace suspected something of the sort.

"Mr. Butterworth here to see you, Polly!" called Miss Hatch from the counter of the Cat and Whistle. Like a snow-maiden in her white linen working-clothes, Polly sped from the kitchen, held out both hands to Horace.

"I've read the papers," she said, wriggling loose her hands which Horace had been holding all too long and closely, "and I know just by looking at you that it's true."

"Yes, it's true, I suppose," said Horace. "At least the 'Milwaukee Chronicle' says so. They telegraphed me, this morning. And now, nutbrown maiden, I'm here to ask you to help me celebrate."

"Nutbrown maiden"—that was what Horace called her always in the long imagined conversations when he was falling asleep. Only once before, however, had he dared it with his lips of flesh. Then he had produced just "nu—" a kind of squeezed grunt—before he realized what a fool he was going to make of himself; and blushed and worked his fingers. So too he had dreamed often of walking right up to Polly Cook, putting some impudent proposal, and making her accept by sheer power of dominant personality. He seemed to be succeeding, for Polly Cook dropped her eyes from his and said:

"Well, you've got to have somebody, I suppose, to guard you from the wolves of a great city. Wait until I change!" The white cloud danced back through the kitchen door. When Polly flashed back, a smart olive-brown spring suit brought out the lights in her olive skin, a smart but severe little hat showed just the cheek-curl of her bobbed black hair.

"On to the celebration!" said Horace as he whisked her through the door. Across her shoulder Polly looked at Miss Hatch and in three glances and a motion of the head they exchanged one of those wordless conversations at which women are adept. "Don't worry, I'll get someone to hold down the noon rush," said Miss Hatch's eyes. "Do! I don't care if I never come back!" said Polly's eyes. "Hook him—you lucky stiff!" said Miss Hatch's eyes. "Don't I know my business?" said the toss of Polly's head.

Horace glanced down at his clothes. His suit, purchased last autumn at a bargain-sale, had once been gray with a brown undertone. The shoddy of the gray nap had begun to wear away through constant brushing; at knees and elbows the brown showed in patches.

"I suppose," he said, "I ought to have fixed up before I came to see you; but I couldn't wait. The boss arranged credit for me at Basil Brothers and Antoine's. I'm a little ashamed to go out with you as I am. I never saw anyone who could dress like you." He would have preferred to put this more delicately.



"Polly, I want to marry you—now!" he said. "No," she answered. "Horace, I can't."

"Antoine's!" said Polly Cook, ignoring the compliment, "he'll take forever. But Basil Brothers handle ready-to-wear. And you have such a good figure"—Polly had narrowly escaped saying "such an average figure"—"that you'll look perfectly nifty in good ready-mades. Why don't we start the celebration by going to Basil Brothers?"

"Well, why don't we?" responded Horace, slightly shocked, but thrilled. They turned north; and all the way Horace, having chosen from his accumulated conversation the humorous rôle, talked about Uncle Hiram, his ways and his manners; the old man's tricks of saving tinfoil; his notion that all blond women were deceitful; and his passion for bad stocks. Polly laughed now and then at his little anecdotes, but sometimes at points where Horace had not intended her to laugh.

At Basil Brothers Polly took command. She separated Mr. Curtis's card from the yielding Horace, she summoned the manager, whose deferential, stoic countenance granted Horace a gleam of curiosity. A credit account—that, according to the manager, was automatic. Before he led them to the elevator bound for the fourth floor, men's ready-to-wear, the news had sped on invisible wires. Clerks were staring past their impatient customers; the porters and the cashboy found business by the elevators.

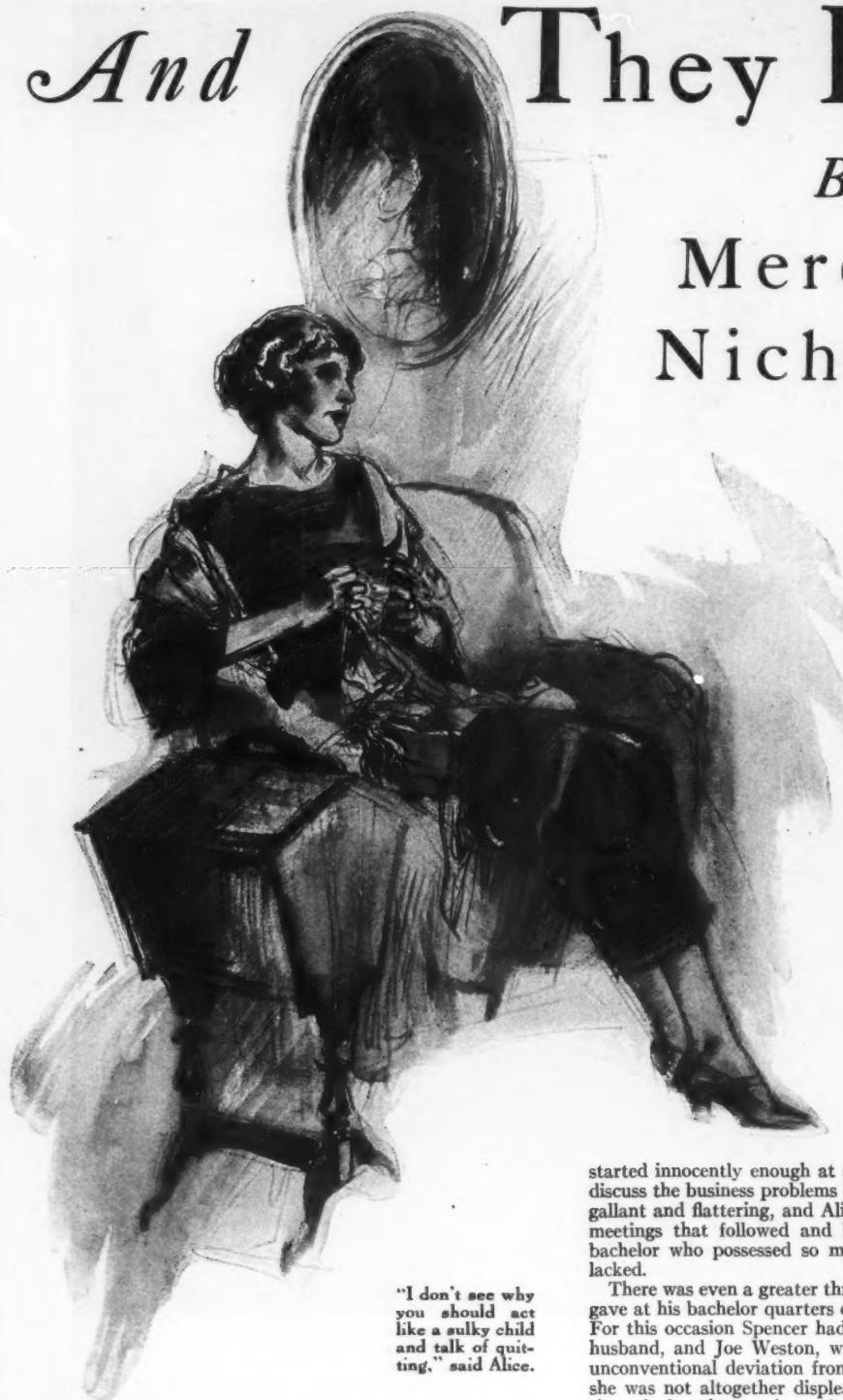
"You know you're making somewhat of a sensation here, don't you?" the ripe-red mouth of Polly whispered in his ear.

"I know only one thing—I'd make a sensation with you around, if I didn't have a cent," Horace whispered back. Polly dropped her eyes.

(Continued on page 164)

# *And* They Lived

By  
Meredith  
Nicholson



"I don't see why you should act like a sulky child and talk of quitting," said Alice.

## *The Story So Far:*

MORT CRANE'S seventeenth wedding anniversary marked the beginning of a growing estrangement between him and his wife Alice and an end of a contentment which had been theirs for many years. Mort was so honest and so unpretentious that he found it difficult to understand the subtle changes which rapidly developing social ambitions were bringing about in his wife.

Mort was hurt by Alice's frequent malicious remarks. With brutal insistence she continued to emphasize the fact that Mort had not made a financial success at the Spencer Press in which he

owned a fourth interest purchased with Alice's money. She deplored Mort's old-fashioned methods, and she failed to appreciate the artistic distinction of the work on which he loved to spend his time. Alice was specially irritated because Mort would not cooperate with his energetic partner, Howard Spencer, in plans for enlarging the Press and seeking bigger contracts. Oh, yes, Mort was kindly and gentle, all right, but he would never make a success in business and he would never be able to buy the things which she desired for herself and her daughter, Freida.

The only consolation Mort had during these unhappy days came in his rare meetings with Helen Weston, the attractive wife of Joe Weston, the prosperous broker. On the basis of a few conversations a strong feeling of sympathy had sprung up between Mort and this cultivated and charming woman who was so superior to the other women of his acquaintance.

In the meantime Mort did not know of the growing intimacy between Alice and his partner, Spencer. It had started innocently enough at a luncheon at which they were to discuss the business problems of the Press. Spencer had become gallant and flattering, and Alice was thrilled by the clandestine meetings that followed and by the admiration of this suave bachelor who possessed so many qualities which her husband lacked.

There was even a greater thrill in the small party that Spencer gave at his bachelor quarters one evening when Mort was away. For this occasion Spencer had invited Elsie Avery, without her husband, and Joe Weston, without his wife. Alice found this unconventional deviation from domestic routine delightful, and she was not altogether displeased with Spencer's ardent attentions during the evening. As she went home she thought how easy it was to toy with the fruits of forbidden pleasure without actually doing violence to the moral code.

## CHAPTER VIII

MORT CRANE was kept busy through the summer by an unusual pressure of work such as he liked best to do. As Spencer was away frequently many routine matters usually cared for by the president were sent to Mort's desk. Alice's caustic criticisms had not been without their effect and he began giving serious attention to the

# Happily Ever After

## A Novel of Married People's Morals

Illustrations by John La Gatta

practical affairs of the Press. He informed himself as to what their rivals were doing and the dangers of competition if the Press were to expand with a view to seeking the large commercial and state contracts in which Spencer saw bigger earnings than were possible under the company's conservative policy.

For the first time in his life he read the financial page of the newspapers, and he gave less care to jobs he had dreamed over formerly. He abandoned soft collars and flowing scarfs and threw away his old alpaca office coat. He became more assertive about the plant, even venturing to question the auditor's distribution of overhead expenses, and to figure in a larger profit in estimates for new business. Suddenly contemptuous of his day of childish things he was enamored of the idea of being a business man, not an artistic printer, a dilettante fondling a pipe! A cheap pose—that was all there had been to that!

Finding that Spencer was overdrawn to the extent of five thousand dollars on the office books he interested himself in glancing back and learned that for several years Spencer had frequently been overdrawn even at times when the Press was straining its credit at the bank. He stumbled by chance upon the knowledge that Spencer played the stock market and sat at poker games with a fast crowd that played for high stakes.

It seemed to Mort, as he passed through this period of pitiless self-scrutiny, that he had been living half a life, daring nothing, foolishly happy in doing work that counted for little. The Press shrank to insignificance; for the first time he began to reckon life in terms of money. As the months passed and this mood clung to him he wondered whether the change in him was evident to Alice or Freida, or any of his friends. Alice apparently saw nothing; Freida only teased him about his new neckties. Alice, busy with her own affairs and happy in the rejuvenation effected by her belated romance with Howard Spencer, paid little attention to him.

On a fall evening, when the fire in the Crane sitting-room was burning cosily, Mort put down his newspaper and glanced toward Alice, who was busy with the week's darning.

"About the Press, Alice—" he began.

"Yes; what about it, Mort?" she asked, smoothing a stocking across her knee.

"Well, Howard has worked out his expansion scheme. I've been waiting for a chance to go over it with you. Frankly, I don't like it. To earn the dividends on the issue of preferred stock he proposes the new plant would have to earn a lot of money. In



"I'm not sulking. I'm just making it easy for you to go ahead," Mort explained patiently.

going out for bigger contracts than we've ever undertaken it seems to me we'll throw away our reputation for high grade work. Howard doesn't think so. That's all old stuff; we've been over it a hundred times. He thinks I'm an old fogey unequal to the opportunities we're neglecting, and all that."

"Well, other people wouldn't be willing to put their money into the Press unless it's a good plan, would they?"

"Of course people do make mistakes. Howard says he can sell the preferred issue himself without paying a broker a commission to handle it."

"That sounds sensible, doesn't it?" she asked cautiously, fearing lest by some word she might give Mort an inkling of how deeply she was in Spencer's confidence. Mort's manner was disturbing; he was ominously quiet and self-contained. He recited figures from memoranda he took from his pocket, giving her a far clearer idea of the scheme than she had derived from

Spencer, and pointed out its weakness. She was struck by his disposition to be fair; the plan might prove to be as advantageous as Spencer believed, but he made no attempt to conceal the seriousness of his doubts.

"You've got to remember, Mort, that Howard has just as much at stake as we have. I suppose everything he has is in the Press. And isn't he in touch with a lot of men you don't know—successful business men of long experience?"

This she offered tentatively, anxious at the moment not to wound him; really respecting his obvious concern to protect her interests.

"You know, Mort," she continued, "you've never been very keen about business. I mean just hustling as men have got to do if they're going to make money. It seems to me you ought to be willing to take advice. Howard's a different type of man from you. He likes to make and spend money and you can't spend it unless you make it."

"Not forever, you can't," Mort replied with a vague smile.

He suppressed an impulse to tell her what he had lately learned about Spencer, his gambling proclivities and the series of overdrafts at the Press. He had begun the discussion with some hope of persuading her to take a stand with him against Spencer, but the repetition of her old hints that Spencer was wiser than he, and that he had better follow Spencer's lead, irritated him. All she saw in Spencer's plan was the chance of increasing her income.

"I suppose," he said with a tinge of bitterness, "that if we went ahead and the thing's a failure it would be all my fault. You'd have the joy of rubbing it in."

"Well, if you act as you've been acting it probably would," she flared. "Every successful business man takes chances. That's part of the game."

"Yes; there's that," he retorted. "I suppose it's occurred to you that if your capital was wiped out and you had to go back to living on such a salary as I could earn, which might not be more than we had when we were married, you wouldn't like it. You've got expensive tastes; you like to train with free spenders. You've got a whole lot of ideas from that Avery woman—"

"You stop right there!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I'll not have you speak of my friends that way! Elsie Avery's a fine woman! There's not a thing you can say against her!"

She caught herself up, struck with fear by the thought that Mort might have heard of her adventures afield with Elsie and even of her visits alone to Spencer's house. But apparently Mort, in his deep preoccupation, hadn't heard what she said.

"Well," he said, striking his hands together, "I've come to a place where I've got to make a show-down—either go ahead with Howard Spencer or get out of the company!"

"You mean *leave* the Press?"

"Certainly; I can quit. There's nothing to prevent my dropping out. Howard would probably find a purchaser for your stock and be glad to get rid of me. The Spencer Press as it stands is a solvent, going concern and your stock—good will and everything—I figure to be worth fifty thousand dollars. You can leave it in or I'll get it out for you."

"If we took it out what would you do with it?" she demanded, trying to accommodate herself to this unforeseen possibility.

"Nothing," he replied with a gesture of indifference. "You can't complain of your investment in the Press. We've had a decent living at least and we've got this house nearly paid for and the twenty thousand profit you'd have by selling now isn't so bad. It all belongs to you and I'd never invest it in another business. We've had all the fuss about that we're going to have,



"This is a real lark," he said. "How did you know I needed

You've made me devilishly uncomfortable. I'm all through with handling your money."

"You've no right to feel that way about it. If we sold out the income on fifty thousand dollars wouldn't be enough for us to live on."

"Probably not," he assented drily.

"You're trying to make it hard for Freida and me!" she cried, irritated by his indifference. "It's all because you won't see the advantage to all of us of going on and making a better thing of the Press!"

He shook his head in despair at the hopelessness of trying to meet this.

"Alice," he began patiently. "I've tried to explain my honest feeling about Howard's scheme. I wish you wouldn't always take the attitude that I'm a fool! It isn't flattering and it doesn't help. But we'll say that I'm a complete nut and that Howard Spencer's a business genius. Conceding that, the thing for you to do is to keep your stock in the company and let him reorganize



food?" "I've had considerable experience with hungry children and know the signs," she answered.

it. He'd do it anyhow. He has the control and we can't stop him. You understand that he's got the power."

"Oh, I'm not so dumb! Of course I know it! But after all the years you've worked down there it looks like sheer stupidity to drop out now because you're afraid it'll get too big for you. If I'm willing to risk my money I don't see why you should act like a sulky child and talk of quitting, just because you can't have your way!"

"I'm not sulking! I'm just trying to make it easy for you to go ahead. You've taunted me time and time again with being satisfied to snoop around over petty jobs merely for the satisfaction of doing something creditable that the Press could be proud of. Over and over again Howard's come as near sneering as he dared, for the same reason."

"Well, he looks at things from a business standpoint and somebody's had to look after the practical end of the Press! I can't see but Howard's always appreciated your work. It's a habit of yours when you get low in your mind to want to put the blame

on somebody and it's usually me. Or if you can't be disagreeable over something I've done you imagine Howard's not treating you right!"

"Oh, yes; there's always my damned temperament! Well, I may not have as much temperament as you think. I'm afraid my mind is hopelessly commonplace."

He slowly crossed the room and leaned against the bookshelves, his arm flung along the top, and frowningly contemplated her as she resumed her darning. He was satisfied with the discussion thus far, feeling that no matter what she chose to do he had at least performed his full duty.

"We've got to settle this once for all," he remarked presently. "I told Spencer this afternoon I'd talk it over with you and give him your decision in the morning."

She was again on guard to avoid betraying the fact that Spencer was already aware of her approval of his plan. She believed that when the matter of reorganizing the Press reached an acute stage Mort would submit to it, but it was evident that

## And They Lived Happily Ever After

he had not relaxed his attitude of hostility, and for the first time she was a little afraid of him. It might be that he knew of her recent intimacy with Spencer and for that reason wanted to leave the Press. His indifferent air as he leaned against the bookshelves wrought in her mind a confusion of apprehensions. She realized that the decision she was called upon to make involved more than the fate of the Press; her destiny and Mort's and Freida's would turn upon it.

This was their home; she was his wife; the child asleep upstairs was theirs; and yet it seemed that the man across the room was a stranger. Spencer had stirred the embers of dying passion into a new flame. She believed she loved him; she was quite sure that she didn't love Mort any more. She wondered how she could ever have persuaded herself that she loved Morton Crane! Her disloyalty to him had troubled her only fitfully but she justified herself with the thought that Spencer really filled her life. The decision for which Mort waited was not one of business but a choice between two men . . .

Mort lighted a cigaret and drew out a book—one of his small collection of fine bindings—and spread it open on top of the shelving. Usually when anything troubled him he became restless, but tonight he was either feigning composure or he really didn't care what she chose to do. His attitude left her groping in the dark. In her heart innumerable old grievances and animosities mobilized for rebellion. Mort was a foolish dreamer who became ridiculous when he assumed the rôle of a man of affairs. He was the same easy-going Mort whom she had tolerated for years, trying tonight to frighten her into a rejection of Spencer's plan by suggesting hazards that only concealed his old timidity. The cool fashion in which he had fixed his attention on the book added to her wrath. She would not yield to his stubborn will!

"Well!" she ejaculated, forgetting after the long silence that he was waiting for her answer.

"Well!" he echoed with the vagueness of one whose thoughts are with difficulty brought back to the matter at issue. He closed the volume and carefully restored it to its place on the shelf. "What do you want to do?" he asked placidly.

"The answer is that we're going to stay in the Press! I'm sick and tired of your nonsense. If you're afraid of making a big money-maker out of it I'm not. I'll take the whole responsibility!"

"That's all right, Alice," he replied quietly. "The stock's yours to do with as you like. Under Howard's plan you surrender your old certificate and get new shares in the reorganized company. I thought you'd probably want to go on and I've assigned the certificate back to you. Here it is."

He took the paper from his pocket and dropped it into her lap. He was provokingly calm in his relinquishment of the shares he had held for her in the Press. His manner intensified her anger.

"I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself!" she cried hotly. "All these years you've had this to do with as you pleased; and now you're throwing it back to me. If you didn't like Howard's scheme why didn't you think of a better one?"

"I did make a few suggestions—something a little less ambitious and he said they were no good. He took the stand that if we're going to change at all we might as well do it on a big scale."

"Well, isn't that sensible?" she demanded. "I suppose you wanted to add another shanty to the old building and buy a little more fancy type and strut around thinking you'd really done something. That's the difference between you and Howard! He sees things in a large way!"

"Yes; you've told me that before," he remarked with a forbearance that was in itself an irony. "Suppose we don't talk about it any more. You're now a qualified stockholder in the Spencer Press and I have no interest in the business at all. As I'm no longer a stockholder I'll resign my jobs as vice-president and secretary—they're only honorary anyhow. You might fill the vacancies yourself. That might be a good thing. Then you could keep in personal touch with the business."

This possibility hadn't occurred to her and she scrutinized the certificate as she pondered. Her indignation had gained too high a pitch to permit of any discussion of a turn of affairs for which she was unprepared.

"You're acting contemptibly. I suppose you mean to go on with the same work you've been doing, dreaming along in the old way without any responsibility. What if Howard refuses to pay you the salary you've been getting?"

"Ah! There's a point!" he replied provokingly. "Well, you'veragged me so long about my doddering ways that I'm going to reform. There's considerable work on hand that I've got to

see through, but I can clear it up by the first of January. I'm going to resign all my jobs in the morning but I'll stay on to the end of the year. Then I'll try something else. In other words, I'm going to quit the Press. I'm done!"

"Mort Crane, are you crazy!" she cried aghast. She had assumed of course that he would remain at the Press in some capacity. His cool assertion that he was severing all ties with the business left her floundering.

"No; I'm sane enough," he replied, "and I'll say with all sincerity that I'm sorry this has happened. I want you to understand that I'm not sore about it; I'm not sore about anything. But I think we'll be a lot happier if we go our separate ways on business matters. There hasn't been a day for ten years that you haven't twitted me because we hadn't more money, and now you're free to manage your own affairs."

He left the room and a moment later she heard him giving the furnace its usual shaking up for the night.

The rattle below seemed incalculably remote and it struck her as odd that Mort should be performing this homely familiar office as if nothing had happened. She gathered up her things and hurried to her room to avoid seeing him again; but after she had closed her door she hoped that he would come in for further talk, though she didn't know just what remained to be said. But he went immediately into his own room without making any sign.

After his door closed she followed, by the sounds, his usual routine as he raised the window with thoughtful care lest he waken Freida in her room across the hall, and noted the creak of his bed as he got into it. A barrier more impenetrable than the wall separated her from her husband. She lay awake, wondering just what he planned as to his future—their future, if indeed they longer had any common interests.

Her mind was malevolently active as she lay in the dark, assailed by a multitude of doubts and fears. Possibly he had found other employment but wasn't quite ready to disclose its nature. Some petty thing, no doubt, that would only the more firmly establish him among the incapable and second rate. Flinging herself about restlessly, there was no tenderness in her heart for Mort. The only comfort she found before she slept was in the conclusion that in Howard Spencer lay her hope for the future.

### CHAPTER IX

THE next morning she slept until nine, when she called down to Amelia for coffee and toast. Mort and Freida had left at eight, the colored woman informed her, and Mort had driven Freida to school as usual on his way downtown. The coffee was stale and the toast not all it might have been, but Amelia's unsmiling face as she shuffled stolidly into the bedroom with the tray discouraged criticism. When she was satisfied that Amelia was busy putting the bedrooms in order she went downstairs to the telephone and called Spencer. It was understood between them that they were to exercise caution in their telephoning as the switchboard operator was not a negligible factor in the communications that passed through the Press.

Spencer answered at once, and in reply to her urgent demand to see him replied that they would have lunch together, leaving her to assume that he meant for her to meet him at the Redding house. His tone expressed pleasure at the prospect and she hung up the receiver with renewed confidence in his affection and solicitude for her happiness.

When she reached the now familiar rendezvous at half-past twelve Spencer opened the door.

"This is grand!" he exclaimed as he kissed her. "I was just thinking that it was about time for a little party when jingle went the bell!"

"It's the first time I ever invited myself—was it terrible of me?" she asked.

"You dear goose! I'm delighted of course! I had a club directors' meeting at lunch that I was glad to dodge. You gave me the best of excuses for cutting it."

He helped her off with her coat and led her to the open fire in the living-room, where he took her hands and peered into her face.

"No trouble? You sounded a little wistful over the wire. Hurry and tell me that you still love me!"

There was comfort in the pressure of his arms but she was eager today for a reassurance of his love and drew away to question him, demanding whether he really ever thought of her on days when they didn't meet. He replied that there was never an hour when he didn't think of her fondly. She held him away with her finger tips as she listened, wavering between doubt and



"And courage—courage!"—she lifted her hands toward the heavens—"is the greatest thing in the world!"

belief as she asked the questions that had beset her in the sleepless hours of the night.

"Howard, you've got to be patient with me today. Tell me honestly—isn't a woman a fool when she—when she believes a man as I believe you?"

She regarded him with eyes in which there was a hint of tears.

"Why, you dear darling, what's come over you? You don't

think I'd lie to you? Why, sweetheart, it isn't our fault that we're in love with each other! It wasn't our doing; it was just a thing that had to be!"

"But it's all wrong, Howard!—you know it's wrong! And it's my fault; I know that. I've been terribly weak and foolish. It's any woman's fault when she forgets herself—forgets—"

"Now, Alice!" he interrupted. "You're (Continued on page 152)

# Sweet War

*Illustrated by James H. Crank*

**R**ESUMPTION of marked attentions to the widow—aged nineteen—by the widower—nearly twenty-three—caused a stir from Memphis, Tennessee, half-way down to New Orleans.

For France had its Abélaud and Héloïse; Verona, its Romeo and Juliet—and the Delta country its Garth Allen and Jane Lee Ellis. They began when they were both so young that talk of sweethearts should have been unthinkable—even in that far Southern region where love is accepted like the sunrise. From the very start there was never anyone else for either of them.

In a section where learning to make love is considered as necessary as learning to dance this couple was noteworthy. Their constancy and their indifference to the opinions of the world without were at one time the marvel and the delight of half a state. No other boy henceforth "carried" Jane Lee to a children's party. As they grew up everyone learned that the first dance and "Home, Sweet Home" with Jane Lee were always Garth's. When on the spur of the moment a crowd of youngsters jumped into their cars to run up to Memphis to see a show, no other girl moved toward the vacant seat beside Garth; no other fellow tried a second time to steer Jane Lee to his own car. And from the first, even when they were both wearing socks and attending elementary school, unaffectedly and simply, as if it were the most commonplace thing on earth, they kissed good night when they parted.

Hot-tempered, high-spirited little black-haired Jane Lee never looked a second time at another fellow; and she took pains that no other girl gazed seriously upon Garth. The extreme willingness of numerous other young swains to camp upon her daddy's front porch and to sing sentimental songs to the guitar under her window was of value only as it enhanced her desirability in Garth's eyes.

Motherless, spoiled by an overindulgent and overfond father, she recognized authority or restriction only to resent them. No one had ever bossed her, she told an awe-struck world; and nobody ever would. Driving Jane Lee to do something could be compared only to driving a spike into a can of nitroglycerine.

As a result, the pitched battles of Garth and Jane Lee soon grew quite as famous as their adoration for one another. Possum hunt in the woods or formal dance at the country club, it mattered not to them when provocation arrived. No one—not even Garth—might be under suspicion of ordering her around. White-hot flame smote forth instantly. "My own daddy can't say that

to me!" little head back, black eyes narrowed and fairly shooting fire.

One memorable encounter dated from the time when Jane Lee was beginning to

become a young lady. Sam Will Ross got up a fishing party on the willow-rimmed lake down on Magnolia Plantation. The place was posted against fishing or hunting; but they had learned they could secure anything they wanted if they sent Jane Lee to demand it of Andrew Worth, the invalid owner.

With Jane Lee in the skiff to see, Garth landed the sort of trout that fishermen love to describe in their wildest orgies. Happily he added the monster to his heavy string of fish, tied to the side of the skiff; and hooked a fresh minnow through both lips.

Jane Lee danced no dances of joy over his feat. She had told him there were no trout in that particular nook, and that he was wasting time when he tried to fish there. And then, just to spite her, he had caught this—whale. Besides, on the way to the lake he had refused to let her drive. The fishing continued in a strained silence.

In some occult manner the bulky string of fish managed to work loose from the side of the skiff. Just in time Garth saw it





# By David R. Solomon

*A Love Story of the  
South where Chivalry  
is as Certain as  
the Sunrise*

rescued his string of fish. Wet, bedraggled, with Jane Lee's pongee frock clinging to every line of her slim roundness, mad as twin hornets, they waded out on the shore and staged a combat that made all else even they had ever done look pale and insipid in comparison. The other youngsters stood back in awe. They divined that history was being made. Just as "de yar de stars fell" marked an epoch with the older darkies, so, henceforth, with the younger generation, time was to date from the day Jane Lee Ellis and Garth Allen turned over in the skiff out at Magnolia Plantation."

The years passed. Garth was admitted to the bar. Everyone took it for granted that he was engaged to Jane Lee—as indeed he was. The world saw them as they always had been: so much in love that each tiny thing assumed mountainous proportions; so much in love that there could never possibly be anyone else. All femininity was summed up to Garth in the blackness of Jane Lee's eyes and hair, and the slimness of Jane Lee herself. She never had tried to hide the fact that she was wild over Garth.

Therefore, when Jane Lee was suddenly married—and not to Garth—and when almost immediately afterwards Garth was married—and not to Jane Lee—the Delta country was startled and incredulous. It couldn't be so, people argued.

Of course it was a little thing that set them off. It always is—to outsiders. Of course, too, it came when something had just happened to strain relations. Most quarrels are not the result of the particular spark that sets them off, but the result of something entirely different that happened yesterday, or a week ago.

They were out in the arbor or on the lawn, waiting for Key Walters and the others to come by and take them swimming at the lake. It was springtime, and all life was smiling on them. Their last falling-out was long weeks in the distant past.

Spike, Garth's ancient and quite-deaf terrier, showed disinclination to come to him when Garth beckoned with his fingers. Spike, being deaf, could not hear a powder-factory blowing up, and was necessarily summoned by gestures. When Garth motioned he was stretched out, comfortably spread-eagled against the cool earth underneath the steps. It was hot, and when Garth signaled he therefore blinked his eyes and pretended not to see.

Garth was hunting for an admonitory clod of earth when Jane Lee intervened. "Oh, let him alone," she pleaded. "He's so

Jane Lee whirled to the newcomers. "Stop," she ordered. "Stop right where you are." She might as well have called to the whirlwind.

and made a sprawling leap. He missed.

A trout such as he had caught comes only once in a lifetime. It was no time for foolishness. Jamming one foot under a thwart he leaned over into the water. The skiff tilted dangerously. Garth stared at the trout beneath the surface, only a foot away from his hand, and solemnly the trout's goggled eyes stared back. As if in salutation the monster wagged his tail with dignity. Garth made another desperate, ineffectual grab. The trout began slowly towing the string away.

Almost stifled, Garth came up for air. "Grab the anchor rope on the other side, Jane Lee!" he commanded, pushing her toward it in his stress.

Jane Lee considered already that she was doing her best. She started automatically to obey when she felt his hand upon her shoulder; caught the sharpness in his tone. Fire sprang into her black eyes. She shook off his touch impatiently.

"Pull against my weight—or I'll turn the skiff over!" he hurriedly snapped and went back after that trout.

Deliberately Jane Lee threw her weight the wrong way. Together they achieved the quite impossible feat of overturning a flat-bottomed skiff, in twelve feet of cold lake water.

Both swam like eels. As a consequence, nothing was seriously damaged except their tempers. Garth, single-minded, first

comfortable, lying in the shade. "I wouldn't bother him."

"But he didn't mind me," protested Garth. "He saw me!"

"I reckon so. But minding's so much trouble when it's hot."

"Hump!" grunted Garth eloquently. "How do you know, Miss? You never minded anybody in yo' whole life."

He said it and meant it jokingly. But the only thing that Jane Lee resented more than authority itself was to be told that she resented it. She gave him one look.

Fortunately Key honked for them at that moment. Probably because she knew that Garth did not want her to, Jane Lee took Spike along.

But Spike justified her faith. At the lake he climbed into a skiff and found himself a cool spot alongside the can of gasoline for the outboard motor. In his younger days he would have been overboard with the youngsters. But as he found sweet slumber he probably thanked his canine stars that he was deaf enough not to hear their racket. Age had lent Spike dignity—also aversion toward cold water.

So he slept with his usual comatose completeness, rousing once when some wit splashed water on him, then settling thankfully back dead to the world when the young people deserted him and swam the hundred or so feet to the islet.

No one noticed him or the skiff until Key Walters sprang to his feet. "Look yonder! The skiff's on fire!"

A blue haze of smoke drifted lazily over the side. Even as they stared a pale tongue of flame lashed upward; fed, evidently, by the oil and gasoline drippings.

"Some damned fool threw a cigaret!" snapped Key. "That's always—hey, Garth! Garth Allen! What you doing?"

Without warning Garth plunged into the water and began swimming an overhand stroke that left white water behind him. They watched in amazement. Key realized first.

"It's Spike," he said. "Spike can't hear and maybe won't wake in time—Jane Lee—Jane Lee! Stop that little fool, somebody!"

But Jane Lee was in the water, following Garth with surprising speed. She almost held her own.

Unaccountably warned, he cast a backward look and whirled. "Go back!" he ordered. "Go back!"

She gave no sign of having heard. Head down, arms flashing over, she came driving on. Garth shouted again, more desperately:

"Go back, I tell you! That can of gasoline—!"

If anything she gathered speed. Garth flung his body across her path. From the islet the others watched silently.

"You're wasting time," she panted. "Go after Spike! I'm coming!" She swung half past him.

He laid his hand heavily upon her shoulder, regardless of consequences. "You mustn't go into that," he warned her sternly, without trying to temper the force of it. "That gasoline—you shan't do it!"

With a whole month to cogitate Garth perhaps might have thought up something more infuriating to Jane Lee. She already had a grudge against him; and now he was giving her a direct command as if she were his chattel—actually laying his hand upon her—where all the others could see! She saw red and reverted to the paleolithic.

"Take your hand off me!" she cried, and began to beat at him. "Take your hand away—take it away—oh, I wish I could kill you!" She was half-sobbing in her fury.

"You shan't go into that fire, Jane Lee," he kept muttering through set teeth. "It's going to explode—it's going to explode—you shan't do it!" He held her in spite of all her struggles, overpowering her by brute strength. She struck at him, beat at him, tried to drown him. But he held her.

There was a sharp boom as the gasoline went up. Bits of débris stung them. Garth flung her from him. "But for you I'd have saved my dog!" he spat at her and again began leaving white water in his wake.

He heard a fragment as she began to follow: ". . . if you hadn't . . . could have saved him myself . . . !"

Spike probably never knew what hit him.

Afterward, Jane Lee said very little to the others, and nothing at all to Garth. He had never before seen her as quiet. But there was a thin trickle of red where her teeth were pressing into her lip; and her knuckles showed white as her fingers twined and intertwined.

In the days that followed there came no reconciliation. Lonely without his dog, sobered, hurt, Garth at first made no attempt to seek out Jane Lee. When he finally tried she refused to see him. When he called her to the telephone, as soon as she recognized his voice she quietly replaced the receiver on the hook.

He knew how she looked when she did it: big black eyes narrowed, red lips compressed, little jaw set resolutely.

He suspected that she was up to something drastic. Nor was he wrong. She continued to refuse to see him or to have any communication with him. But even he was startled at the announcement of her sudden marriage.

Jane Lee's methods were both unconventional and very effective. She sought out Andrew Worth. "You were in love with my mother, weren't you?" she asked without prelude and without warning. "That's why you never married, isn't it? That's why you'll always let us go out to Magnolia when I ask, isn't it?"

Andrew Worth's tired brown eyes opened wide in astonishment, then narrowed to mask the sudden feeling behind. He lifted a thin hand. "Please pardon me for not rising," he said, pointing in explanation toward his invalid's chair. "Won't you have a seat?"

"Yes. Thank you. I say, you loved my mother, didn't you, until she died?" Her clear-cut little features were pale.

The irresolution, the doubt left Andrew Worth's face. "No," he corrected quietly. "I still—love her."

"Do you think I'm like her?" Jane Lee pursued grimly, lifting her fresh young face for inspection. Without question he scanned the wide, intelligent black eyes, the trim little pale face, the small, set chin framed by the crisp masses of waving, bobbed black hair. "Yes," he answered finally. "You look so much like your mother, my dear, that it—hurts a—little."

"Then," requested Jane Lee in a voice that she thought she was holding steady, "will you marry me?"

No words were needed from Andrew Worth. His face expressed enough.

"You don't think I mean it!" said Jane Lee. "But I do. You say you loved my mother and that I look like her. Marry me!"

Andrew Worth's outstretched hand was gentle; so was his voice when he spoke. "This is a little bit—unusual. And you don't love me, my dear." He did not ask her; he told her.

Jane Lee's honest wide eyes went down, then widened. "No," she admitted. "But I don't love," her voice threatened to break and she steadied it fiercely. "I don't love—anyone else. And I'm going to be married. I'm going to marry someone right away. If you don't, I'll find someone who will. I think I'd rather it would be you."

In the end, as always, Jane Lee had her way.

It was an open secret in the Delta country that Andrew Worth had never been quite the same since Jane Lee's mother had found irresistible the twinkle in Peter Ellis's gray eyes. But Andrew Worth had donned no hair shirt of sorrow. He made strenuous effort neither to display his feelings nor to hide them. Very quietly, very unostentatiously, he went on living his own life. If there was a wound, it was his alone. But even the dullest of the girls soon came to know that his tender words were not spoken from the heart.

Andrew could not have remained long in ignorance of what had happened between Jane Lee and Garth. No one in all the Delta was in doubt about their feelings toward one another. If there had been any illusion, it would have been dispelled by Garth's precipitate marriage on the heels of Jane Lee's.

Garth made no effort to hide what he was doing. Jane Lee had married to hurt him. Very well, he would return the compliment. Only, he would do his damnedest to add to the effectiveness of his retort. Speaking charitably, Garth's new wife was not at all the sort that his mother would have picked for him. He wanted to flaunt his choice in the face of Jane Lee, and there was very little ambiguity about his bride. Jane Lee could hardly miss the point.

All this Andrew Worth saw—and more. When Jane Lee came to him he realized that if he did not marry her she actually would marry whoever would consent. And then, afterward, as time passed he grew to respect her loyalty, honor her straightforward faith in him, love her for herself. He, Andrew Worth, from his invalid's chair saw more of the situation than any other mortal. He grew to like Garth, too. Mixed with the hotness and impetuosity of youth there was a cleanliness, a fineness, a staunchness that matched Jane Lee's direct honesty.

Months passed. Before anyone had quite realized Garth became a widower, and Jane Lee almost simultaneously a widow.

Garth's widowerhood was of the grass variety. His "wife" endured for a while the tedium of married life and just one man; then left him.

He allowed her to obtain the divorce.

Then Andrew Worth died peacefully. For months he had known, Jane Lee had known, Garth had known that his death



"All I want is 'Yes' or 'No', Garth. Will you drive this car, or won't you?"

was but a question of time. There was nothing unbeautiful about the end. Andrew Worth finished putting his affairs in order, gathered the drapery of his couch about him, and lay him down to sleep.

His will proved how much the tired brown eyes had seen from the invalid's chair. Drawn a month or so before, it left everything to Jane Lee. And it named as executor, Garth Allen.

It further provided that no step be taken in the management of the estate without consultation between executor and heiress.

Gradually, as spring merged into summer and summer into

autumn, life began to settle back into the old lines. Gradually Jane Lee began to regain her old part in the joyous, happy revelry of the other Delta youngsters. Her first dance surprised her. The boys—those very young blades with whom she had laughed and flirted a year ago—descended upon her in clouds. She scarcely could get into step with one before another's hand was upon her shoulder. They took her off to sit out dances in cars parked in the darkness beneath magnolia trees; and told her, amidst the moonlight and perfumed air, with very effective quiverings in their ardent young voices, how distractingly

beautiful she was, and how very, very much they had missed her. She knew that they had just paid similar compliments to another girl and in fifteen minutes would be repeating them to a third, but she enjoyed it. She received almost as much attention as a newly engaged girl.

Garth danced one stiff, formal duty-dance with her. He looked almost as if it hurt him. Jane Lee returned the same amount of enthusiasm.

But it was a resumption of relations, and it did not pass unnoticed.

With time came the testing of Andrew Worth's faith in the efficacy of propinquity. Results were a little dubious.

The executorship brought Jane Lee and Garth together very often. Gradually, too, there came to be other meetings; but at all times they were polite; painfully, laboriously polite, so polite that the onlookers swore beneath their breaths and longed to throw them together for the inevitable conflict. The Delta country believes very strongly in its love, and its methods are generally rather direct.

Meanwhile, however, the plantations gave them something else to think about. The outlander—meaning one who lives elsewhere than in the cotton-growing regions—has no conception of the human-interest appeal of the cotton crop. If there is too much drought or too much rain; if the grass that always is trying to stifle the crop receives too much neglect; if the cold weather lingers on too long—if any one of half a hundred other calamities occurs—not only the "share-croppers" and plantation owners, but the town-dwellers—the lawyers, the merchants, the butcher, baker and candlestick maker—all of whom depend on the crops for their prosperity—begin to feel the pinch. A bad crop year is a bad year for everybody in the Delta country.

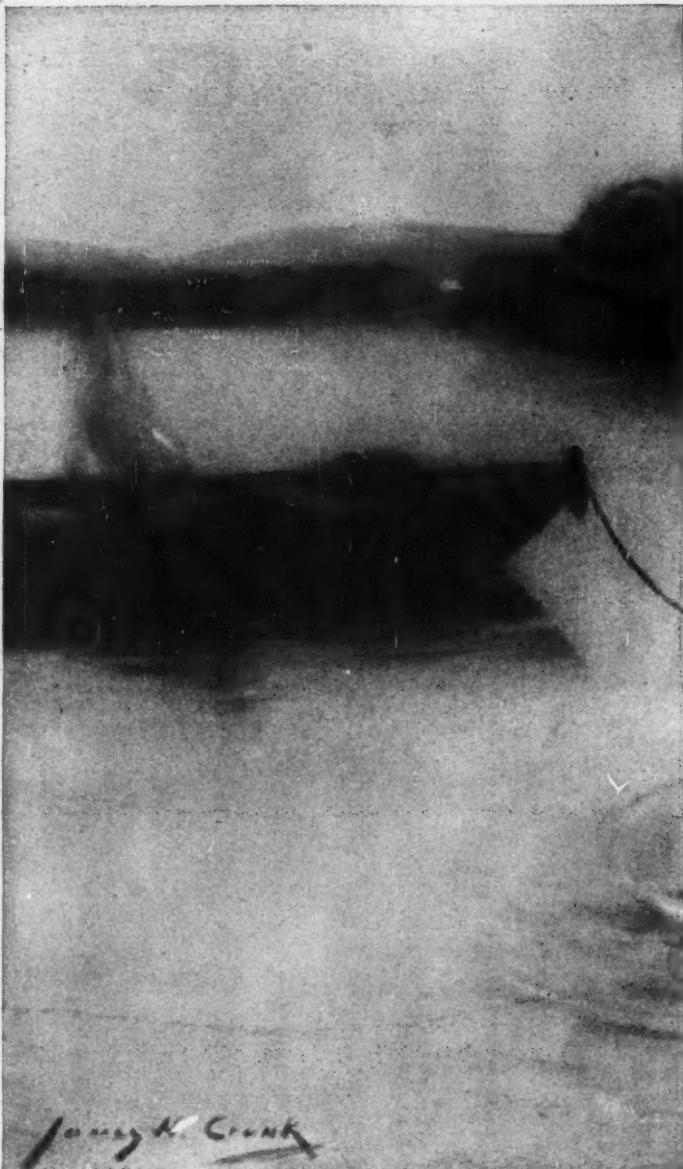
This year, with a rich crop in prospect there entered the baneful labor agent. There was a boom on, too, in the North and Middle West, and unskilled labor was needed.

The labor agent is the only thing the Southerner hates worse than the Republican party. The labor agent takes advantage of the notorious and constitutional inability of the colored brother to resist the lure of a free railroad ticket—no matter who offers it; no matter where or into what it leads him; no matter what agreement for which he has been paid in advance by his "white folks" he has to violate. All that he can see is the certainty of a free ride—with ice water. It matters not to the seduced one that once before he rose to the same lure and was stranded eventually among "r" rolling strangers; that he had to write home to Mist' Will for railroad fare; and that when he got home he also got a "cussin'-out till a fly wouldn't light on him."

The labor agent is therefore hardly a welcome visitor in the South. Criminal statutes have been enacted with heavy penalties for the benefit of "any person who hires, employs, entices away or induces to leave the services of another, any laborer, sharecropper or renter . . ." and so on. Moreover, if the plantation owners discover his presence he is rather lucky if he gets safely into jail.

The entrance of the labor agent was at the most inopportune time. The rotund, puffy white and pink bolls were turning into cotton that bowed down the bushes. The fall rains were coming on, and it was the nightmare on every plantation that perhaps the precious staple would be beaten into the ground by the storms instead of being picked and safely stored in the cotton houses against ginning time.

Gradually the countryside began to resemble a roughly-treated hornet's nest. Sheriff Tom Nabers quietly swore in half a score of additional deputies. But there were others—many others—who rode up and down unfrequented byways at night, desirous of speech with the gentleman with the free railroad tickets; and when they spoke of their desire for



"Go back, I tell you!" Garth flung

an interview with him their voices were deceptively soft and low.

Jane Lee's plantation suffered with the rest. But Garth gritted his teeth and kept the troubles from her by careful scheming. By hook or crook he kept a modicum of hands at work in her fields.

"Dusk dark" was settling down. Supper was over. More than a little lonesome, brooding, Garth sat in the shade of the vines on the front porch. Locusts were whanging away at their ascending buzz in the trees along the sidewalk. From the back-yard came the cheerful exchange of very confidential gossip—at the top of their ample voices—between black Aun' Celia in the kitchen and the Storey's cook, next door.

Garth had heard that afternoon about Sam Will Ross's engagement to the youngest Patterson girl. Inexplicably the news had given him the blues. Without rhyme or reason it set him to thinking of moonlight glinting from black, black eyes; of a girl's low, happy gurgle when the wind blows soft from the honeysuckle vines. He was in this humor when, without quite explaining it to himself, he drove by Jane Lee's.

But she was not at home. She had felt restless, too, when dusk came down, they reported, and had taken her car to drive out the river road. No telling when she would be back.

The long road toward the river was comparatively deserted.



his body across her path. "I've got to save my dog before that can of gasoline explodes."

Garth trod down on the accelerator. There was an illogically comforting feeling in sending the car lunging against the bumps. He was vaguely dissatisfied with all life in general, and there was a certain satisfaction in the thunder of the big engine and the beating of warm air against his face.

Mile after mile swept back under the big tires. The country grew more and more deserted as the road swung close to the levee.

As he rounded a curve he straightened abruptly. Both feet went down. The car slewed sideways and jerked to a halt across the road.

A heavy chain blocked progress. At its center swung a red lantern. Garth caught a glimpse of the dim bulk of a powerful car, its lights extinguished, headed out into the road, its big motor throbbing quietly. A blinding light flashed into his eyes. Behind it he could see half a dozen figures that surrounded his car. There came an exclamation of disgust. "Oh, hell! it's just Garth Allen. Drop the chain, Pete." Garth recognized the voice.

"What the devil, Key?" he demanded. "Initiating me, or something?"

Key Walters did not smile. "'S no foolishness, Garth," he said grimly. "Somebody shipped five families off Dad's place last night. He may try it again tonight. We'd like to entertain the gentleman," there was a savage undertone

beneath the lightness of his words, "if we can catch him." "I wouldn't go too far if I were you fellows," said Garth slowly. "By the way, has a girl passed here?"

"Jane Lee drove by a little while ago. We recognized her car as she slowed down for the turn, and didn't stop her. Say, Garth, that reminds me, you better run slow. We stopped you because somebody said that guy was wearing a gray suit with a cap, like you are; and we didn't know you at first. We've got fellows scattered all up and down the road—especially at the telephones—and if you're kiting along too fast somebody might take a shot at you."

"Much obliged, Key. I'll run slow. So long."

Warned, Garth could pick up the signs every now and then: the almost hidden gleam of a cigaret here and there, and the dim bulk of other powerful cars, waiting. Still he saw no trace of Jane Lee.

He did not feel entirely at ease about her. True, never a man within a hundred miles would willingly see harm come to her. But a command to Jane Lee to stop would result in her stepping on the gas. Besides, she might just happen along when something started; and those fellows weren't exactly in a joking humor.

In the midst of his meditations Garth again skidded his car to a sudden halt. Without (Continued on page 149)

# The Pleasure Buyers

*Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell*

## CHAPTER XXVI

"I THOUGHT," said the Reverend Tad, quietly, "that I was in charge of this investigation."

"Up to a certain point, Doctor," replied Quintard, "you are. But when it comes to deliberately shielding a murderer—"

"You're making a serious mistake, Quintard," said Workman.

"One that will get you in trouble," declared Mrs. Wiswell.

Quintard's thin lips set stubbornly. "That's the trouble with you people from the north, Mrs. Wiswell," he declared. "You think you run this state. You've another guess coming. Because you come down here and spill millions around, you think the natives amount to nothing. We folk of Florida know something about northern justice, and what a million dollars will do to it. But it's different down here. Murder is murder in this state. It's not the unwritten law, nor a brainstorm, nor anything else except murder, and murder is punishable here."

"Save it for a campaign speech," suggested Mrs. Wiswell dryly. "It will get you votes on the stump, but nothing here." Her manner changed from scorn to wrath. "Don't tell me, young man, that you're going to drag a guest from my house on such a silly charge."

"All right; I won't tell you; I'll just do it," grinned Quintard. He turned to Workman. "Aw, look here, Doctor. You've been a detective, on a regular force. You ought to be able to see what you're up against. Say"—and his eyes darkened—"a lot of people, looking over the facts, would say that you've been obstructing the course of justice, Doctor."

"Yes?" Workman was mild. "The Psalms tell us that the fool layeth open his folly."

"All right; I'm a fool, then, and I'll run true to form and lay open my folly. Here it is: Cassenas is murdered. Miss Ripley, here, has a grievance against him. That's been established by her own statements. She admits having seen Cassenas the night of the murder. She has an alibi for a certain time before his death, but how about her alibi for the time the murder was committed? Not so good, eh? Now, then, the house detective of the Lanthia enters her room on the morning after Cassenas is knocked off. She's packing her trunk for the big get-away. And then, out of a clear sky, you butt into the matter. Mrs. Wiswell, who doesn't know this girl at all, engages you to get her clear. And since then, you've done nothing but dig up stuff calculated to toss the blame toward anyone but this girl. Now, when it's established that a handkerchief in the possession of Miss Ripley is found near the scene of the crime; when it's established that a woman was seen running from the murder across the place where the handkerchief was found, you still want to stall. A clear case, and you, unofficially working with me, on the business of the state, want to interfere with justice."



"Admirably put—for political purposes, as Mrs. Wiswell suggests," said Workman. His voice was unusually suave. None of that pious quality usual to his utterance was noticeable now.

"I don't see any voters hanging around," sneered Quintard.

"Oh, I didn't mean that you were delivering a speech—merely rehearsing," retorted the revivalist. "But a good debater, Quintard, always foresees his opponent's arguments and is ready with answers to them. Now, you state that you have a clear case against Miss Ripley. Suppose I tear a few holes in that case."

"Suppose you try," jeered the prosecuting attorney's man. He turned to Helen who, since his grasp had been released a moment ago, had sunk helplessly into a wicker chair. "Don't mean to be unpleasant, Miss Ripley. Hope you understand that. I'm just doing my duty. I don't want to make any mistakes. If Dr. Workman can advance any reason—"

"Plenty," said the revivalist. His voice had lost its suavity and rang harshly now. "The letter, Quintard, the forged letter. Have you forgotten that?"

"What's the letter to do with it?" demanded Quintard.

"The murderer wrote it," declared Workman. "That I have maintained since I saw it; and that I still maintain."

"Suppose it's genuine? Suppose Cassenas really wrote it?" objected Quintard.

"Out of the question. Cassenas was excited, drinking, half out of his mind. If we accept your idea, that Cassenas wrote the note, we must not only believe that he collected his wits and steadied his hand, but that the letter was really delayed in delivery. A possibility, this last, but a bit too coincidental to suit me."

"Why couldn't the girl, here, have written it? She must have had plenty of letters from Cassenas, so she could study his writing. And stationery from his house-boat, to write the letter on—she's probably got some of that paper—"

He strode suddenly to the entrance to the patio. They saw him gesture abruptly, and heard the sounds of running feet. Before he had rejoined them, a man stood at the edge of the tree-shaded court. Workman recognized him as one of Quintard's subordinates.

"Bailey, keep your eye on Miss Ripley," said Quintard.

Workman smiled. "Prepared, eh, Quintard?"

Quintard had the grace to color. "Why not? Lord, the way you talk, you'd think I owed you some duty, instead of to my job and the public. Why shouldn't I have myself followed by one of my own men?"

# ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

*Concludes  
His  
Mystery  
Novel  
With a  
Thrilling  
Climax*



Outside, she knew, Quintard's detective lurked. At any moment he might take her to jail, lock her in a cell.

"I can't think of any reason that would appeal to you," replied Workman. "But what are you going to do now?"

"Search Miss Ripley's effects," snapped Quintard.

"In my house!" cried Mrs. Wiswell. "My dear misguided young man, my husband used to be a deputy commissioner of police in New York City, and I know a trifle about the rights of citizens. You must have a warrant——"

Quintard shrugged. "Mrs. Wiswell, I've had a warrant for Miss Ripley's arrest, in my coat pocket, for three days. If you want to see it——"

Workman nodded rebukingly, and Mrs. Wiswell subsided. With a word to Bailey, Quintard vanished into the house.

"Am I—really—under arrest?" whispered Helen.

Workman's eyes saddened. "I'm afraid—but you'll be released. He has no case——"

"She's not a child, Tad," interrupted Mrs. Wiswell. "She knows she'll be released—in time. We all know that. But the present moment is the important thing. If he arrests her now, can she be released on bail?"

Workman shook his head. "Bail is seldom granted to persons accused of capital offenses. But I can't believe that Quintard——"

His sentence was unfinished, for Quintard emerged from Helen's room as he spoke. His foxy face was wrinkled with smiles. He waved something in his hand.

"Note paper of the West Wind, Cassenas's house-boat," he cried. "Found it right in a desk in Miss Ripley's room."

"And you're giving three long cheers and a tiger because of that?" asked Mrs. Wiswell. "Why, my dear man, I've had some of Gene Cassenas's stationery in my house for ever so long."

"You didn't mention it a moment ago," said Quintard.

"Isn't there something in the Bible, Tad, about treating a fool according to his folly?" smiled Mrs. Wiswell. She turned to Quintard. "You were so happy, building up your ridiculous case against Miss Ripley, that I hadn't the heart to spoil your simple little pleasure. But when Gene Cassenas ordered stationery, he gave me specimens. Wanted my opinion; was it in good taste, you know?"

"It sounds plausible," sneered Quintard.

"It is plausible," countered Mrs. Wiswell. "Why, I can bring dozens of witnesses to prove what I say. Gene Cassenas hardly ordered a tablecloth but what I did the final choosing. Remember, my alert young friend, that I've known Gene Cassenas for years and years. I chaperoned scores of his entertainments—but the matter is so easily proved that I refuse to argue it."

"Then there was plenty of West Wind stationery in this house?" asked Quintard.

"Reams of it," said Mrs. Wiswell. "And, Mr. Quintard, since Miss Ripley came here, the morning after the murder, she has had no opportunity to mail any letter, until day before yesterday. The first two days here she never left my sight, save to go to her own room——"

"And the letter was received by General Gary before that," cried Workman.

## The Pleasure Buyers

"She could have bribed a servant to mail it," asserted Quintard. Mrs. Wiswell waved an airy hand. "Ask them, my ambitious boy. Take them one side, before I've had time to prepare a little perjury—you think me, evidently, quite capable of such a thing—question them."

Quintard looked down at the stationery in his hand. Doubt crept into his expression. Workman followed up the advantage.

"Don't forget, Quintard, we have no proof that Miss Ripley ever possessed this handkerchief on which you base so much."

"Didn't Miss Gary declare that she put it in Miss Ripley's cloak?" demanded Quintard.

"And Miss Gary might have been mistaken," suggested Workman.

"Mistaken? You mean lying?"

Workman shook his head. "Not at all. Mistaken. Moreover—and this you mustn't forget—someone might have taken the handkerchief from Miss Ripley's cloak."

"Too far-fetched," sneered Quintard.

"Not so far-fetched as your arresting Miss Ripley, my young friend," said Workman. "Listen, Quintard. Miss Ripley was seen to enter the Lanthia. You have a witness to testify that she left it until the next morning. Now, then, a negro testifies that he saw a *good-sized* woman hastening from the scene of the murder. A handkerchief is found on Terry's premises. The handkerchief presumably, unless we doubt Miss Gary's tale, was in the possession of Miss Ripley. But she is not a *good-sized* woman. One lacy bit of fabric; that's all you have on which to base an arrest."

"And possible motive," said Quintard.

"I'll grant that, for the sake of argument. But, as against that pitiful case, we have the facts that someone—and you cannot prove that it was Miss Ripley—forged a letter, with the intention of throwing off suspicion. You have the fact that Cassenas was slain with a knife which Miss Ripley did not own. You have a motive, as plausible as the one adduced against Miss Ripley, on the part of Kildare. I tell you, Quintard, find the person who wrote the suicide letter and signed Cassenas's name to it, and you have the murderer. You have not found that person in Miss Ripley."

"And; Quintard, you have cast doubt upon my honesty. I am a minister of the gospel. My record on the wrestling mat, on the police force, and in the pulpit, is clean. I have entered into no conspiracy to defeat justice. I have tried to aid an innocent girl because I know that she is innocent. Quintard, I rarely threaten people. But this I promise you: if you arrest Miss Ripley I will make you a laughing-stock. I will not only produce the murderer, but I will make a fool of you while I'm doing it. You have a chance to make a reputation, by working with me, not against me, as you've been doing. Play fair with me, and I'll play fair with you."

Quintard's shrewd face was a study in conflicting emotions. He did not wish to be made a laughing-stock; he doubted Workman's ability to make good his threat. And yet, Workman had shown great ability this far; Workman had a metropolitan reputation.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll leave Bailey here. His job is to keep close to Miss Ripley. But I won't openly arrest her. And that's the very best I can do for you, Doctor."

Workman's massive shoulders lifted, then fell.

"I've got to make an arrest soon," said Quintard. "If the papers got hold of the case against Miss Ripley there'd be a howl raised because she isn't in prison. You've made some threats and some boasts, Doctor. Now—make good! Find me the real criminal and I'll quit bothering Miss Ripley. Fail to find her and—"

His expression was sufficient finish to his sentence. Helen, who had been hopelessly staring at him, looked at Workman. The revivalist's face was stern.

"Very well," he said. "It's a challenge. Give me a little time, and I'll meet it. In the meantime—"

"Miss Ripley won't be annoyed. Bailey will keep an eye on her, but he won't bother her." He spoke to Helen. "Of course, any attempt to get away—"

"I'll not make any," she said.

Quintard nodded briskly. He addressed Workman. "Once again, Doctor, I put myself in your hands. I won't double-cross you—if that's what a performance of honest duty can be called—again. You're the boss. What next?"

"Let's talk to Kildare," suggested Workman. His voice was pleasantly businesslike.

Mrs. Wiswell drew him aside. "Tad," she said, "what are the prospects of convicting Kildare?"

"Heaven knows," he replied. "It's looked like General Gary, like his daughter, like Miss Ripley, like Terry, like everybody, almost. How can I tell? I wish your husband was here, Mrs. Wiswell. He used to give me tips, in the old days—"

"He's coming," she told him. "I telephoned him night before last. I had an idea that Helen might not be out of the woods, and I thought it just as well that Welly was here."

"A good idea," commented the revivalist. "In Corinthians women are told, if they wish to learn anything, to ask their husbands at home. We cannot have too many minds busied upon this problem."

He patted Helen's hand. "Don't you worry," he said cheerily. "Quintard is a bright young man, but there are people better equipped for this business than he. And I am one of those people."

"Shall I call off my dinner for tonight?" asked Mrs. Wiswell.

"Why?" asked Workman. "Are you losing faith in me, Mrs. Wiswell?"

"But with this detective here all the time—"

"He'll keep his place," said Workman. "And if anyone recognizes him—well, detectives at Palm Beach, where millions of jewels are worn each night, are nothing unusual."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Wiswell. "Will you be with us, Tad? I meant to ask you before, but you disappeared—"

"To Miami and beyond," he said. "Dine with you? If my cloth will not blight—"

"It would take more than a collar buttoning in the back to blight Palm Beach," she assured him. "At eight-thirty, then, Tad, here. And for Heaven's sake bring us some news."

"I'll try," he said.

He linked his arm in friendly fashion about the arm of Quintard. If he bore any anger toward the prosecutor's man, he did not show it. They entered their chair, but had gone only twenty yards when they were halted by a man whom Quintard greeted by name.

"Davenport wants to squeal, Quintard," said the man. "Says if you'll let him off this charge of stealing he'll come through with the dope on Cassenas's murder."

Quintard almost bounced from the chair in excitement. "Did he say who did it?" he cried.

The man shook his head. "Not a word beyond what I just told you; but he's pretty nervous. Sleeping in jail has got his goat."

Quintard ordered the chair man to take them across Lake Worth. He spoke to Workman.

"Maybe, if this Davenport man isn't faking some yarn to get free, you'll prove to be right about Miss Ripley. For, if Davenport knew that she did the killing, he'd have said so when he lied about Cassena, giving her the Moorish dagger."

"My son," said Workman gaily, "that is the best evidence you've given thus far of having a logical mind. I have high hopes of you."

## CHAPTER XXVII

**D**AVENPORT, in view of the fact that he had promised to throw light upon the crime far more serious than the petty theft with which he was charged, had been released from a cell and supplied with a cigar at which he puffed nervously. His furtive eyes evaded direct contact with the glance of Workman or Quintard, but before he had spoken a minute both men were convinced that he spoke the truth.

"Let's not stall around, Davenport," began Quintard briskly. "If you've got something to tell us, spit it out."

"Do you drop this larceny charge against me?" demanded Davenport.

"It's dropped—if you come through," declared Quintard.

"Well, here's the low-down, the honest-to-Gawd," said Davenport. "I hate to put the rollers under Kildare, but what the hell? Each guy for himself is my way of looking at it. I like Steve all right, but there ain't anybody I'm so stuck on that I'd do a stretch in jail for him. Well, here's the dope."

He drew deeply at his cigar, shrugged his shoulders, and leaned forward in his chair, this time meeting the eyes of Workman.

"The night of Cassenas's last party—the night he was killed—I was nervous as a cat. You know—owed some money and wanted more. I'd pinched that knife, and—well, I couldn't sleep. I got up and dressed. Wasn't going anywhere in particular, but couldn't lie where I was."

"Thought you might pick up some little trinket in the house, eh?" suggested Quintard.



Mrs. Wiswell's face whitened. "Tad," she whispered, "when did you find out?"

Davenport spread his hands, in the gesture of one who conceals nothing.

"Maybe; I ain't saying yes, I ain't saying no. Anyway, I didn't touch a thing. But I stepped into the patio and heard voices. Cassenas and Kildare rowing."

"What time was this?" interjected Workman.

"It was a minute or two after three in the morning. I know, because when I left my room in the servants' quarters

I looked at my watch, and it was almost three, then." Workman nodded. Cassenas could have left Terry's house and been back at Seminole Lodge by three.

"Well, I'm curious like everybody else," said Davenport. "Besides, I'd been wondering, ever since Steve got me the job, how he happened to have such a drag with the boss. It was more than a pull; there was times when it looked as though Kildare gave the boss orders. I can't explain it. But I got the feeling

that what that fellow Kildare said to Gene Cassenas went.

"So I sneaked inside the patio, thinking— Well—" and he had the grace to color slightly—"well, if Steve Kildare had something on the boss, maybe I might hear a word of it, and then I'd have something on him, too. You needn't look at me like I was a snake," he blazed, glaring at Workman. "I'm coming clean as a hound's tooth."

"I am not judging you, my man," said Workman. "Go on."

Davenport bit his cigar, spat out the end, and continued.

"Well, the boss was lit up considerable, I judged. And Steve Kildare talked angry, but kinda low—muffled-like, as though he didn't want anyone to overhear. They were scrapping all right, but I couldn't get what it was all about. And then Cassenas raised his voice.

"I've had plenty from you, Kildare," he says. "I've stood all I'm going to stand. From now on I do just exactly as I please, and if you don't like it, get out!"

"I could hear Kildare now, too. 'Fair enough,' he answers. 'Only, before I get out, I'll do what I promised you, when you came back from France, I'd do to you if you ever betrayed her memory.'

"And get hanged, eh?" says Cassenas. He laughed when he said it, a mean, nasty laugh.

"Hanged? For a man like you?" says Kildare. He laughed, too, and if the boss's laugh was nasty Kildare's would chill your blood. "Why," says he, "I've planned a dozen ways to kill you, and all of them safe as a church."

"And, of course," Cassenas says, "while you're doing all these wonderful things, I'll be saying thank you, eh? Kildare, there's been talk of what you'd do to me, but never any talk of what I'd do to you. You can kill me, you say, without discovery. But I can kill you and be discovered, and it won't matter. A servant, gone mad attacks me, and I kill him. Kildare, the idea pleases me."

"Well, I want to tell you gents that my feet were getting cooler every minute. Them two babies talking killing like I'd ask one of you for a light. I began to wonder what they'd do to me if they happened to saunter out into the patio. I was curious all right, but I know when to play safety first. I begins to edge away, and as I rounded the corner of the building I looked over my shoulder.

The lights from the living-room showed up both men; they were standing in the doorway; they weren't talking any more; they had gone to it! Kildare has a big knife in his hand and the blade is over Cassenas's head. But the boss has Kildare by the wrist, and he's whaling away with his other hand. Well, I figure that Kildare will break away in another minute; he's an

ex-champ pug, and too good for Cassenas.

"I'm in two minds what to do. If I rush in I may be able to save the boss. But maybe Kildare will get me, too, though if I yell that ain't likely because help will come. But if I save the boss, Kildare will have it in for me. Kildare happens to know something

that—" he hesitated a moment. "Well, I'm coming clean, and you gents won't use anything I say against me, eh?"

Quintard shook his head. "We're interested in murder—nothing else."

"Well, Kildare knows a few things about me that if he spilled them would put me in the cooler. And if I save the boss, Kildare will blab, being sore. Of course, he may blab now, but I figure that with him facing a hangman, he ain't going to bother none about me, and besides, you people will get the New York





"I've a motor boat here; also a plane.  
In either one we can get away!"

authorities to let up on me, for what I'm doing for you now. Am I right?"

"You are," said Quintard. "Get along with your tale."

"That ends it," said Davenport. "I figure that if Kildare bumps the boss off I got something on him. If the boss should happen to kill Kildare, then I

got something on the boss. I'm the only one that can testify and the boss will settle—big. Well, I duck back to my quarters. I don't know nothing when Cassenas's body's found. But, hearing that Miss Ripley is in dutch, I figure a little story about handing her a knife as a present from Cassenas will help Kildare. Meantime, I've seen Kildare, and he tells me to go to hell. But I don't want him arrested; he won't be so brash later on, and he'll pay me a lot to keep my mouth shut. But when I get into the hoose-gow here, on a charge of stealing, when I was trying to help Kildare by faking evidence against Miss Ripley—well, Kildare don't try to bail me or anything, so—I'm spilling the beans."

Incredible as were the depths of villainy which Davenport's story revealed, the man's words rang true. A glance at his sullen, shifting eyes, his low forehead, bespoke a brute mentality, and a morality hardly removed from bestiality. To try to cast the burden of crime upon an innocent woman, in order to facilitate the collection of blackmail from the real murderer, was not a task from which Davenport shrank. Indeed, there was that in his voice which plainly showed that he considered himself a clever person.

But this was no time in which to evince disgust. Rather, Workman cross-examined the man from every angle, and, after an hour, decided that his story was flawlessly true.

Quintard, in a fever of impatience, had arrived at the same conclusion long ago, and was in favor of an immediate arrest.

"Very well," said Workman, "have it your way."

"Good Lord, are you trying to prevent me from arresting anyone?" cried Quintard, in exasperation.

"I want an unimpeachable case established before you make an arrest," said Workman. "Don't forget—Cassenas's body was discovered a long way from his house."

"Kildare is plenty strong enough to have carried him that far," said Quintard.

"In which case Kildare's garments would have been stained with blood, and you've examined all his clothing without finding any traces of that. Moreover, you've examined the hilt of the Moorish dagger, and there are no finger-prints on it. In falling, the handle was soiled by earth, and marks obliterated. If Kildare's prints were on it—"

"What good would they do? We already have a witness to testify that he saw Kildare trying to stab Cassenas," objected Quintard.

"Finger-prints might disclose the fact that another person, a third person, held the knife after the quarrel between Kildare and Cassenas. Quintard, I don't believe that Kildare is guilty."

"You don't believe anyone is guilty," sneered Quintard. "Why don't you believe it?"

"I've seen Kildare's hands, and they're big and stubby, and two of the fingers on his right hand have been broken," declared Workman.

"Pulling a Sherlock Holmes, eh?" Quintard was openly contemptuous. "What in blazes has his broken fingers to do with his having killed Cassenas?"

"Those fingers could never hold a pen delicately enough to commit a forgery," said the revivalist. "And the murderer of Cassenas is the man who wrote the suicide letter."

"Hell, couldn't a crank have written it?"

"That is a possibility, Quintard," admitted Workman, "but not a probability."

"I'm glad you're sticking to probabilities, because I am," grinned Quintard. "And the most probable thing in the world is that Kildare killed his master. So I'm going to arrest him."

"But, a short time ago, you were convinced that Miss Ripley—"

Quintard cut him short. "That was then; this is now. Let's go."

They crossed the rumbling wooden bridge across Lake Worth turned past the white rambling building that houses Bradley's club, and up the Lake Trail to Seminole Lodge. There, apparently perfectly free, but always watched by men from the prosecutor's office, they found Kildare.

The flat-faced major-domo of Seminole Lodge looked from Quintard to Workman and back again.

"Kildare," announced Quintard abruptly, "we have some questions for you."

Kildare did not answer; he merely stared expectantly.

"Why didn't you tell us that you had a fight with Cassenas shortly before he was murdered?" demanded Quintard.

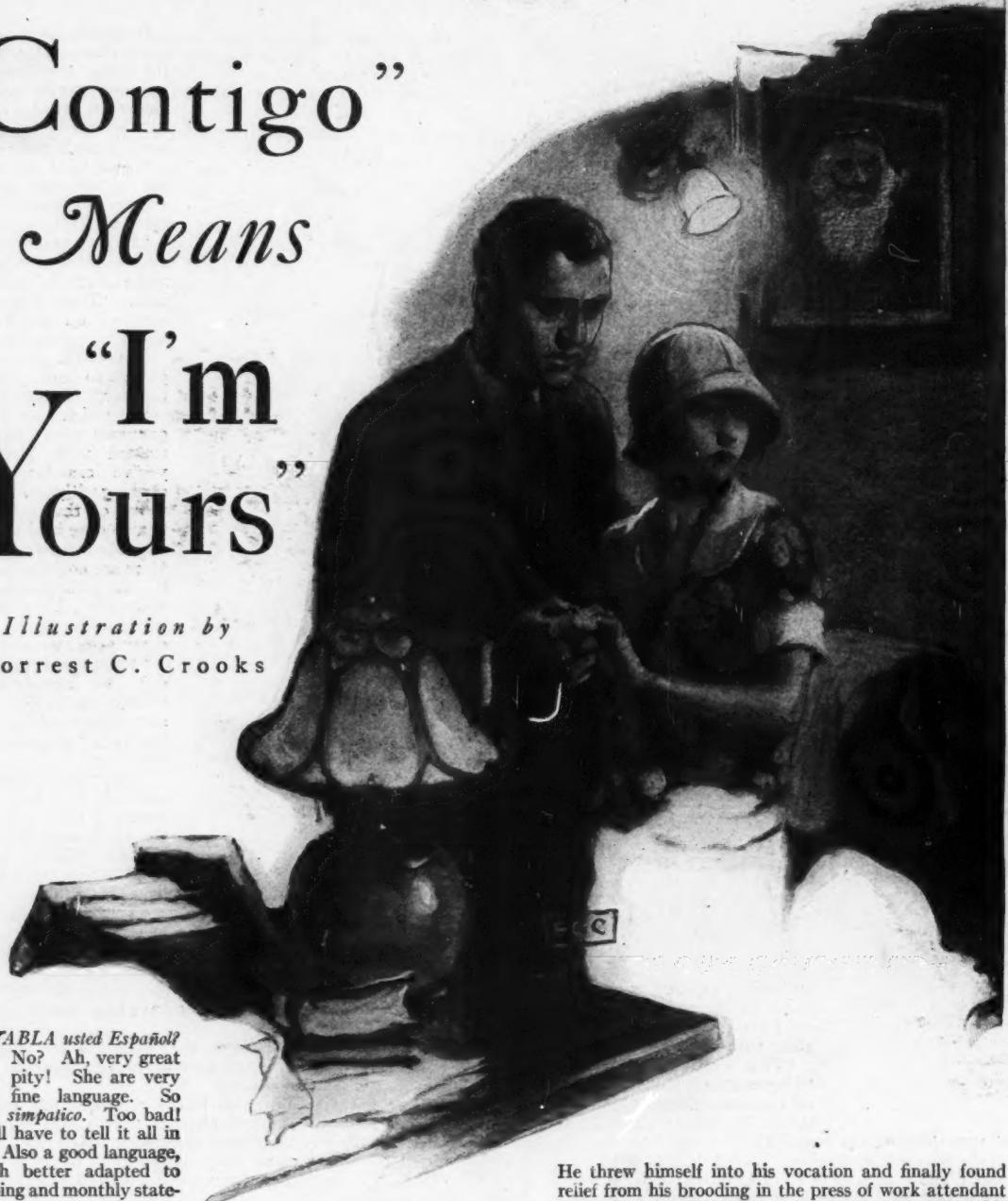
"I was aboard the house-boat, the (Continued on page 114)

# "Contigo"

## Means

# "I'm Yours"

*Illustration by  
Forrest C. Crooks*



**H**ABLA usted Español? No? Ah, very great pity! She are very fine language. So sweet, so simpatico. Too bad!

So we'll have to tell it all in English. Also a good language, but much better adapted to bookkeeping and monthly statements than to express the most delicate shades of emotion.

There were three of the Shapiros—Benny, who was twenty-two, his father, the Rabbi, who was forty-four and his grandfather, Schmule Shapiro, who was seventy and was supposed to have lost his hearing. Sometimes Schmule could hear and sometimes he couldn't. The transition from one state to another was, frequently, very disconcerting. One phase of his ailment was chronic; he could never hear when he did not want to.

Yet, though he spent most of his days sitting quietly in a corner of the sitting-room, thinking over the past, he controlled the purse strings. That is to say, he owned the tenement houses and the government bonds from which the family income was derived. The real control—if ever a question arose—lay with his son, the Rabbi. Schmule was somewhat afraid of his son. And so was everybody else except Benny. Not that Benny was inordinately courageous. He was merely easy-going and it never occurred to him to be afraid of anything or anybody—not even of his father.

Rabbi Shapiro is best described, in the vernacular of the day, as a *grouch*. After his wife died, he became moody and depressed.

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He threw himself into his vocation and finally found relief from his brooding in the press of work attendant upon the task of building up a synagogue. But his temper remained touchy. He was easily irritated.

His son, Benny, was the sorest spot in his life. He had planned that Benny should become a rabbi, but Benny had displayed more aptitude and fondness for business than for the Talmud Torah. And now, as our curtain goes up, Benny was employed as clerk in the office of the South American Trading Company.

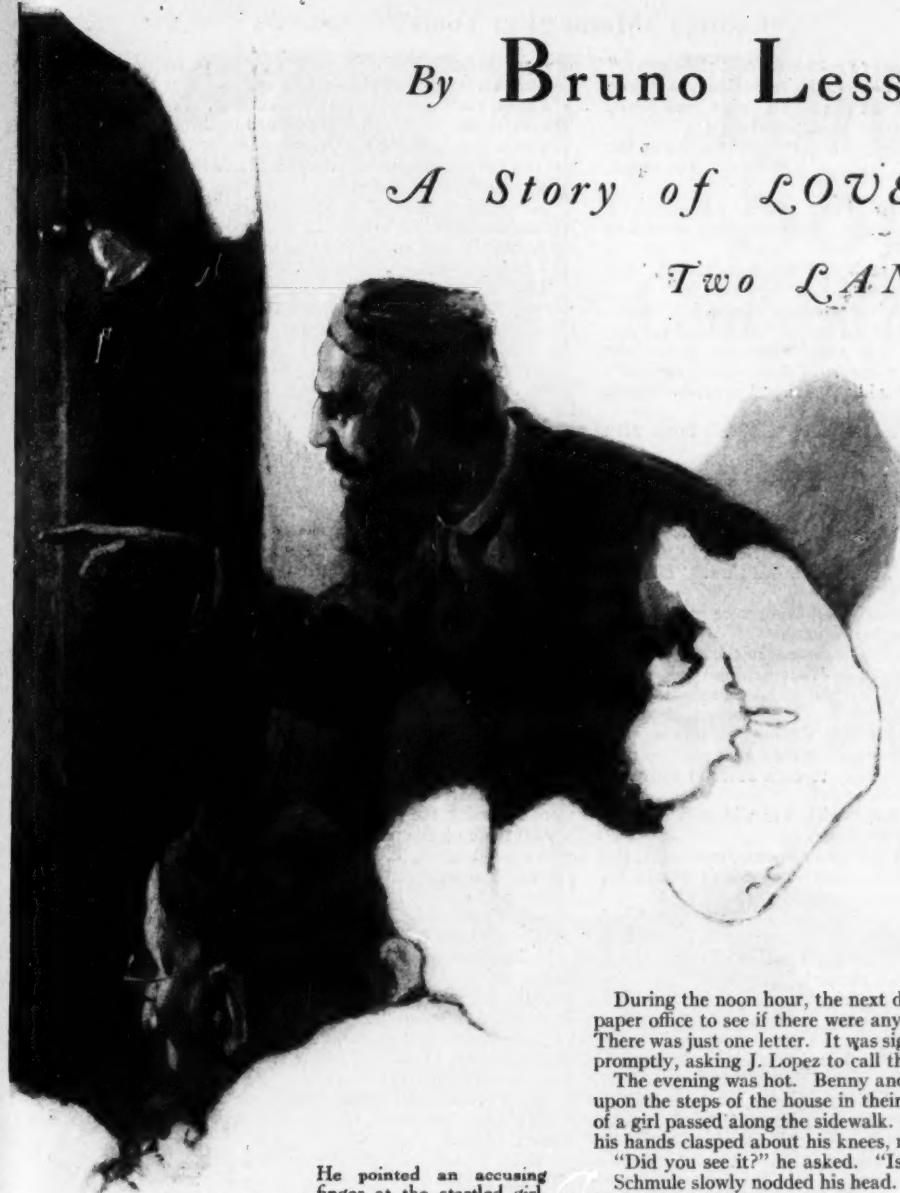
"I ain't feeling well the past week," said Benny at the supper table. "I think I'll go to a doctor."

"You don't look sick," the Rabbi said. "Better be a little bit careful about what you eat. No use wasting money on a doctor unless you have to."

"Hee! Hee! Hee!" giggled Grandpa Schmule. "He better go to a doctor. All right, Benny. All right. I pay."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said the Rabbi coldly. "If you didn't have me to look after you, you would be spending all your money on foolishness. If Benny needs a doctor, he'll have a doctor. But let's wait until we find out that he needs one."

Benny said nothing, but winked at his grandfather.



By Bruno Lessing

*A Story of LOVE in  
Two LANGUAGES*

On his way home Benny stopped at a newspaper office and inserted an advertisement.

"Gentleman anxious to learn Spanish quickly, desires teacher at his house every evening. Will pay seventy-five cents a lesson. B. S."

"I don't see why you're in such a hurry to go away," said the Rabbi peevishly. "The doctor said there was nothing the matter yet, didn't he? Why don't you wait? I suppose down in Chile you'll never go to a synagogue and you won't care whether your food is kosher or not."

"I'm not worrying about synagogues or kosher food," said Benny, cheerfully. "I'm going to get my health in good shape."

During the noon hour, the next day, Benny went to the newspaper office to see if there were any replies to his advertisement. There was just one letter. It was signed J. Lopez. Benny replied promptly, asking J. Lopez to call the next evening at seven.

The evening was hot. Benny and his grandfather were sitting upon the steps of the house in their shirt-sleeves. A slender slip of a girl passed along the sidewalk. Benny, who was sitting with his hands clasped about his knees, nudged the old man.

"Did you see it?" he asked. "Isn't she a little beauty?" Schmule slowly nodded his head. "Oh, yes," he said. "I seen it all right. I ain't so old as all that." And then, to the astonishment of the both of them, the girl stopped, consulted a piece of paper which she held in her hand and retraced her steps.

"Is this number 386?" she asked. "Mr. Benjamin Shapiro?" "That's me," Benny said.

"I'm Miss Lopez," replied the girl. There was just the faintest trace of a foreign accent in her intonation but Benny did not observe it. All that he was capable of observing at that moment was a pair of wonderful black eyes set in the frame of a bewitchingly pretty oval face.

"The—the—the Spanish—?" was all that Benny could stammer. The girl laughed.

"That is so," she said. "I wrote 'J. Lopez' instead of 'Juanita' Lopez. But, really, I never thought of it. You thought—oh, yes, you wrote 'Dear Sir' in your letter. But I have business training."

"Excuse me till I get my coat," said Benny hastily. Then, "Won't you come inside?" he added.

As the girl mounted the steps Benny turned to his grandfather. "Come along inside," he said. "Watch me learn Spanish." But the old gentleman gazed at the stars, and did not move.

"He's a little hard of hearing," explained Benny to the girl. "Do you know any Spanish at all?" she asked, when they were seated in the parlor.

"Not a word," replied Benny.

"Then we'll begin with pronunciation," the girl said. "I

It required more than one examination for the doctor to determine exactly what was the matter with Benny. There had to be X-ray plates and blood tests.

"And now we know all about you, sonny," he finally said. "It isn't so bad and yet it isn't so good. There's really nothing the matter with you excepting that you aren't everstrong. Principally the lungs. Nothing wrong with them yet but there might be if you tried to go through the winter in your present condition. I'm going to give you a tonic, but I don't expect it to accomplish much beyond giving you a better appetite. The best thing for you would be to spend about a year or two in a warmer climate where the temperature does not change much."

Benny took the news bravely though he imagined his condition to be worse than it was.

And now came a bit of luck. That same day the manager of the office came to Benny with a letter in his hand.

"Davis writes that he's quitting Chile in November and there'd be a fine chance for you to take his place if you spoke Spanish."

"This is August," said Benny, promptly. "By the first of November I'll speak Spanish. How's that?"

"That's the way to talk," said the manager. "Come to me the first week in October and we'll talk it over—in Spanish."

## "Contigo" Means "I'm Yours"

brought a book along. You ought to get a copy of it right away." "I'll get one tomorrow," said Benny. He moved his chair close to hers. Two people gazing at the pages of a single book must necessarily have their heads pretty close together.

"*Hablar*," said the girl, pointing with her finger to a line on the page. "That means 'to speak.' 'I speak' is *yo hablo*. You repeat it after me."

Several times during the course of that first hour Benny felt a wisp of the girl's hair touch his cheek. Then his mind seemed to become entirely vacant.

"Excuse me," he said, after each of these occurrences, "but would you mind going over that again? I didn't get it."

"*Conmigo* means 'with me,'" he repeated after the girl. "*Contigo*, with thee." "*Consigo*, with him or her or you." I think I got it."

"That address I wrote to," he said, when the lesson was finished, "is near Washington Square. Is that where you live?"

"I live there with my aunt," said the girl. "I work downtown during the day."

"Then, if you don't mind," said Benny, "I'll walk home with you. I go for a walk every night."

"Oh! All right," said she, somewhat feebly.

"As long as I've got to walk," said Benny smiling, "I may as well walk *contigo*." A quick flush overspread the girl's cheeks.

"You should say *consigo*," she said. "The word *contigo* is used only between relatives or very intimate friends."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Benny, blushing in his turn. "I'll walk *consigo*, then."

There were many Spanish lessons and there were many walks to the neighborhood of Washington Square.

Grandfather Schmule always sat in a corner of the room during their lesson. How much he heard or what he observed no one ever knew. At seventy one has learned to keep one's thoughts to oneself. Yet, even if his hearing had been perfect, it would, after a while, have been considerably strained to follow what these young people said to each other. Because, as matters progressed, they had many things to say to each other in whispers. And matters did progress.

She was an orphan. She lived with her widowed aunt, a Spanish lady who had married an American.

They were walking across Washington Square, one night, the girl holding fast to Benny's arm, when he suddenly thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a packet of letters.

"Oh," said he. "I forgot to tell you that I dropped in at that newspaper office the other day to see if any other letters had come in reply to my advertisement. Look at the bunch of them."

"Have you read them?" asked the girl.

"Sure I did," replied Benny, teasingly. "Some of them are from very pretty girls, too. So you see, if I don't like my teacher I can easily get another one."

"Don't you like your teacher?" asked she—and, on the instant, regretted the question. For, in his eyes she read a message that instantly brought the blood to her cheeks. And then, under the electric light, with a policeman standing not twenty feet away, he whispered something into her ear and his arm stole around her neck and then—ah, well, you know how it is. Even the policeman, after one glance, turned his back upon them.

Benny intended, that very next evening to tell his father all about it. But, as luck would have it, the Rabbi had a headache and was unusually peevish. And he sent word to the Beth Hamidrash that he would not be there. And he was about to throw himself upon a couch in the parlor when the doorbell rang and the Spanish teacher walked into the room. It was the first time the Rabbi had seen her.

"This is Miss Lopez, Father," said Benny. "She's giving me Spanish-lessons." The Rabbi frowned.

"Yes," he said, "I remember your saying you intended to study Spanish. You seem to be in a terrible hurry to get away."

"I'm not in such a great hurry, now," said Benny, taking the girl's hand in his. "I—I guess we'll get married before I go to Chile."

The Rabbi stared at him, with mouth agape. Slowly, he raised his arm and pointed an accusing finger at the startled girl.

"Marry?" he cried. "That?" The girl's face went white.

"Hold on a minute, Father," said Benny. "That's no way to talk. We're in love with each other and we're going to get married before I go to Chile. I hope you're going to be nice about it and kiss Nita. Aren't you?"

The Rabbi's outstretched hand was trembling.

"A *goy*?" he whispered hoarsely. "My son marry a *goy*? I'd curse the day——"

In one stride Benny stood before his father, their faces close together. Something in the lad's face, either the unexpected

forward thrust of his chin or the gleam of battle in his eyes, daunted his father and checked his words.

"I guess you'd better cut out the cursing," said Benny, quietly, "I'd prefer not to hear it." He turned to the girl.

"Please wait outside on the sidewalk for me," he said. "I'll just run upstairs and pack a few things and then I'll be with you."

"But Benny!" she cried.

"Never mind, please," he said sternly. "I'm going with you." Without another word the girl left the room. As Benny followed her he met his grandfather in the hall.

"I heard," whispered the old man. Benny seized his hand.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said. "But I can't stay here. Take good care of yourself, Grandpa. I'll write to you." The old man clasped his arms around Benny's neck and kissed him on the cheek.

"Everything will be all right when we get to Chile," explained Benny. "We'll sail in two weeks. He says my Spanish is great but I guess it's because I picked out a few words that he didn't understand. Now let's get to work." Got the book with you?"

They were sitting upon a bench in Washington Square, directly beneath an electric light. The girl opened the book which lay in her lap and then closed it.

"I—I'm not living with my aunt any more," she said. "I moved to a small hotel on Sixth Avenue. It'll do for two weeks."

"For heaven's sake!" cried Benny. "Why did you do that?"

"Aunt didn't want me to marry you," said Juanita. "And—and she said things and—and I couldn't stand it and I—I threw a book at her—oh, Benny——!"

A burst of sobbing concluded the sentence. In an instant Benny's arm was around her neck.

"You dear little sweetheart!" he cried. "Please don't cry. I think you're wonderful. I'll bet she said I was only a dirty Jew, didn't she?" The girl nodded.

"And you soaked her with a book! Say, Nita, why can't we get married right away?"

"We'll wait until the day we sail," she said, "I couldn't think of getting married until my new dress is finished. Let's see, we were beginning the irregular verbs, weren't we?"

And there on the park bench, under the electric light, with his arm around her neck, Benny entered manfully into combat with the subjunctive mood of Spanish irregular verbs.

For nearly two weeks old Schmule Shapiro lay in bed. It was merely a bad cold, the doctor said. It was really caused by the shock of Benny's leaving. But he gradually recovered.

He had sent for Horovitz, his lawyer and old friend, and they had many secret conferences. The Rabbi took it for granted that the old man was making his will and wondered why he made so much fuss about it. He learned the truth with somewhat of a shock. It was on the second of the month and he dropped in at the office of the real estate agent who had always collected rents for Schmule.

"How are the collections coming on?" he asked.

"Your father sold all his houses," said the agent. "We don't handle them any more."

"Sold them?" cried the Rabbi in amazement.

"That's what I said," remarked the agent, drily.

The Rabbi hurried to his father's bedside. "Why did you sell the houses?" he demanded.

"I'm tired of real estate," Schmule said. "Horovitz will find a better investment for me."

"What did you do with the money?" asked the Rabbi. Schmule stared at him for a long moment. Then he calmly closed his eyes and turned over on his side.

The Santa Elisa sailed for the west coast of South America two days later. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Shapiro stood on the deck watching the passengers come on board.

"For heaven's sake!" cried Benny. "There's Grandpa."

"Oh!" exclaimed his wife. "Isn't it sweet of him to come to see us off?" A moment later they were both embracing him.

"You look fine," said Benny. "How's Father?" Schmule made a wry face.

"He's just as cranky as ever," he said. "Which is a sign that his health is good." And, just then, a porter bearing a huge valise, tapped Schmule on the arm.

"What is it?" asked Benny, in surprise.

"It's the old gentleman's baggage," said the porter. Benny stared at his grandfather in amazement.

"You don't mean to say you're sailing with us?" he cried. Schmule grinned.

"Sure I am," he said. "I got to go with——" And then he winked at the girl.

"*Contigo*," he said.



# Tomato Soup!

## Can't you just taste it?

Tomatoes in all their glory! How tempting they look on the vines, as they hang heavy-laden with their rich juices and luscious "meat"!

More tempting still to see one of these perfect red ripe tomatoes sliced in half—an invitation you will find hard to resist.

But millions find them most tempting of all when they are blended in that delicious and famous soup—Campbell's Tomato.

Just the good of the tomato strained to a smooth puree enriched with golden butter fresh from the country. Enjoy it—today!

Taste this Campbell's Soup so fine.  
Revel in its flavor.  
Taste this masterpiece of mine.  
Sure to win your favor!

21 kinds  
12 cents a can



## Chic, Madame!

(Continued from page 67)

warehouse. There are no elaborate gold-leaf signs or unctuous and caparisoned myrmidons fluttering about the door. The salons are mostly old family residences, scarred and bleak.

Inside on the first floor you still have the feeling of having entered a gloomy house of sorrow where someone will pop out and inquire if you have come for a last look at the remains.

Then you mount the grand stairway, unless you are one of those intrepid souls who risks the intricacies of the self-operating two-passenger elevators.

On the next floor the scene changes. You are greeted by beautiful and handsomely gowned young women who give the impression they are plumb tickled pink.

Of course, wives are welcome but the husband is cock of the walk. All the magnificent gestures and "Oo-la-la-ing!" are for him. They know they can "get" the wife. But it is "getting" the husband that really counts.

"Will M'sieu' do us the honor of removing his coat?" asks an exquisite creature—shamelessly overlooked by Ziegfeld—taking his hat and walking stick. Still another beauty with queenly grace pilots him over smoothly polished floors to a chair. It is not a mere chair—it is more than that. It is the kind that must have been snatched from some throne just as the monarch decided it would be safer and more restful in Brazil.

Cigars. Cigaretts. A tea wagon is rolled up with imposing bottles wearing such familiar names as Haig and Haig, Black and White, the Triple Starred Hennessys. (How tickled the boys might have been with that free puff—once upon a time!)

"How does M'sieu' stand the rigors of the Paris climate? Is the name Schwab? You millionaires are always traveling incognito, Lucette, bring M'sieu' a foot stool."

And back in his home town they said this husband would never amount to anything! They simply do not know their Paris. After all this—bring on the justly famed deluge.

A hush. The parade of mannikins is about

to start. And it is all just for you. An announcer stands at the great doorway. Down the steps comes a frail vision of beauty. She is in snow white from her white kid shoes to her white bobbed wig.

The announcer cries: "*Sieur Angélique*"—the name of the gown—not the wearer. And the mannikin comes toward you with a measured tread—slow like Dolores to soft music. Somehow you think of the mighty snake charming the bird.

And she stands before you, gives a flirt of her head and looks steadily into your eyes, until you become a little abashed and you feel red surging up from under your collar and look out the window. Directly across the street your gaze falls on a big sign which booms significantly: "Divorces Guaranteed in Two Months."

Where were we? Don't tell us. O, yes we know—it is the saleswoman saying "*Très joli*" and still another murmuring "*Chic, Madame!*" And the beauteous mannikin turns slowly and walks away a few steps. Then she circles about and piroettes until you nudge your wife and whisper: "Take three of those. One for you, one for Sister Katie and one for Aunt Het."

After all they have been so kind, you have to show some slight appreciation. Then you are properly shushed and learn the parade is just starting. Before the *Sieur Angélique* departs, the announcer cries "*Bienvenue!*" and you wonder why you wasted so much time on *Sieur Angélique*.

Not one, two, three—but a hundred mannikins fairly float before you: black eyed, dreaming girls from Russia; Parisian stunners; slinky creatures with hair coiffed sleekly back. Some of the girls' faces are chalked alabaster white; some, russet brown and some even apple green.

Beauty after beauty appears and melts away, but not before each one hesitates at your feet to bestow some sort of royal salaam.

"Notice the one with a run in her stocking?" you inquire of your wife.

"We came to look at gowns!"—with a click.

Silence. The parade moves majestically on.

Girls in tailor-made suits. Girls in sport dresses, sport suits and sport capes. Girls in jaunty blouses and sweaters. Girls in afternoon coats, afternoon dresses. Girls in tea gowns, wedding and dinner gowns. Girls swathed in furs. Girls. Girls. Girls.

And above it all the monotonous drone of the announcer. Her voice has grown to a whisper as she continues to name the many mannikins: "*Audacieuse, Voyageuse, Fanchon, Mam'zelle Nitouche, Chonchette, Pour le Bois, Amoureuse, Les Turquoises, Nadine, Frivolité, Nuit de Chine*" . . .

A sudden flurry in a doorway. You sense a big moment. It has come. A thin, whippley man with tightly twisted mustache and waspish waist is doubling up like a jack-knife before you.

It is none other than he—*Monsieur le Propriétaire*. You know him by his cuff links of baby blue ribbon bows. Has M'sieu' enjoyed his poor offerings? Will M'sieu' join him in an apéritif? He will. *Certainement*. After all Paris is Paris.

This is not the rushing, pell-mell shopping you know in the States. It is leisurely shopping de luxe. Of course, you don't have to buy. And there will be no polite sneering behind your back if you depart without a purchase.

But the point is you do buy. O, yes, you do. The Parisian dressmaker takes his creations away from the "over the counter" atmosphere and gives them a background of splendor and magnificence that cannot fail to loosen up the most penurious of tight-wads.

He knows that once the American husband enters his portals—the rest is easy. He just brings on the girls. And the husband fills in the traveler's checks.

And as you leave, you are perhaps met at the door by some of the girls in hiding. Swizz-swizz-swizz! You are gently sprayed with perfume. It is almost natural for you to shake hands and say: "A perfectly lovely afternoon. You must come to see us sometime!"

Great people—the French.

*A rousing western story about a woman who had nothing to live for yet clung to life, and a man who had everything to live for yet wanted to die—by Paul and Alma Ellerbe in the next COSMOPOLITAN.*

## Diamond Cut Diamond

(Continued from page 75)

Benjamin bowed him into the room.

"With pleasure, sir," he replied. "I believe it is rather a good picture."

The gentleman walked in, took up a position from which he could inspect the picture to the best advantage, and for some minutes he examined it in silence. Eventually he turned to Benjamin with a questioning look.

"I suppose you're aware that this is a Rembrandt?" he remarked.

"So I'm given to understand, sir," replied Benjamin. "Our doctor, Dr. Pepperdeane, an authority on these matters—his brother was a great artist, sir—he tells me it is a Rembrandt, and an exceptionally good one. A very great painter that gentleman was, sir, I believe."

The stranger made no reply to this suggestion. He continued to inspect the picture; finally, he asked Benjamin if he might bring his wife to look at it. The lady appeared and he and she whispered together in the corner. The gentleman turned to Benjamin. "Do you mind my taking the picture down and looking at the back of the canvas?" he asked. "I shall do it no harm."

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it, sir," asserted Benjamin. He was hoping to pick up a wrinkle or two himself, and he watched narrowly while the stranger took down the picture, turned it

over, indicated various matters with a slim, well-polished finger nail to his companion, and again whispered to her. "Not done yesterday, that, sir!" said Benjamin, jocularly. "Old stuff, that, at the back!"

Again, the stranger made no reply to Benjamin's remark. He returned the picture to its place, rubbed a speck or two of dust from his hands, and suddenly turned to the landlord with a sharply delivered sentence, each word of which followed on its predecessor like bullets out of a machine gun.

"I'll give you two thousand pounds for it!" Benjamin smiled. If it had not been for his Sunday evening conversation with Dr. Pepperdeane, he would have gasped. But he had had that conversation. So he smiled.

"I'm afraid I can't take it, sir," he answered. "Two thousand? No, sir."

"Two thousand five hundred, then!" said the stranger.

"I'm afraid that won't tempt me, either, sir," replied Benjamin deprecatingly.

The would-be purchaser glanced at Benjamin, summed him up, pursed his lips together, whistled a little, went over to the picture, studied it a little longer, and once more turned on its supposed owner with a jerk of his jaws.

"Three thousand! Cash down! Come now!"

"No, sir," said Benjamin, firmly. "Sorry to disappoint any gentleman who takes a fancy to picture, but it can't be done in this case. The fact is, sir, that picture is reserved for the approbation of the Markis."

He waved his hand, as he spoke, towards that corner of the room behind which, on the other side of the inn, rose the firm ramparts, and stout walls of the castle. The stranger's face fell.

"Oh," he said. "Ah—you mean the Marquis of Harling? To be sure, he's a great collector. But I fancy I've heard he's already got a very fine collection of Rembrants."

"Just so, sir," agreed Benjamin. "But, as you're aware, sir, none of us can ever have too much of a really good thing. I understand his Lordship has six and thirty examples—that's the term, I believe—of this Mr. Rembrandt's performances, and I am sure he'll have no objection to making the number up to thirty-seven. Anyhow, no business can be done about that picture until his Lordship's seen it. And his Lordship is at present from home—he's salmon-fishing in Norway."

"When will he be home?" inquired the stranger.

"I couldn't say, sir, exactly," replied Benjamin. "Probably about the end of July, sir."



## "After 25 years, I know!"



Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell

Do you board or live in apartments? You will value Fels-Naptha all the more. The little in-between washes of handkerchiefs, stockings and underthings can be safely, quickly and thoroughly done with Fels-Naptha, even with cool or lukewarm water.

**What temperature for wash water?**  
Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. Boil clothes with Fels-Naptha, if you wish. You are bound to get good results. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

"Now that you are married, dear, your job will be to run the house just as well as John hopes to run his business. At first you'll have to do most of the work yourself—even the washing and cleaning.

"But don't let that worry you. It isn't work, my dear, that takes the bloom from pretty cheeks. It's the work women do needlessly—the downright drudgeries.

"I want you to avoid the drudgeries. I don't want you to waste one precious minute of glorious youth on them. And that's why I'm giving you this Fels-Naptha.

"Over twenty-five years ago—when your mother was a bride—Fels-Naptha had just come out. They had found a way to combine naptha and good soap so that these two splendid cleaners could work together—help each other. It proved quite a sensation.

"Your mother and I both tried it. We found that Fels-Naptha not only made washday easier, but it made our clothes cleaner and gave them that sweet clean clothes smell. We also found it splendid for dishes, floors, woodwork and for other odd cleaning jobs about the house.

"You'll be tempted many times to buy some of the new-fangled cleaners

that are advertised to do everything but the ironing.

"You will be offered soaps at 'bargain' prices, or tempted by specials of some brand or another.

"I know, because I've gone through it myself. And I tried about everything—many soaps and washing powders you never even hear about now.

"My advice to you is—stick to Fels-Naptha. After 25 years, I haven't found a thing that can take its place. Your mother, I dare say, will tell you the same.

"After all, my dear, the only reason you use soap, is for the washing and cleaning help it gives you. The sensible thing then, is to buy a soap that gives you the greatest amount of help, isn't it?

"Neither your mother nor I feel we could afford to be without the extra helpfulness of Fels-Naptha.

"Fels-Naptha is so gentle to clothes, too. And remember this—clothes needlessly worn out in the wash by using harsh cleaners or by hard rubbing, cost hundreds of times more than any soap you can buy.

"It will pay you in so many ways to stick to Fels-Naptha for nothing can take its place."

PROVE for yourself the extra goodness of Fels-Naptha. Get a bar from your grocer's—or send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.



The original and genuine naptha soap comes in the familiar red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© Fels & Co.  
Philadelphia

The gentleman gave a covetous look at the Rembrandt, and it seemed to Benjamin that he sighed a little—the sigh of disappointment.

"Well," he said, "of course, in that case, there's nothing more to be said. But if the Marquis doesn't care to buy, I will. You can take it from me, Mr. Landlord, that my offer stands good: I said three thousand and I'll give three thousand! Cash!"

Benjamin coughed. It was a discreet non-committal cough.

"I'm not sure that I could do business on those terms, sir," he said. "Three thousand seems a very nice price, but Dr. Pepperdeane, he mentioned having known them pictures fetch as much as six and seven thousand. Guineas, sir!"

"Oh, ah, well, Mr. Landlord, that entirely depends upon the character, condition, and so on, of the picture," said the stranger. "However, that's a matter of detail. If his Lordship won't buy, I will—I, too, have a considerable number of Rembrandts in my collection, but—however, as I say, you may count on me." He drew out a handsome case and produced a card. "Take care of that, Mr. Landlord, and if the Marquis fails you, write to me at once. Or better still, wire!"

Then the lady and gentleman went away in their luxurious car, and Benjamin, having bowed them off from his front door, rubbed his hands gleefully. Now if only he could do a deal with that young Mr. Faroni! The worst of it was, he didn't know Mr. Faroni's address. Still, Dr. Pepperdeane had said there was a famous house, a firm, of that name, and the address could be got. Thinking of addresses made him think, too, of the card which the stranger had given him; he had not yet glanced at it. He glanced at it now and smiled with satisfaction.

SIR HENRY WILDACRE, Bart.  
Wildacre Hall,  
Shrewsbury.

Benjamin possessed, among other books of reference, a Peerage and Baronetage, and he went to his desk and consulted it. The name of Sir Henry Wildacre was not there. But Benjamin's issue was quite a dozen years old; moreover, he knew that since the end of the Great War, baronets have been created by the dozen, and knights made by the hundred—his late guest was doubtless of the new creations. It was all right—and now if he could only get hold of young Mr. Faroni and cajole him into believing that one bird in the hand is worth two in the bush . . .

For the next few days Benjamin blessed the hour which brought the Rembrandt to the calm shelter of the Marquis's Arms. It seemed to him that however things went, money must come to him in consequence of its presence. Supposing the Marquis bought it, Mr. Faroni must needs give him something handsome for harboring and taking care of such a truly valuable object of art. But Benjamin hoped that the Marquis, who had the local reputation of being hard at a bargain, would not buy it: it would pay him better if the Marquis refused it, and Sir Henry Wildacre came into the running. And it would pay him best of all, far better than getting a commission on the proceeds, if he could get the picture into his own hands. He determined that when Mr. Faroni came down he would not mention Sir Henry and would throw cold water on Faroni's attempt to see the Marquis; what he would do was to feel his way to tempting the young man with ready cash, on the ground that he himself had conceived a violent fancy for the Rembrandt. Ready money, in Benjamin's opinion, was a powerful provocation to a hasty conclusion in the matter of bargains, and according to his reading of human nature, Mr. Faroni, offered a substantial bearer check on the bank across the market place, would in all probability fall a victim to temptation.

But Mr. Faroni did not come. Instead, about a week after the visit of Sir Henry Wildacre

and his lady, Benjamin, busied in inspecting a young horse in the stable yard of his establishment, was summoned by his bookkeeper who informed him that a young person wished to see him and was awaiting his presence in the office.

"She won't give her name, Mr. Gosling," said the bookkeeper. "She says you'll know who she is when she tells you. A young widow, I think, Mr. Gosling—she's in widow's weeds, anyway—black crêpe and all that."

Benjamin scowled. He was of the elder Mr. Weller's persuasion as regards widows; his experience of them was that they were always after something.

"Did you say young?" he asked grumbly. "Quite young, Mr. Gosling—and pretty," replied the bookkeeper.

"Tell her I'll come in a minute—it's another subscription of course," said Benjamin. "Give her a glass of port and a biscuit."

He went on with his examination of the young horse; the result was not satisfactory and Benjamin was not in a very good temper when he finally put his hands under his coat-tails and strolled back to the house. He looked suspiciously inside the office; there, a half-finished glass of his best port in front of her, sat a remarkably pretty, fair-haired, violet-eyed young woman attired, with much simplicity and not a little coquetry, in mourning garb. She lifted demure eyes at Benjamin's entrance and rose to her feet.

"Morning, ma'am!" said Benjamin, half surly and half attracted. "What can I do for you, ma'am?"

"Mr. Gosling?" inquired the visitor in a voice as pretty as her face.

"That's me, ma'am," responded Benjamin. "Here before you."

The visitor lifted her veil, which till then had rested on the bridge of her slightly retrousse nose. She turned on the full power of her violet eyes and her carmine lips grew pathetic.

"I am Mrs. Faroni!" she murmured.

Benjamin started. His mouth opened. He was conscious that something was going to happen; what, precisely, he couldn't even guess at.

"Not—not—you don't mean to say that it was—not your husband—" he began. "Albert is dead, Mr. Gosling!" interrupted Mrs. Faroni. She sought and found a cambric handkerchief, minute in proportion, and gracefully applied it to an eyelash or two. "He died three weeks ago. Suddenly, Mr. Gosling. Heart failure."

"God bless my life and soul, ma'am," said Benjamin. "You don't say so! Poor young fellow. I took quite a liking to him. Have another glass of port, ma'am. Bless me—quite a shock."

To repair the ravages of the shock, Benjamin, having filled up his visitor's glass, filled another for himself, and, drinking, murmured more expressions of sympathy. "A very nice young fellow indeed, ma'am!" he continued. "He may have mentioned to you that he came here, on business, some little time ago?"

Mrs. Faroni shook her pretty head, and Benjamin, who had an eye and a half for young women of the comely order, was struck by the way in which widow's weeds suited her style of beauty.

"Well, no," she answered. "I can't say, Mr. Gosling, that Albert ever mentioned that. He did a great deal of traveling about and naturally he didn't tell me every detail. All the same, I am aware he visited you, and that's what has brought me here today. You see, Mr. Gosling, Albert has left pretty nearly everything he had to me, and I am sole executor of his will as well as sole residuary legatee. Of course, I have had to examine all his books and papers. Among them I found a list of pictures and objects of art left by Albert at various places, on approval and so on. One of the entries refers to a Rembrandt, left by Albert with Mr. B. Gosling, the Marquis's Arms, Market Harling. So I thought I would just come down and fetch it."

Benjamin picked up Mrs. Faroni's glass and his own.

"Just step into my private room, ma'am," he said. "That picture, ma'am, is just where your poor husband placed it with his own hands. You're thinking of taking it back with you, ma'am," he continued as he closed the door of his sanctum. "Taking it to London?"

"Oh, to be sure, Mr. Gosling!" replied Mrs. Faroni. "I know it's of great value."

"Just so, ma'am, just so," agreed Benjamin. "So Mr. Faroni, as was, poor fellow, gave me partly to understand—partly. He didn't name any figure to me, ma'am. Did he leave any memorandum as to why the picture was left here?"

"He did not, Mr. Gosling," answered the youthful widow. "I suppose it was left on approval, and that as you hadn't written about it, you didn't want to buy."

"Ah, well, ma'am, it was like this here," said Benjamin, waxing unblushingly mendacious. "Me and Mr. Faroni agreed I should have an option on it. He was to come here again—in July or August, ma'am. Then, if I liked to buy, we were to agree on a figure. Now, did he leave any notes about that, ma'am—any memorandum about a price?"

"Well, yes, there was a figure attached to his note about the whereabouts of the picture," said Mrs. Faroni. "Just a figure and no more. Nine hundred pounds. Are you thinking of buying, Mr. Gosling?"

"That's rather more than I had calculated on your poor husband asking, ma'am," replied Benjamin, who was already secretly overjoyed. "Nine hundred pounds is a stiff amount, ma'am. Certainly, I think well of the picture—a very nice specimen of Mr. Rembrandt's talents. Yes—but I'm afraid I couldn't go to nine hundred pounds."

Mrs. Faroni sipped her port and looked thoughtfully at the picture.

"What amount would you go to, Mr. Gosling?" she asked suddenly.

Benjamin assumed the airs of the judicious buyer.

"Well, ma'am," he said slowly, "considering the state of the market, the present state of the market, and having an eye, as you may say, to the future, I don't think I could say more than seven hundred, ma'am—say seven hundred."

Mrs. Faroni shook her becoming head attire.

"That's two hundred less than Albert evidently estimated its value at, Mr. Gosling," she remarked. "A serious difference."

"I'm offering a cash price, ma'am," said Benjamin. "Cash down, on the spot, is my motto!"

"Still, a difference of two hundred—" murmured Mrs. Faroni. "That's—"

"Well, well, we won't split on that, ma'am," interrupted Benjamin, generously. "Say eight, ma'am, and be done with it. Eight hundred!"

"Guineas, Mr. Gosling," said Mrs. Faroni.

"Pounds, I think, ma'am, for spot cash," replied Benjamin.

"Guineas is the proper thing, in the trade, Mr. Gosling," remarked Mrs. Faroni, with the assured air of knowledge. "Guineas!"

"Well, well, ma'am, I'm not averse to a few shillings—under the circumstances," said Benjamin. He unlocked his bureau and produced his check-book. "As I said spot cash, ma'am, perhaps you'd like a bearer check?—my bank, ma'am, is right opposite—stood there a many years!" concluded Benjamin, with a chuckle. "Let's see, now—eight hundred guineas is—"

Mrs. Faroni volunteered the information that eight hundred guineas is eight hundred and forty pounds, and Benjamin coinciding, wrote out a check for that amount and presented it to her. Then in the fulness of his heart, he suggested that when Mrs. Faroni had been across to the bank and got her money, she should lunch with him before returning to London. But Mrs. Faroni said, with a tear on her eyelash, that she had a little boy at home from whom she had never been parted until now, and she was anxious to get back to

# AFTER THIRTY - can a woman still gain the charm of "A skin you Love to Touch?"

**S**OME women have a better complexion at thirty or thirty-five than they ever had in their twenties.

The reason is simply that they have learned to take better care of their skin.

At twenty, contrary to popular tradition, a girl's complexion is often at its worst.

Too many sweets — late hours—and above all, neglect of a few simple rules of skin hygiene, result in a dull, sallow color, disfiguring blemishes, and ugly little blackheads.

By giving your skin the right care you can often gain a lovelier skin at thirty than you ever had before.

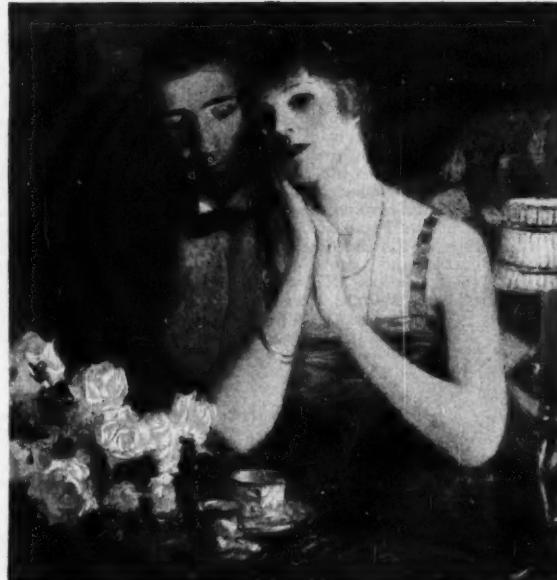
Remember that each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Whatever your complexion has been in the past—by beginning, now, to give this new skin the treatment it needs, you can gradually build up a fresh, clear, radiant complexion.

### **Use this treatment to overcome blackheads**

Every night before retiring apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash-cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

### **How you can free your skin from blemishes**

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip



*OFTEN the best of life doesn't begin for a woman until she is thirty. Often it is only then that she begins to realize herself and her own possibilities. Don't think of your age, whatever it is, as a limitation—think of it as an opportunity! Use the knowledge you have gained from life to overcome past faults and disadvantages. Make up your mind to be lovelier every year—and you will be!*

the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes; then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

### **A special treatment for an oily skin**

First, cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

### **How to give a sallow skin color and life**

Once or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath

towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

No matter what your type of skin happens to be—you will find the treatment that exactly meets its needs in the booklet of famous skin treatments, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin your treatment tonight. You can get Woodbury's Facial Soap at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. For convenience—get Woodbury's in 3-cake boxes.

### **Three Woodbury skin preparations —guest size—for 10 cents**

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.  
1602 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio  
For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap  
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream  
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder  
Together with the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1602 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

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Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

him. So she and Benjamin said farewell, and Mrs. Faroni having collected a wad of bank-notes across the market place, climbed into Benjamin's archaic one-horse fly, and vanished in the direction of the railway station.

The Marquis of Harling came home.

Although he was a Marquis, and the head of a great house whose folk had lorded it over all that corner of England since the days when an ancestor had been William the Conqueror's cup-bearer, he was a very bluff and easily approachable person, and when Benjamin Gosling waylaid him at the door of the Marquis's Arms, and begged the favor of a few minutes' private interview, he responded cheerfully.

"Got a picture you want me to look at, eh, Gosling," exclaimed his Lordship as he hustled in. "What sort of a picture? Sporting print?"

"Oh, no, my Lord," replied Benjamin, leading the way. "Something of a very different class, my Lord. Er—it's a Rembrandt, my Lord. I picked it up—but perhaps your Lordship will kindly inspect it."

He led the Marquis up to the picture, and stood aside, waiting confidently to hear him

go into ecstasies about it. But the Marquis went into no ecstasies. Instead, he made short work of his job. Taking down the picture and turning it about in very workmanlike and matter-of-fact fashion, he suddenly put it on the table and snorted.

"Fake, Gosling! That's no Rembrandt—it's not even old. Modern canvas—modern stretcher. Wardour Street stuff!"

Benjamin felt as if the world was going round with him. He gasped.

"Not—not a Rembrandt, my Lord? Not—your Lordship sure?"

"Dead certain, Gosling! Ought to know, too—got six and thirty of 'em up at the castle. Lord bless you, man, this thing's been done within the last twelve months! Hope you haven't been let in for anything serious?"

But Benjamin wasn't going to tell his Lordship that: his Lordship was well known as an inveterate gossip, and the story would have been all over the neighborhood in a week. He managed to control himself, and put the question aside. He was thankful, however, when the Marquis, after sampling Benjamin's old brown sherry, hustled off again; it left Benjamin free to hurry to the post-office close by. There he despatched a telegram to Sir

Henry Wildacre: Sir Henry, at any rate, did not think the picture a fake, and his money was as good as the Marquis's. He felt better when the telegram was on the way. Still, he had no great appetite for his dinner. And his after-dinner cigar went out and was thrown into the grate when a message came along from the post-office. Benjamin's telegram to Sir Henry Wildacre couldn't be delivered, for the Shrewsbury postal people reported that there was no such place as Wildacre Hall and no such person as Sir Henry Wildacre—in their district, at any rate.

Benjamin went very near to having a seizure that afternoon. But he did not send for Dr. Pepperdeane. And when Dr. Pepperdeane next looked in at the Marquis's Arms, and saw that the Rembrandt had disappeared, and remarked upon its disappearance, Benjamin replied curtly that it had been disposed of. Certainly it had been disposed of: Benjamin had disposed of it in a lumber room upstairs. If he ever chances to visit that room, and his eyes fall on his purchase, he sighs deeply and reflects on the depravity of sinful nature and on the fiendish ingenuity of those human wolves who are always on the lookout for innocent lambs like himself.

*Montmartre is one of the most romantic and mysterious sections of Paris and almost anything is likely to happen there. That's why Rita Weiman's realistic story of this fascinating quarter, for a forthcoming number of COSMOPOLITAN, will delight and thrill you.*

## The Masterpiece

(Continued from page 37)

"as Timothy sometimes says? And in a day or two I shall have it in shape enough to read it."

"And then you've got to be here, Peter," Timothy suggested suddenly. "Come on, now—you and I. We went over her old essays in the Washington Square apartment, do you remember? She didn't ask us for advice then, we sat at her feet—where," he said, in sudden quite genuine feeling, "one of us sits still!"

"Quite of us," Peter amended, liking his host better at this moment than he had done today, remembering affectionately how simple old Tim was, after all, how easily touched, for all his joy and satisfaction in himself. He was handsome, successful, a faithful husband, a devoted father, a hard, straight-ahead worker—and that was much. It was even pleasant to feel that in a life so well rounded, with two unusual men in husband and son, Isabel might sometimes be glad to find room for a third, a companion with whom to wander some of the streets of Paris, loiter at a picture show, or in a tea-room. He had gathered from Timothy's talk that there was small loitering in his busy day. Chairs and tables were reserved for Timothy now, meetings were arranged, every expedition was important, formal, by mere virtue of having Timothy Yarrington in it at all. Winter, in Paris, Peter mused, content, might be good, with Timothy and Isabel in one's life again.

The talk took a definitely hospitable tone, when the clock struck seven, and bells—mellow church bells, in the neighborhood somewhere—confirmed it. He could go home and dress, but he must dine with them this first night; there would be other guests, no matter—Peter was "family" now.

"Don?" asked Don's father.

"I think he'll have a bite earlier, he loves to walk in these autumn evenings," his mother apologized. "Not a drawing-room exhibit, exactly!" she explained to Peter.

"Gerry?" asked the writer.

"Germaine—no. She has a bad headache. She dreads the going back to school, poor youngster." Isabel again interpreted, to Peter. And as they separated she asked, smiling and flushing, "Will you really come and hear my story?"

"If you wouldn't rather—" Timothy was out of hearing, "—rather read it just to Tim?" he said.

"No," she said hurriedly, half-smiling, half-troubled, "if you'll come—it'll make it sure. Say you will; be sure to tell him so, tonight. Otherwise he may put it off, and put it off! It's not important really, and he is always busy. But if you make a little occasion of it—"

He glanced at Timothy, big, triumphant, humming softly as he shook out the evening paper, enthroned in luxury and lamplight, and glanced back at his wife, slender, quivering, beautiful, the exquisite harp of a thousand chords.

"Of course," he said briefly. "Make an occasion of it, indeed! To hear the author I've been waiting for twenty years read her 'Masterpiece.' What do you think is an occasion?"

So Peter came to the big gray "hotel" again, and again was sent upstairs by the old concierge, and again found himself in Isabel's lovely drawing-room; this time with rain gathering and streaming, and gathering and streaming, down the tall, high gray windows. All Paris smoked under the first rains, the streets gave back steel reflections, and the little steamers that threaded the gray river seemed dissolving in falling water, moving water, enveloping water.

It was the day of days for this sort of thing, Timothy said, in satisfaction. He was alone beside a good fire, poking the bed of solid, glowing coals occasionally with the steel prod, smoking contentedly, a prisoner, he said, of the weather, and of one of his easy colds. "Curse this half-and-half season anyway," he added, good-humoredly.

"And where's the prima donna?"

"Oh, waiting for an entrance Peter! The stage all has to be set for this performance," Timothy growled, indulgently. "She has been as fussy as a high-school girl about it. Wouldn't have the boy in—the little girl went back yesterday, by the way. No, this is a first-night for Isabel, all right."

"Now stop," said Isabel herself, coming in with her hands full of papers. She slightly changed the position of a big round, comfortable velvet armchair, glanced—with a

whimsical smile at the men that admitted her own absurdity—at the dull, quiet afternoon light that was entering the window, lighted a standing lamp on a wrought-iron standard, and finally seated herself, with a triumphant rustle of settling, like a busy little girl.

The cone of light encircled her beautiful head, with its crown of thick tawny hair, and sent deep shadows under her almond eyes. Peter thought no mouth in the world ever showed the restraints, the character, the humor and charm, that Isabel's finely-chiseled mouth expressed.

She was wearing some sort of loose embroidered gown; Roumanian, she explained, when Peter admired it. It was dove-gray, gold, black, it fell squarely, in stiff angles, like a priest's robe, there was one immense clear emerald on her white hand.

"Isabel, you're lovelier than ever!"

"That's usual, in this generation," she conceded, smiling. "Now, this manuscript isn't really ready to be discussed," she began, with a delightful catch of sheer shyness in her voice. "The most important part—the big scene—" Isabel confessed, "I haven't quite finished. But what I want is your ideas—your verdict whether I have a story here, or whether I haven't. Sometimes it seems to me tremendous, and sometimes just—bosh. It's a society study—"

"Oh, Isabel, for Heaven's sake!" her husband interrupted, amused and affectionate and impatient. "Get started! Cut out these airs! Did you ever see anything like it, Peter?"

"Well, my characters—" she was beginning, when he interrupted her again.

"Go on!"

"I will, I will!" she agreed, hurriedly. "But I really have to explain a little, Tim, because Peter was brought up in the far west, and he doesn't know our home atmosphere. This is written of one of America's oldest and proudest families, Peter. Aunt Hannah, Timothy," she added, with a glance full of significance.

"Oh, Lord!" Timothy ejaculated, simply.

"Rigidly theological, without ever having had a faint flash of true Christianity," Isabel resumed, "critical, proud—proud as Lucifer, Peter—cold, narrow, putting the family tree first, and even their own terrible and revengeful



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God a little bit behind it—moribund, rotting, one of those families that has lost all sight of the plain things that began them, the big families, the expansion into a new country, the handling of pioneer problems, the very things that made them great! They live now only to preserve old portraits, old dead silver, old rooms full of old, old furniture, old servants—"

"Old letters, hates and feuds, old offices full of rotting documents—" Timothy added, with a shudder. "That's one reason," he said, to Peter, "that we live abroad. My Cousin Jenny—br-r-r!"

"You'll recognize her—" Isabel said, delighted with his feeling. "I've set my scene there, in a proud, dark, decaying old family," she went on. "Rich as Cresus, useless, and stupidly set in the ways of righteousness. And I've brought new wine into my old bottles—"

Her husband was interested now, already prodded.

"What sort of new wine?" he asked.

"You'll see! The wine of youth," she answered. And while the rain lisped and dripped at the high, opaque window, and the coke fire burned, and the clock ticked and tocked steadily, she began to read.

As she read, Peter, listening with his elbow on the arm of his chair, and his cheek resting on his palm, felt himself taken away, across the salty north Atlantic, into one of those staidly established American towns that are by their very nature older than anything Europe will ever know. Settled only two hundred years, by cold and granite inhabitants, they seem to be a part of their own mountains, of their own flinty soil. Dark rooms cold in winter, shaded and gloomy on the most burning summer day, polished floors, polished silver, traditions—heritages—judgments.

Isabel called her family the "Judsons," and the very name came almost instantly to Peter to express their adamant pride and reserve. Their woolen mill. Their wealth. Their heavy, quiet meals in a heavy, quiet dining-room. Their bachelors. Their spinsters. Their solid, impregnate rectitude.

Old Lady Judson, sixty, steel-eyed, lace-shawled, silent. Sarah and Caroline, unmarried at forty-three and five. George, Cyrus and William, all unwed. Henry, eighteen years dead, and Henry's little girl, Honor, eighteen years old, and motherless since babyhood. Finally, Henry Cyrus, father of the family, spade-bearded, righteous, sixty-five.

Books, talk of reviews. Talk of national politics, of ancestors, of women's clubs. Talk of bridge, of golf, of the new factory. All talk merging into the silence that itself seemed something tangible, in that old house.

Little Honor with gold hair and shy brown eyes, saying "Yes, Aunt Sally. No, Uncle Billy." Little Honor going daily with her grandmother and aunts for a drive, with young Dick Sloane, the family chauffeur, at the wheel of the limousine.

And suddenly, for little Honor—love. Dick Sloane's murmuring voice, warm and trembling, in her ear; Dick's hand, hard and young, over her soft little aristocratic hand, Dick's hot kisses, frightening her, awakening her. Dick's arms—

"My God," Timothy Yarrington whispered, at this point. "You make me sick. You make me sick. They're going to crush her!"

Isabel paused, her eyes bright with unshed tears, her cheeks red with excitement.

"That's my story," she said, breathing a little hard with sheer pleasure and pride, at the look she saw in the men's eyes. "Life comes at last, after so many barren years, to the Judsons. The girl's body is perfect, the boy's is perfect. Perfect love, in the sweet, soft summertime, brings them together, and they find each other! But the Judsons, for all the elaborate frame they have built for life, for all their treasure of its mementoes," Isabel, looking off the manuscript now, ruffling the pages with a nervous hand as she spoke, went on, "the Judsons won't have it! The girl is a Judson, the boy is a nobody. They must be

parted—young, and palpitating with their glorious first passion, they must be torn apart by the dry old empty hands of the Judsons—"

"By God, Isabel, you have a story there!" Timothy said, in a sort of breathless admiration, when she paused. "That's a story, dear—if you can develop it. Fish-eyed, flat-chested old maids, but they can put their narrow old Congress gaiters down on *that*, fast enough!"

"In the story, they have her up for one of those family court-martials," Isabel proceeded. "You remember them, Tim?"

"How they love them!" he said bitterly. "A blubbering kid contradicting himself, getting in deeper and deeper. Let him speak, Jenny. Let him explain this himself—!"

He shuddered, and Isabel looked back at her written pages.

"It is decided to dismiss the chauffeur," she resumed. "And to take the little girl, Honor, around the world with Grandma and Aunt Sarah."

"Good!" interpolated Timothy, with acid relish. "Show her the pyramids. Good!"

"The child stands stricken and silent," Isabel continued. "She has always been biddable—always obeyed. She listens, agrees, she has very little to say. Trunks are brought upstairs, and the man, Dick Sloane, sent ignominiously away. There is even a cold letter of recommendation written by Miss Carrie, for Dick, so that all appearances shall be in order."

"Good touch!" Timothy said again, grinning appreciatively.

But the story, Isabel said, wasn't finished. More than love had found little Honor out, it appeared. To the chill, stark consternation of all who loved her, there was worse. The child was no longer a child. The delicate little body was the chalice now, of more than Honor's life . . .

Peter had known that Isabel was a born writer. But in the few iron sentences in which she described the attitude of the Judson family toward disgrace, toward threatened shame, he saw more than a mere piece of stupendous writing. It was the cruel, Christless religion of minds poisoned by deep-rooted and quite unconscious limitations and stupidities, by jealousy, by worldly pride, by fear, by anger, laid bare here before him.

"Is it as bad as that?" he asked, when she paused. Isabel looked questioningly at her husband.

"Isn't it, Tim?"

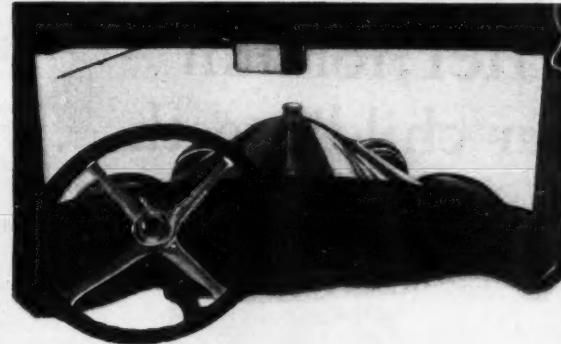
Timothy Yarrington had his affectations, as none knew better than Peter. But he was not acting now. He was restlessly pacing the hearth rug, his hands sunk in the pockets of his velvet coat, his leonine head a little fallen forward, his brow dark.

"Yes, it is as bad as that!" he conceded. "The boy banished—the minister—the little girl convulsed with tears, disgraced, heart-broken! The aunts going about, opening and closing doors—everything kept from the servants, the neighbors, the friends, of course. Gloom. Gloom. The house full of horror—because something *real* has happened in it! Yes, you've a story there, Isabel. How do you end it? They run away. They always do. God bless 'em! Thanks to them, there isn't an old family that hasn't its scandal!"

"No, I don't have them run away," Isabel said, turning back to her papers once more, her wet eyes sparkling. "They may. But that isn't the way the story ends. The boy has vanished, do you see? The girl is shut up in this mausoleum of a house, frightened, ashamed, overborne. There is to be a hospital experience—arranged with the dismally horrified, discreetly helpful old family doctor—"

"And they would do it, too!" Timothy breathed, now in his chair again, with his locked hands hanging between his knees, and his eyes on his wife. "They would do it, too!"

"My last scene, and this is the scene that I'm worried about," Isabel confessed, "is on the day when they are going to take the little



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That's often a danger sign. If the dentifrice you now use doesn't combat it successfully, it's inadequate. How to combat it without harmful grit—the new way in child's tooth care specialists recommend.

FOREMOST dental authorities now advise a new way in caring for a child's teeth. A way different in formula, action and effect from any other method.

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girl to the hospital. One aunt has packed her bag, another has engaged two fine nurses, the limousine, with an old driver this time, is at the door. Grandma has succumbed under the blow, and the family friends hear that she has had a little return of her nervous breakdown. The uncles are all silent, watchful, determined that the blot on the family scutcheon shall be as quickly, as quietly as is possible, wiped out. The old man, like a tiger on a short chain, is breathing through his nostrils while the insufferable details are dispatched; anything to have this thing behind them, to be walking impressively up the church aisle, with the collection box, again!"

"Then the child, Honor, speaks for almost the first time in the story," Isabel went on. "She sees the car waiting, she sees the stony faces, she doesn't know where her Dick is, nor how to find him, and in one last, frantic burst, she begs for—life. She goes on her knees, she turns from one to another, she catches at her aunts' fingers—those cold, righteous, maidenly fingers.

"She sobs out that she isn't bad—she loves Dick, she loves her baby. Ah, please—please—they aren't to punish her little innocent baby! They've never had a baby in the house—she's always wanted one! He'll be hers—can't they see that?—he'll be *theirs*! She doesn't want to go to the hospital, and have Aunt Carrie's friends and Aunt Sally's friends and Grandma's friends come in and see her, and talk to her about appendicitis—she wants her little baby! Ah, please—he will be so cute! He will sit up in his high-chair, and blow those silly bubbles—as the babies do in the parks—he will have curls all over his little head!"

"She's been bad—she knows that now, although she *didn't* know it—she had been so happy about Dick's loving her, until that night—that night was all wrong—they both knew it—they had worried about it, prayed about it, God knew how sorry—sorry—sorry they were! And as she sobs and stammers this out," said Isabel, "her face is soaked with tears. Wouldn't they *please* forgive her—let her go to Dick, let the baby come! Kings-Kings had asked God for babies. Everybody couldn't have them! They were—why, babies were the world, after all. In a year or two he'd be in little ankle-strap slippers—he'd be toddling with his little head bobbing over trains and blocks! She *wanted* him so! They had told her that she could never marry now—that no decent man would want her now; she didn't mind that. But she had been dreaming of having her own baby in her arms—

"And the story ends," Isabel said in a dead silence, her voice thick with tears, her cheeks washed by them. "By an aunt lifting her from her knees, and another aunt quietly opening the door, and a butler opening the big street door of the Judson house, and the old chauffeur opening the door of the limousine. And so life, and youth, and love—go out."

She stopped. There was absolute stillness in the library. Neither man moved his eyes from her for a long time.

Then Timothy cleared his throat, and quite openly wiped his eyes, and blew his nose. He stretched a hand for the manuscript, smiling unsteadily.

"Isabel, give it to me. I wouldn't trust you, or anybody, to touch it again. Leave it with me, I want to go over it. You have done it, my dear. It's your masterpiece! It was worth waiting for!"

"Ah, Tim, you're not fooling me, after so many years!" her voice said, wistfully. Peter saw that the thing had shaken her to the very soul. So potent had been the power of her words, her strangely vibrant, passionate tone, that he himself felt weak. He wondered if the world that would read Isabel's masterpiece would have even a faint shadow of the knowledge of what it was to hear it first in Isabel's voice.

"Peter," Timothy said, his voice still husky, and his lashes wet, "is there anybody like her?"

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"I WAS a wreck and I knew it. Although young, scarcely twenty, indigestion had taken a firm hold; my complexion was bad, vitality gone and life looked black. I had tried everything and yeast had been recommended to me. 'How absurd,' I mused. 'Yet if I only dared hope!' At the end of a month my complexion was noticeably improved, my stomach working properly and my entire system rejuvenated. Miracles like this cannot happen in a day, but now I am the picture of health."

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before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast when taken this way is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

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(Mr. John Faulkner, Nanaimo, B. C.)

*Here are two young men, equally good-looking, equally well-dressed. You see such men at every social gathering. Why is one dismissed whenever there is a chance to do so, while the other is invited, even urged, to remain?*



## "Good Night"

**I**MUST be going now," said the young man in the foreground of this picture. Immediately he was taken at his word! He is hard-working and sincere—but he is dull and tiresome, a wet blanket at every social occasion he attends.

The other young man is very interesting. His conversation is not confined to his own business; he talks like a man who has traveled widely, though his only journeys are a business man's trips. He knows something of biography and history; and of the work of great scientists, playwrights and novelists.

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"If you ask me," Peter said simply, "no." The writer was eagerly handling the crumpled, written and rewritten pages. Isabel stood up. Peter, rising to go with her to the door, found himself invited, with one of her eloquent glances, to accompany her.

"While you look at it, Tim," she said. "I'm going to show Peter your etchings." They left Timothy absorbed.

But in the hallway he felt that she had forgotten him. She stood outside the library door, silent, and constraining him to silence. She was waiting for something, perhaps. Her

breath came unevenly, she gripped Peter's fingers in a cold hand, tapped the floor with one slipper.

Don came downstairs. Had she been waiting for Don? Peter looked at her expectantly, but she had no eyes for him. Her son came close to her, and she put one hand on his shoulder, and raised her lovely face, white with a mother's love and a mother's anxiety, to the boy's grave, affectionate kiss.

"Remember how he's always loved you, always understood you, Don," she said in a whisper. "Go in, now, and talk to your father!"

## The Pleasure Buyers

(Continued from page 59)

West Wind, until four that morning," declared Kildare.

The Reverend Tad shook his head. "I've talked to the crew. None of them can swear that you didn't leave the boat, Kildare."

If the statement came as a shock, Kildare's countenance, schooled in a hundred prize-ring battles to hide expression, gave no sign of what may have been his inner perturbation.

"We've got more than that. We have a witness who saw you trying to stab Cassenas right here in this drawing-room," said Quintard harshly. "He heard your whole talk—Kildare, we know who you are: your daughter married Cassenas before he went to France with the army and—"

Kildare's rigid, taut body relaxed; he sank down into a chair.

"Well," he said slowly, "if you know that, there's no use my stalling, and— But I didn't kill Cassenas."

Dr. Workman stilled Quintard's impatient exclamation with an uplifted hand.

"Tell us the whole story, Kildare," he said not unkindly.

"All right; I will," replied the major-domo. "Cassenas was a rat. I had a daughter. You've seen her picture upstairs, Doctor. An angel, if ever one lived, and—I was workin' for Cassenas. Of course, he saw her frequently. If I'd known how frequently—well, I didn't. First thing I knew—well, he had a way with him, and—she—she was a young thing—Must I tell my daughter's shame? I made him marry her. I was no more proud of the weddin' than he was—less, by the God that made me! Norah married under her own name, and I stood with her under my righteous name, Kildare being my ring name. He married her and went to war. And she, the blessed colleen with no har-rrm in her—she died. And I went on serving him, not because I wanted to, but because I was his guardian. I swore he'd do no more har-rrm in this world. And he didn't. He'd go so far with a woman and then—I'd step in. And I swore that he'd always be true to her in body if not in heart. I swore I'd kill him before he married another woman. Damn him, it was a maniac he made of me."

"I made him send flowers to my Norah's grave. I made him visit the cemetery. I—well, he said he'd marry the Gary girl. There was a row with the General, and I thought it was over. But right after the row he told me that the girl loved him, that, despite her father's anger, he'd get her to elope. I warned him; he kept saying that he would marry, and I said no. Then, angered, I drew the knife—" He paused and looked at Workman. "I lied when I said it fell overboard. I'd planned how to kill him, and this seemed a good plan. With a knife that no one owned— Well, I'd been carrying it for days inside me waist-coat. I'd been getting crazier and crazier, brodin' whilst the years rolled by. And so I'd planned, whether he married or not—"

He drew a long breath. His voice lost its touch of brogue. "But the Irish aren't knife men, gentlemen. A club, or a gun, but we don't use knives. I broke his puny grip as we fought, raised the blade, had him at my mercy and then—I

couldn't do it. I seemed to hear my Norah telling me that this was her husband, that she loved this rat of a man, and—I gave him his knife that I'd stolen when I pretended it had fallen into Lake Worth. 'Go kill yourself, you hound,' I said to him.

"And I walked into the house. And that's all, so help me God, I know of the matter. I became suddenly sane again, through with my brooding, and—"

"Why did you burn the funeral permit in the grate?" demanded Workman.

"Because I thought I'd be suspected if it ever got out that my daughter had been married to him. I burned letters from him to her— Man, I'd come so close to murder that I trembled if the world should know how close. I feared that what has happened would happen—that I'd be suspected—"

"And hanged," cried Quintard triumphantly. "Why, Kildare, you fool, do you dare to tell us, with what you've admitted, that you didn't kill Cassenas?"

Kildare raised his right hand. "So help me God, I have told the truth, and all the truth. I let go the knife; Cassenas lifted it. Then he shook his head slowly, and backed out of the room, into the patio. I went to bed, and that's the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and to that truth I'll stick until—"

"You're hanged," cried Quintard again. He clapped a hand on Kildare's shoulder. "Kildare, I arrest you for the murder of Eugene Cassenas. Anything you say will be used against you."

One of the men from his office approached. A handcuff was slipped over Kildare's wrist. Quintard beamed upon the revivalist.

"You can't say that I didn't land him all by myself, Doctor. Of course, you helped, but—I discovered the murderer of Cassenas."

"Did you?" asked Workman, mildly.

"When?"

"When?" echoed Quintard. "Why, Doctor, you've lost your jazz! I'll admit I was all wrong about Miss Ripley—seventeen miles off the trail—but now—"

"Kildare," interrupted Workman, "did you write a letter, in Cassenas's handwriting, to General Gary?"

Kildare shook his head. "I have trouble enough writing my own name, in my own handwriting."

"Are you still harping on that note, Doctor?" asked Quintard.

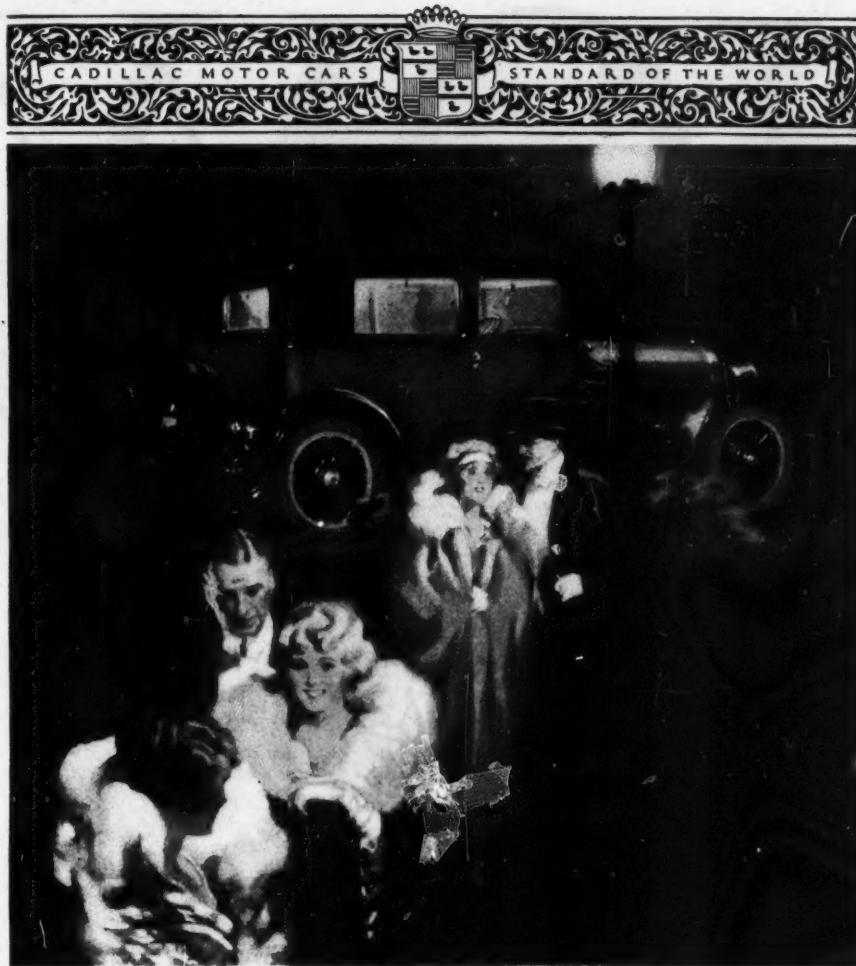
"The writer killed Cassenas," said Workman.

"Good stuff; I'm always strong for a sticker," grinned Quintard. "Maybe the writer did the murder, but Kildare is the one who'll hang for it. Come," he said to Kildare.

### CHAPTER XXVIII

WHATEVER Mrs. Wellington Wiswell did had the priceless quality of the impromptu. Her most important domestic decision, her most elaborate entertainment, were invested with an apparent insouciance that rarely betrayed the careful thought lurking in the background. She was seemingly impulsive, and was able, even when the impulse was the result of long cogitation, to impart recklessness to her action.

(Continued on page 118)



**I**N this new Cadillac Coach (priced the same as open cars) literally thousands of buyers will recognize the opportunity they have been awaiting and anticipating.

Here is a wonderfully balanced, five passenger Coach with Body by Fisher, finished in Cadillac-Duco in a new and attractive color, upholstered in taupe mohair plush, and fitted with dome light, window curtains, and foot rest—a beautiful, roomy, comfortable car.

Mounted on the standard V-63 Cadillac chassis, it assures to its owners standards of quiet, vibrationless performance, dependability and long economical service which they know are exclusively Cadillac.

At its appealing price this Coach, in addition to the Custom-Built and Standard V-63 lines, establishes more clearly than ever Cadillac's ability to combine highest quality with highest value in eight-cylinder manufacture.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH., *Division of General Motors Corporation*

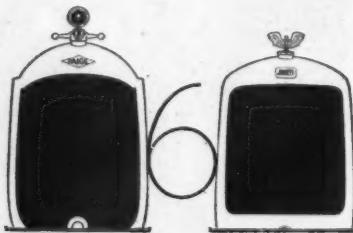
## C A D I L L A C - C O A C H



# NOW—

**Paige-Jewett Engineers Offer New Smoothness—New Ability—New Comfort—New Silence—New Beauty—and**

## **Permanent Perfected Performance**



**Prepare for Progress.** There is a New Paige and a New Jewett. They outperform in every way our previous best. And you know what that was—

Paige official stock chassis records stand unbeaten. Jewett has won hundreds of hill-climbs. It seemed impossible to better such performance.

But now comes another step forward. We have not only bettered it. We have *perfected* that performance—have made it so smooth, so ready, so many-sided, so lasting that today's engineering knowledge can offer no further improvements.

New smoothness so perfected that vibration is not detectable at any speed! Thanks to new, costly balanced crankshafts. Noiseless motors have been produced by improved silent chain drive and other refinements.

New road smoothness and comfort come from new springs designed for balloon tires. New handling ease from ball-bearing, special-gearred steering. New safety with perfected hydraulic 4-wheel brakes. And finally new

beauty of bodies and equipment maintains for the New Paige and the New Jewett their style leadership.

**Fear No Follies.** This *perfected* performance is built around six-cylinder motors. Sixes—for their inherent balance and economy. Sixes—because our 10 years' specializing has perfected them beyond need of complications. And the engineering of the world's costliest cars agrees with ours.

Paige-Jewett motors are of exceptional size. Ample power is produced without "racing" them. They last long because geared moderately and never overtaxed. Pull easily through hard going in high.

**Permanent Performance**—perfected to new excellence—that is the keynote of Paige-Jewett engineering.

So we have retained these long-proved features, refined where possible: the Paige-Jewett clutch of saw-blade steel that neither jerks nor stalls the motor; the transmission that permits changing from high to second at 30 miles an hour; universal joints—

with sealed-in oil that lasts 15,000 miles, so no wear, no back-lash.

We are building today not only the ablest, easiest handling and truly comfortable cars, but cars whose fine qualities stay and stay and stay.

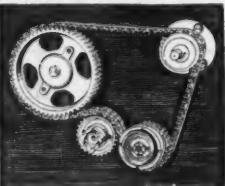
Paige and Jewett are alike in this new performance. Jewett gives it to you in a car of convenient size. Paige, in a bigger car—with the added advantages of greater size and power.

With assets of \$15,000,000, an enormous new plant, and the most modern machinery—our sixteen years' experience is showing results as never before. The Paige-Jewett Dealer is ready to prove it.

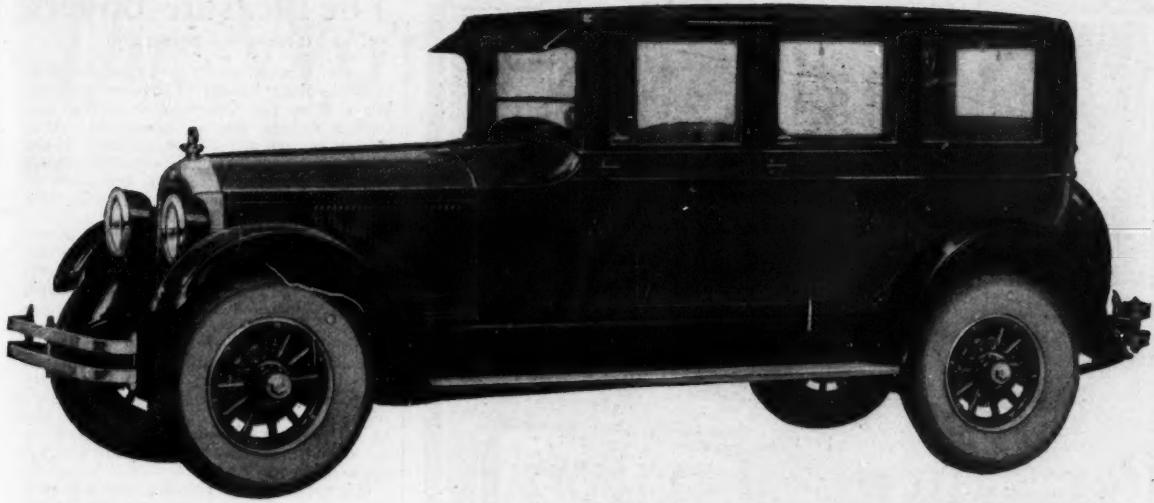
(500-A)

### *Jewett and Paige Silent Chain Drive*

Both Jewett and Paige motors are built with silent chain drive for pump and timing shafts. Note the automatic take-up sprocket. By a spring and cam arrangement this sprocket keeps a constant tension on the chain, completely offsetting the effects of wear (stretch), preventing back-lash, retaining timing accuracy. Silence is permanent.



## **NEW MOTORS—PERFECTED FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES**



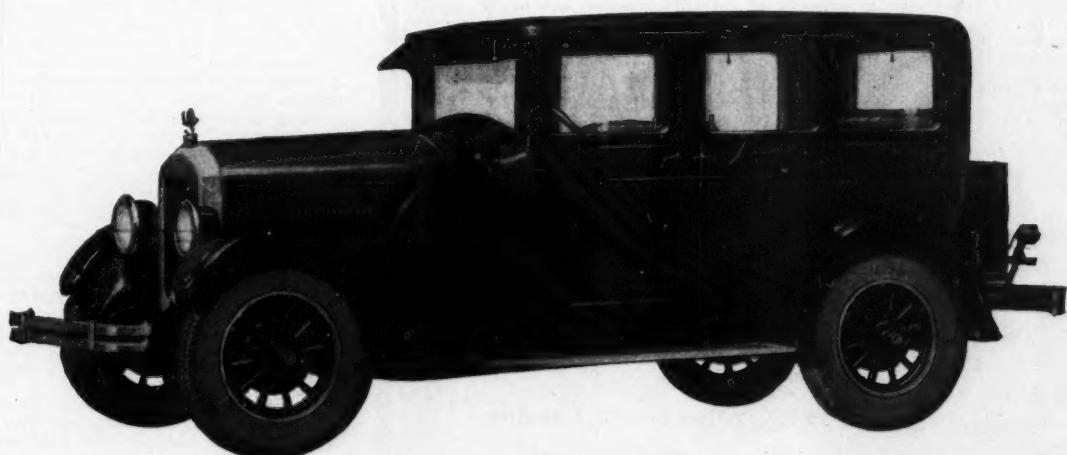
# The new PAIGE

Improved 70 horsepower motor— $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5^{\prime\prime}$   
New dynamically balanced crankshaft  
New larger water circulating pump  
New increased radiator capacity  
Silent chain drive with automatic takeup  
Wheelbase 131 inches

Rear springs over 5 feet long  
New design springs for balloon tires  
Snubbers at all four wheels  
Balloon tires  $85 \times 6.75$   
Perfected self-adjusting 4-wheel brakes  
(Lockheed hydraulic) at slight extra cost  
New steering gear for balloon tires

New colors—gray and green  
More beautiful bodies  
New riding comfort  
New handling ease  
New performance flexibility  
New complete equipment

PHAETON (5 or 7), \$2165—BROUGHAM (5), \$2205—SEDAN (7), \$2240—SUBURBAN LIMOUSINE (7), \$2965. Prices at Detroit. Tax extra.



# The new JEWETT

New 55 horsepower motor— $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5^{\prime\prime}$   
New counterbalanced crankshaft  
New silent chain with automatic takeup  
New silent valve-gear  
New lubrication of pistons  
New double-bearing wrist-pin construction  
New type interchangeable main bearings

Perfected self-adjusting 4-wheel brakes  
(Lockheed hydraulic) at slight extra cost  
New larger size balloon tires  $31 \times 5.25$   
New spring design for balloon tires  
New steering gear for balloon tires  
New deep crowned fenders—extra strong  
New style running boards—2 inches lower

New body styles—Touring, Brougham, Sedan  
New permanent satin lacquer finish in new colors  
New instrument board and window trim  
New seat comfort positions  
New interior effects and appointments  
New handling ease and riding comfort  
New performance and smoothness

STANDARD TOURING (5), \$1175—DE LUXE TOURING, \$1290—COUPE (3), \$1310—STANDARD BROUGHAM (5), \$1385—DE LUXE BROUGHAM, \$1525  
STANDARD SEDAN (5), \$1545—DE LUXE SEDAN, \$1745. All prices at Detroit. Tax extra.

**NEW BODIES — LARGER BALLOON TIRES**

## The Pleasure Buyers

(Continued from page 114)

It was a mixed group that attended Mrs. Wiswell's dinner tonight. The Social Register, Who's Who, the Almanach de Gotha, and Burke's Peerage were all represented. Also, there were men and women unknown to the pages of any of these would-be arbiters of rank or worth, persons whose fame held more of notoriety than notability, but who, in their various ways, were entertaining.

The Countess Dumoulin sat beside a cotton broker whose claim to social acceptance was due to the fact that he was absolutely devoid of humor. His face, when a joke was uttered, always convulsed the rest of the guests, so hopeless, so despairing was the effort to get the point that was depicted upon his features.

A motion-picture actress whose love affairs were the common—and delightful—property of the world was beside an Episcopal bishop whose lack of sophistication endeared him to his partner. Money, talent, position, notoriety—these were gathered in one heterogeneous group.

Originally, when speaking to Countess Dumoulin on the beach, on that occasion when she had dared everything in behalf of the girl whom she had befriended, Mrs. Wiswell had planned a dinner for Helen which should include only persons of impeccable social position. But, apparently for no particular reason, she had widened the scope of her party, until, instead of being limited to a dozen guests or so, there were fifty or sixty persons seated at tables that ran around the three sides of the patio.

Cocktails had assured a running start for the party. Guests had begun to arrive at eight-thirty; most of them had attended one or more cocktail parties in the early evening; those who had not done so promptly made up for the lost opportunities.

"Drinking," Mrs. Wiswell announced, "is by way of becoming one of the lost arts. Soon it will only be a memory. Let us imprint upon our recollections its nature, its character, so that we may tell our grandchildren about it."

"Grandchildren," said Merton Connors, "are the only revenge we ever have upon our own children."

"Is that an epigram?" demanded Mrs. Gansevoort.

"If it is, its credit belongs not to me, but to a famous Frenchman," Connors disclaimed.

"But he called his grandchildren the enemies of his enemies. Your wording is much different; you are entitled," said Mrs. Wiswell, "to the credit."

"Then I am a wit," cried Connors. "Thank God I have lifted myself above the dead level of mediocrity where I was born! Just an idle rich man, an oppressor of the poor, the foe of the working man: that's all I've been. But now, ladies and gentlemen, please drink a shot of liquor to Merton Connors, the epigrammatist."

Helen looked at her hostess, now seated in the middle of the table that connected the two side tables. At her right hand was a vacant chair.

"For whom is the place of honor?" asked someone.

Mrs. Wiswell placed a hand over her heart. "For Welly, if the little rascal's train ever arrives. It's six hours late, and I'm slowly dying of love. People, when that man arrives I'm not only going to violate etiquette by seating him beside me, but I'm going to kiss him publicly, shamelessly—"

"Sh-sh," came the monition from a dozen mouths. "Some of us, despite appearances," said Mrs. Connors, "are really moral."

"Well, even in these critical days, it isn't really immoral to kiss a man merely because you happen to be married to him, is it?" demanded Mrs. Wiswell.

"Not if you stop there," said Merton Connors, thereby accepting his rôle of wit, and living up to it, "but you know what

**Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap**

Compact Single \$1.  
Double \$1.50

By Appointment to H. R. H. The Prince of Wales

**Yardley's Lavender Soap**  
brings to you all the refreshing fragrance of choicest English lavender blossoms—sweet and dainty, charming beyond words.

The lovely Lavender fragrance is combined with a soft mellow lather that cleanses, beautifies and soothes the tenderest skin.

Yardley's Lavender Soap, made of exquisitely pure materials, has been used by leaders of taste and fashion for more than a century.

35c the large tablet, \$1.00 the box of three. The series also includes Lavender Water, Compacts (double or single), Face Powder, Talc, Bath Salts and Shampoo.

**Yardley 8 New Bond St. London**

15-19 MADISON SQUARE NORTH NEW YORK

Talcum Powder 45c

Canada: 184 Bay Street Toronto

Shampoo Powder 15c the cartridge box of six

# The Wonders of Radio now Multiplied!

*Almost in a day this newest and most remarkable of musical instruments, the Brunswick Radiola, has changed all previous ideals of the musical and tonal possibilities of radio; of the ultimate in home entertainment. What it is and does—some remarkable features*

**Y**OU have certain ideas of radio, both from your own experiences and those of your friends. You have heard some wonderful things.

Now we ask you to multiply those ideas; to hear, if only for the sheer marvel of it, the instrument that critics, experts and musicians throughout the world have accounted the most important tonal achievement of years.

#### *What it is*

The name is the Brunswick Radiola—a phonograph and a radio in one—the superlative in phonographic reproduction with radio's greatest achievements, the Radiola receiving devices of the Radio Corporation of America.

Designed and built as a unit by the Radio Corporation of America in collaboration with Brunswick, it embodies scores of features found in no other instrument in the world.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction, which in recent years has attracted virtually every famous artist of the New Hall of Fame to the Brunswick Phonograph, has been subsidized to do for radio that which it did for phonographic music. The result is a musical revelation.

#### *Not a makeshift "combination"*

It is in nowise comparable with so-called "combination" instruments

(makeshifts, merely ordinary phonographs with radio installations) but a scientifically combined unit, marking the best that men know in radio and in music.

Already it is a world-commented acoustical marvel, revealing an almost unbelievable tonal quality and clarity, due to the scientific synchronizing of the Radiola loud speaker with the Brunswick all-wood tone amplifier and two-purpose horn.

And it provides a compactness and simplicity of operation unknown before.

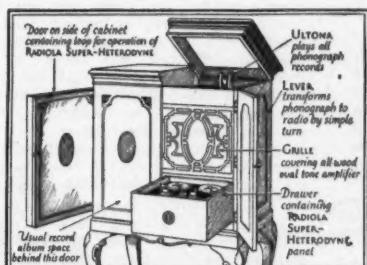
#### *All music at your command*

At a turn of a lever you have ordinarily unexplorable mysteries of the air at your command. Another turn, and you have the world's outstanding phonograph to play your favorite records. Everything in radio, in music, in the most thrilling of home entertainment, is at your command—instantly, beautifully, wonderfully.

#### *Prices as low as \$190*

Some instruments embody the famous Radiola Super-Heterodyne; others the Radiola Regenoflex, others the Radiola 3 and 3A.

Prices are as low as \$190. Your Brunswick dealer will explain how liberal terms of payment can be arranged.



#### **Some Remarkable Features**

Give radio a clarity, tonal and musical beauty beyond any present conceptions you have.

Unites the world-noted Brunswick Phonograph with the outstanding achievements in radio, the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, Radiola Regenoflex and other receiving devices of the Radio Corporation of America—not a makeshift, but a scientifically combined unit.

Brings amazing selectivity to big centers; offers those in smaller cities immediate touch with metropolitan musical, topical and educational events.

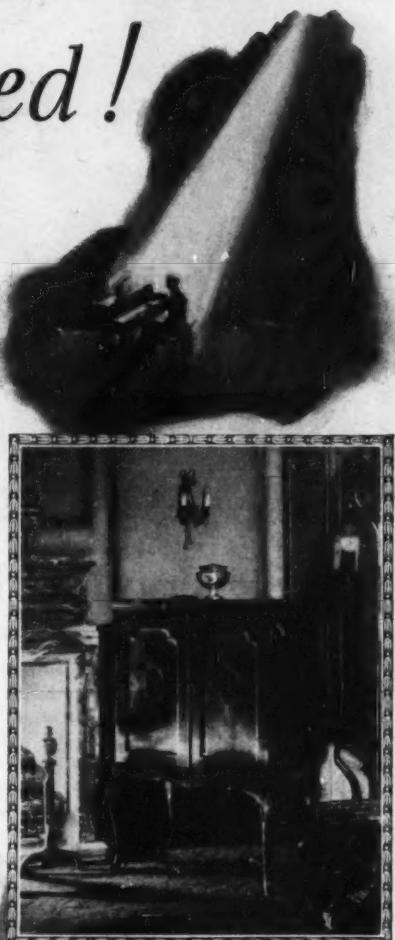
**REMEMBER:**  
Brunswick now offers the choice of two supreme musical instruments: the Brunswick Phonograph and the Brunswick Radiola, which is a phonograph and a radio in one. Embodied in cabinets expressing the ultimate in fine craftsmanship.

© B. B. C. Co. 1925

*The Sign of Musical Prestige*  
**Brunswick**  
PHONOGRAPHS • RECORDS • RADIOLAS

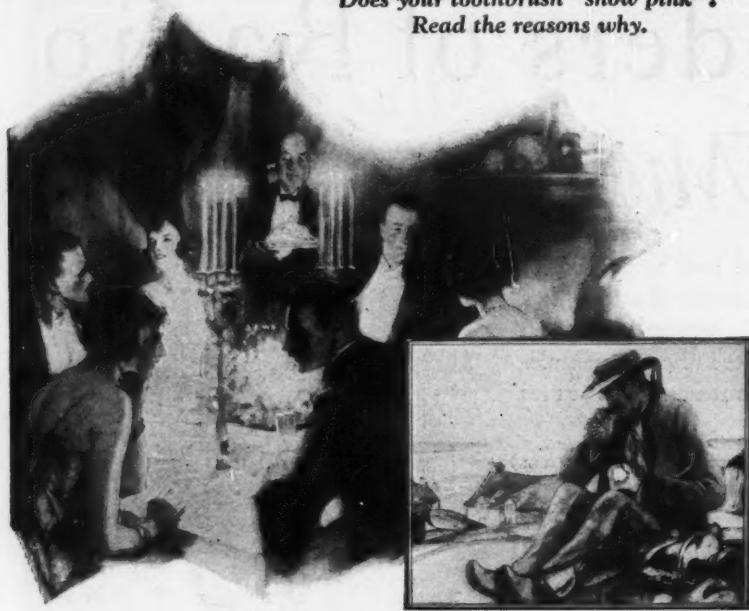
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-CÖLLENDER CO.

Manufacturers—Established 1845  
GENERAL OFFICES: CHICAGO  
Branches in all principal cities



Brunswick Radiola  
Model No. 360

**Does your toothbrush "show pink?"  
Read the reasons why.**



## Party Food or Peasant Fare —which is better for your gums?

**C**ONSIDERING how little care he devotes to them, the peasant's teeth are in marvelous condition. He eats rough, coarse food which gives his gums plenty of exercise, and his gums are, therefore, firm and healthy.

But this soft, modern food which we eat, these creamy, delicious things which form so great a part of our diet, rob our gums of that blood-rousing stimulation they need to remain in health.

### "Pink toothbrush"

—look out for it!

As a result of long years of eating soft food, our gums grow soft, flabby, congested. The toothbrush begins to "show pink"—a warning of trouble to come.

The dentists of America are awake to this situation. Specialists in troubles

of the gums tell us that, desirable as it is to keep the surface of our teeth clean and white, that alone is not enough. We must make the care of our gums a part of our daily routine.

### Why dentists prefer Ipana

Because of its benefits to the gums, Ipana Tooth Paste now enjoys the professional recommendation of thousands of dentists. For Ipana not only cleanses teeth safely and efficiently; it tones and strengthens weak, undernourished gum tissue.

Indeed, many practitioners, in stubborn cases of bleeding gums, direct a gum massage with Ipana after the regular brushing. For it is the presence of ziratol, a valuable antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by dentists, that gives Ipana its remarkable power to help the health of the gums.

### Try a tube of Ipana today

If you are troubled by gums that are soft or tender to the brush, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it, you will note the improvement. And you will be delighted with its smooth, rich consistency, its delicious flavor, and its clean, refreshing taste.

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. H 25  
42 Rector Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

kissing leads to, if you do not take care."

"I do. I've been to the movies," said Mrs. Wiswell.

Laughter greeted her retort, and, as always when a group at dinner have laughed in unison, general conversation ensued. Helen, looking at the smiling faces about her, wished that one other face was visible. She wished that Terry were present, that the cloud which hovered over her could be dissipated by his presence. For, despite the blackness of that cloud, she felt that Terry could dispel it.

Outside, she knew, Quintard's detective lurked. At any moment, notwithstanding Workman's apparent confidence, Quintard might insist upon an actual physical arrest of her, take her to jail, lock her in a cell . . . Her food became tasteless; she reached for a glass of champagne, then put it down. She had never tasted wine; it were better that she did not touch it now.

But the dinner suddenly became unendurable, and she was glad when, at the hostess's signal, the guests arose from the tables. As they did so, lights blazed outside upon the lawn. Helen had known that men were working all afternoon, but she had not realized how charming could be the results of their labors. For colored lanterns illuminated the palms, the Australian pines, the orange trees, and gave them a queer unearthly beauty.

Cries of delight came from the guests. Mrs. Wiswell stilled them with a gesture.

"Who are the tin-can tourists that they should have all the fun in life?" she cried. "Why should they be the only ones to play checkers, pitch horseshoes, indulge in croquet?"

She had caused her lawn to be set with croquet wickets and stakes; horseshoes and upright iron rods were there; plain tables with painted checkerboards had appeared upon the grass. The grounds were transformed into a miniature semblance of the park in West Palm Beach.

"When I was a boy, back in Wisconsin, I pitched a pretty shoe," declared Merton Connors.

"I held the checker championship of Drusilla, Ohio for three years" declared a banker.

"As a girl," stated the motion-picture queen, "I shook a wicked mallet."

"Lord," said Mrs. Gansevoort, "what a shameless confession, from all of you, of plebian origin! It's perfectly shocking. Thank heaven, I have no vulgar memories of a low past. My mother never let me associate with the common people who lived at her boarding-house."

Here, thought Helen, was the real decency of these people showing itself. Born aristocrats there might be among them, but most of them had achieved their wealth, their position. And among the born aristocrats, how many of them could truthfully deny the existence of a peasant in their near ancestry? Mrs. Gansevoort's mother, she knew, had never run a boarding-house; but she had inherited, among other things, the ownership of a hotel. What essential difference was there between a boarding-house and a hotel? What difference was there between printing and publishing? Between clerking and brokering? None at all, and down in their hearts these people knew that, and the knowledge would save them from themselves. It would save America, this realization that work is the basis of society, from itself.

The guests scattered each according to his or her fancy. The horseshoe pitching attracted most of them. For Mrs. Wiswell had hired professionals from Palm Beach, to act as instructors, to give exhibitions. Merton Connors started laying wagers, both upon his own skill and upon a professional whose handling of a shoe caught his fancy.

A colored band stationed under the trees, struck up a fox-trot. A juggler, engaged from the West Palm Beach vaudeville house, began his tricks. He was followed by a black-face comedian, by a troupe of chorus-girls. With so many divertissements, it was impossible for one to find solitude without

# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers  
of Sal Hepatica





# "World's Greatest Buy"

*Everyone Says It—Sales Prove It*

The Coach is now priced below all comparison. It is the greatest value in Hudson-Essex history.

Largest production of 6-cylinder closed cars in the world makes possible these price reductions. Hudson-Essex alone have resources to create this car and this price.

Everyone knows the Coach represents highest closed car value.

Not merely because it exclusively provides "Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost."

Even more important is the outstanding value in the Hudson and Essex chassis, famous for performance distinction and reliability not equalled by many costlier cars.

No car at or near the price rivals the Coach in actual proof of value—which is sales.

**E S S E X  
Six  
C O A C H  
\$895**

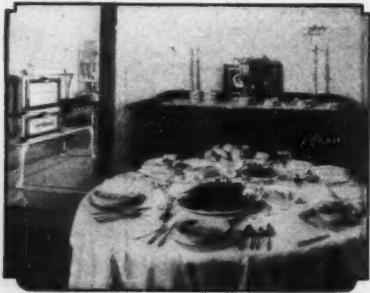
*Freight and Tax Extra*

**HUDSON  
Super-Six  
C O A C H  
\$1345**

*Freight and Tax Extra*

---

***Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Closed Car in the World***



**Who cooked this delicious hot dinner? From one-thirty until five-forty nobody was home—yet, promptly at six mother served this wonderful meal:**

*Vegetable Soup • Roast Beef  
Baked Potatoes, Creamed • Buttered Onions  
Lettuce Salad with Thousand Island Dressing  
Fruit Melange (\*)*

Thousands of women who own gas ranges with Lorain Self-Regulating Ovens cook their meals in the following easy way whenever they take an afternoon off:

After a brief preparation at twelve or one o'clock they put into the oven everything to be cooked. Then they turn the Lorain Red Wheel to a given temperature. Returning later in the afternoon (they don't have to be there on the dot), they find everything deliciously done and ready to serve.

## LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Lorain enables you to take any modern recipe which gives Time and Temperature and get perfect results the very first time you try—and every time thereafter.

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attracting attention. Helen sat down, by herself, on a bench near the edge of the lawn. From behind the hedge a voice spoke to her.

"I thought that sheer force of will would bring you here," said the voice.

She recognized it as belonging to Terry. Her quick wit told her not to betray astonishment. Over her shoulder she answered.

"Why was the will exerted?" she asked.

"I've heard that the authorities are demanding your arrest. Dr. Workman just paid me a visit. A last desperate effort to involve me in Cassenas's murder. He told me that the police were standing by, but that at any minute you might be taken to jail."

"I know it," she answered.

"Good girl. Most women would be having hysterics. Well, I'm here. I've a motor-boat moored at the Lake's edge. I've also a plane. In one or the other we can get away—"

"You're mad! Why should I run away?"

"Well, Workman said that—"

She rose and stared across the hedge at him. "Do you think I'm guilty?"

"I don't care," he replied. "Cassenas was a scoundrel, and—"

Her laugh broke in upon his words. "A while ago you feared I'd think you guilty; now you fear that I— You assured me that you didn't kill Cassenas. Must I assure you that I didn't?"

"I know that. I was clumsy a minute ago. Of course you didn't. But circumstantial evidence—Dr. Workman told me that he, himself, was convinced of your guilt—"

"But I can't imagine him saying that." All that intuition told Helen of the revivalist's character seemed contradicted by Terry's tale.

"Well, he did," insisted Terry. "And, in that case—"

"Wait," she cut him short.

She had seen Dr. Workman enter the grounds. She went directly to him, intercepted him before his hostess saw him, and drew him to the hedge. She repeated what Terry had just told her. "Why did you tell him that?" she demanded.

"Better," said Holy Tad, sententiously, "that I should sin rather than that another should be sinned against."

"And just what do you mean by that?" asked Helen.

"I mean that Quintard has arrested Kildare. I'm convinced that Kildare is innocent. Some one else murdered Cassenas. I went to Terry. I told him that a strong case had been made against you, that I believed in that case. I thought that, if he were guilty, chivalry would impel him to admit it, and—"

"He isn't guilty. Neither am I and—"

"Neither is Kildare," supplied Workman. In the dim light of the electric lamps his mouth curled in a smile. "Out of adversity comes something else; out of the shadows comes something else. You two, believing in each other—"

He turned abruptly and left them. For a moment, too embarrassed to speak, the man and the woman faced each other. Then Terry laughed shyly.

"He assumes a great deal, doesn't he? You hardly know me."

"You hardly know me, and that little is so much to my discredit—"

"If you should step over this hedge, no one would notice you," he suggested.

"A detective is guarding me," she objected.

"I don't see anyone that looks like a detective. And if Kildare has been arrested, probably the man has been called off. You might try."

"Why?" she hesitated.

"The lake is lovely in the moonlight," he said.

"We can see it from here," she retorted.

"Please," he persisted.

She laughed uneasily. "You—don't really just want to—to show me the lake," she wavered.

"I want to tell you how I planned to make Cassenas kill himself. How I had actors

masquerade, in the moonlight, as people whom he had wronged. How I went to trouble and expense to secure revenge against a man who had injured me. Then I want to tell you how ashamed I am because I harbored such thoughts, went to such dreadful extremes. I want to ask you if it's possible for you, ever, to care for a man who's been so wicked?"

Slowly she stepped over the hedge. "I won't go to the Lake," she said. "I can't leave the party. But—but you can ask me—here."

Workman, at this moment, was being greeted by his hostess. Also, he was shaking hands with Wellington Wiswell, who had arrived a moment before.

"My gay young wife has telephoned me; and I've read the papers, but I want the story first-hand from you, Tad," said Wiswell. "It's a thrilling mystery, all right."

Holy Tad smiled at the man under whom he had once worked. Fat, good-natured, heavy-jowled, blue-eyed and bald, there was something strong, steady, enduring, in the countenance.

"First let me wash my hands and comb my hair," said Workman.

His hostess led him to the door of her room. "You'll find everything you need in here, Tad," she told him, and left him.

The revivalist entered the room. A comfortable chair called to him. He was physically and mentally weary, and for a little while he sat still, soundless. He was in no mood for revelry, even such mild revelry as was compatible with his cloth, but he did want the assistance of the mind of Wellington Wiswell. So, reluctantly, he went into the bathroom, washed his hands and face, and returned to the bedroom in search of a brush for his hair.

He attended to this duty, started for the door, and then sat down again. He took from his pocket the letter, signed by Gene Cassenas, which had been received by General Gary the day after the murder. The light was not good, so he walked to a desk, sat down, and upon his blotting-paper surface spread out the letter, the better to study it.

Beneath the strong light, he noticed how deeply the writing indented the surface of the paper. He had observed it before, but now he noticed it more. Lifting the paper he rubbed his finger-tips on the under, blank side. Accidentally his hand dropped to the surface to the blotting-paper; idly his finger tips brushed it. He became conscious of certain indentations in the blue blotter.

Excited, amazed, he bent a reading lamp over until its glare brought the indentations into sharp relief; he could even read a word or two. His face white, he walked slowly back to the chair, and sank heavily into it.

He knew, at length, who had murdered Gene Cassenas.

## CHAPTER XXXIX

A KNOCK aroused him from his reverie of horror.

"What's delaying you, Tad?" called Mrs. Wiswell.

"Come in," he invited.

She entered, alone. "Well," she said, "is biting his finger-nails in impatience, and—Tad, what's wrong?"

"Quintard has made out a powerful case against Kildare, Cassenas's butler," he replied. "He's slapped him into jail."

Mrs. Wiswell's face whitened. Her mouth set in determined lines. "In that case," she began to change her utterance at the expression on the revivalist's face. "Tad," she whispered, "when did you find out?"

"Just now," he replied. His voice was as low as hers.

"Of course," she said, "you knew that I was about to tell you, this minute—as soon as I knew that someone else—"

"Certainly," he interrupted. "You couldn't possibly let someone suffer for what you did. But why? You? Why?"



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Wellington Wiswell opened the door. "Tad, I can't wait another minute."

The Reverend Thaddeus lifted his head from his sunken position on his chest.

"Someone wrote a letter—a forgery purporting to come from Cassenas, in which Cassenas declared that he was going to kill himself. Obviously, the writer wished to divert suspicion. Obviously, whoever wished to divert suspicion was guilty of the murder. Just now, studying the letter, I found that the pen had scratched deeper into the paper than I had realized. Why? Because the writer had traced words written by Cassenas on tissue paper. Laying the tissue paper upon a piece of West Wind stationery, the forger had pressed a pencil heavily upon the tracing. That had left guiding lines on the West Wind paper. Then, removing the tissue paper, the forger had written, with a pen, along the faint guiding lines. But in tracing, with a very sharp pencil, the forger had pressed so heavily that words became faintly visible upon the blotter beneath the note paper. Probably the forger had practiced writing the note over and over again, and tense and excited, had often borne down so heavily upon the practise letters that the pencil point had cut right through the tracing paper."

"But why the excitement right now?" demanded Wiswell.

The Reverend Thaddeus waved a hand toward the desk. "Take a look at that blotter," he suggested.

Wiswell's face grew purple. "Are you suggesting, Tad, that my—"

"Ask her," said Workman.

Wiswell turned to his wife. "In God's name—"

Even the luster, brought to it by careful marcelling, seemed gone from Mrs. Wiswell's hair. Lines suddenly had appeared in her face, and her eyes were sunken. But she did not reply to her husband. She spoke to Workman.

"But, Tad, that mere indentation in the blotter wasn't enough to make you think that I did it."

"It set loose a train of thought, Mrs. Wiswell," he told her. "You had instantly, without hesitation, befriended Helen Ripley. Of course, your kind heart is known to me, but—when I just now saw the blotter—well, I understood that kindness alone had not caused you to rush to her aid."

"But this sounds insane," cried Wiswell. He turned to his wife. "You couldn't have killed Cassenas. You wouldn't hurt—"

Mrs. Wiswell had recovered her poise now. She seized her husband's hand in both of hers. "Sit down, old dear, and listen. Here is what happened:

"Cassenas, his last night on earth, gave a wild party on his house-boat. General Gary came and broke his daughter's engagement to Gene, and Gene struck him. Everybody left the boat, including myself. It was the social end of Gene Cassenas. I was so indignant with him, so disgusted, that I could have seen him thrashed and smiled through the scene.

"But by the time I'd reached home, I began to repent. After all, bad as Gene Cassenas was, I'd liked him. Here he was, at the end of his rope, an outcast from now on. And I, one of his friends, an older woman, had not held out a helping hand. Instead, I'd been one of the first to spurn him. It wasn't playing the game, to my way of thinking.

"After I got home, even after I got to bed, I kept thinking about him. He was just the sort of person to kill himself, I thought. And if Gene Cassenas killed himself, without doing something to prevent him, I'd be partly guilty of his death. The man was mad, or he'd never have struck General Gary, and madmen do anything, even to committing suicide.

"Well, I stood my thoughts as long as I could, and then I rose and dressed. I didn't arouse any of the servants; my errand was a silly one, perhaps, and—well, I didn't care to have servants know that I visited Gene Cassenas at that hour of the night. Not that I minded gossip particularly, but it would

have been foolish to do anything to arouse it.

"Well, I knew that the Lake Trail would have more people on it than the Ocean Drive. So I went along by the beach, past the Casino and in front of the Breakers and its cottages. I saw no one, and I don't believe anyone saw me. Just beyond Cassenas's place I cut through a lane to the Lake Trail, and turned south toward Seminole Lodge. And out through the gates of his place came Cassenas. "I called to him, and he came toward me. Instantly I was glad that I'd come. For he was wild, beside himself, out of his mind. And in his hand he carried a Moorish dagger, similar to the one he'd given me."

Her voice lowered, and she wiped her lips with a handkerchief. But in a moment she continued her story.

"At first he didn't seem to know me, waved the knife, threatened me, but he calmed down for a moment. He told me that he was on his way to see a man named Terry. He said that his servant, Kildare, had just tried to kill him, but that he had wrested the knife from him.

"Why does he want to kill you?" I asked him.

"Because of his daughter," he replied. "Damn all women; they're the curse of life," he raved. "Gladys Gary, Helen Ripley—all of them. Even you," he said to me, "turn against me."

"But I came here tonight to talk with you, Gene," I told him; "to try and see if I couldn't help you."

"Help me? No one can help me. But I can help myself," he cried.

"Of course you can," I told him.

"He laughed—like a maniac. 'Not the way you think,' he said. 'But I can help myself by putting out of the way the damned scoundrel who's ruined me. I'm on my way to kill him now.'

"We were walking north, rapidly. I asked him to walk slower, pleaded with him to let me have the knife, begged him to go home to bed.

"I'm finished," he said. "A man tonight told General Gary about me. I've talked with him. He thinks I'm going to kill myself. Perhaps I am, but before I do so I'll kill him."

"He started to run away from me. I was frantic. Gene Cassenas was not admirable, but I liked him. I ran after him. I seized his arm. He turned, cursing." She put her hand before her face. "His eyes—I can never forget them; they were dreadful. He struck at me; but I held on to him. Then, cursing, he raised the knife. I snatched at it. We struggled; I got the knife free, swung it around; he slipped, and fell forward upon its point. He dropped to the ground without a word.

"I don't know why I didn't faint. But I didn't. I bent over him, and knew at once that he was dead. And then—well, then, 'Wizzy,'" and she looked pathetically at her husband, "then, rather late in the day, I thought of gossip. Oh, I'd thought of it before, but now I thought of it seriously. Alone with Gene Cassenas, he dead— I ran.

"I know: I shouldn't have fled, but—the horror of it. The dread . . . I ran north until I reached a driveway; I didn't know if it was the first or the tenth house, for at first I was simply panic-stricken, anxious to get away. Not merely the fear of the dead thing upon the ground, but the fact that I might be accused—just fear, that's all.

"But as I turned into the drive, caution came to me. I looked back along the Trail. No one was in sight. I hadn't aroused anyone in the house in whose grounds I found myself. Beneath a banyan tree I stopped to think. I wiped my face with a handkerchief."

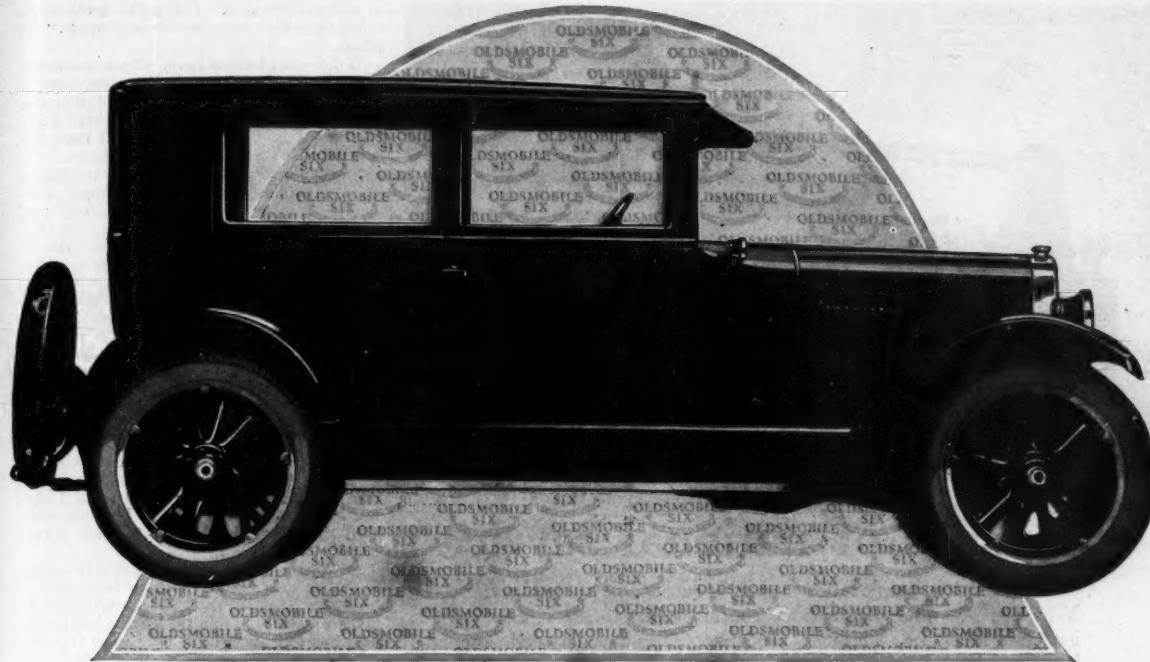
"What did you do with the handkerchief?" demanded Workman.

She shook her head. "I haven't the vaguest idea."

"You might have dropped it?" he persisted.

"Perhaps; why?"

"Did you go to the cloakroom at Bradley's



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at all that evening? Could you have taken a handkerchief from the wrong wrap?" he asked.

"I did—and I might have. One is so excited, even in the intervals of play, that such a thing could easily happen. I know that I've frequently lost my check, insisted that I had two wraps in the cloakroom, and later discovered that the extra one was at home."

"Then the handkerchief placed by Gladys Gary in Helen Ripley's cloak might have wound up in your pocket, eh? Go on," said Workman.

"There isn't much more to tell. As my breath came back to me, my wits also did. Deciding that no one had seen me with Cassenas or running from him, I decided to try to gain my house without observation. And, so far as I know, I succeeded."

"You were seen, but not recognized, by a colored boy," interpolated Workman.

He nodded uninterestedly. "That doesn't matter much now, does it? Well, once home—the servants were asleep and I was quiet as a mouse—and in bed, I began to study the situation. I knew that Cassenas was having an affair of some sort with the Ripley girl. She was a sweet young innocent, and I liked her looks. Cassenas used to be quite frank with me. I never censured, though I tried to advise him.

"I overheard him making an engagement to motor with her. This was in Bradley's. I began to wonder if she had seen him after his party broke up. From the way he had spoken her name, his bitterness, I gathered that perhaps she had. In that case, having been with him late at night, she might be suspected.

"Now, when I think it over, I was quite certain that I was in danger of nothing more than newspaper headlines. But one doesn't seek notoriety if it can be avoided. I made up my mind that if anyone was actually arrested, I'd tell my story. But unless that happened, I'd keep quiet. Thinking that Helen Ripley might be arrested, I got hold of you, Tad, the first thing in the morning, and—you know the rest.

"Only," she added, "a moment ago, when you told me about Kildare, I determined to confess. You believe that, Tad?"

"Why, of course," he assured her.

"Why didn't you tell me?" demanded her husband.

"In a letter? Or over the telephone?" She shook her head. "Tonight I intended to do so. That is why I sent for you—to find out what to do."

Wellington Wiswell put his arm about his wife; he kissed her.

"Tad," he said, "what do we do?"

Suddenly Mrs. Wiswell shivered. "A cell, Tad. I don't think—I can't—I couldn't—"

"Not a chance," said the Reverend Tad. He was a policeman in manner and accent now, not at all a minister of the gospel. "Not a chance."

"Don't deceive us, Tad," said Wiswell.

"I'm not. But Kildare has admitted having a fight with Cassenas. Kildare admits having planned to kill his master, having drawn a knife on him. His story coincides absolutely with yours, Mrs. Wiswell."

"But my writing the letter, forging it—"

"That was an error," said Tad. "But, inasmuch as only we know about it—"

"And General Gary," she interposed.

"The General is so disgusted at having his name and that of his daughter linked with gossip, that he will never mention the letter to the police. With that out of the way, the police will have no reason whatever to doubt the rest of your story."

"What difference does the letter make?" demanded Mr. Wiswell.

"This," said Tad. "After the death of Cassenas, the writing of such a letter might be construed as an effort to block the cause of justice, might arouse doubts as to the rest of Mrs. Wiswell's story—not serious doubts, but enough to lead to unpleasantness. As it is—" He tore the forged letter up.



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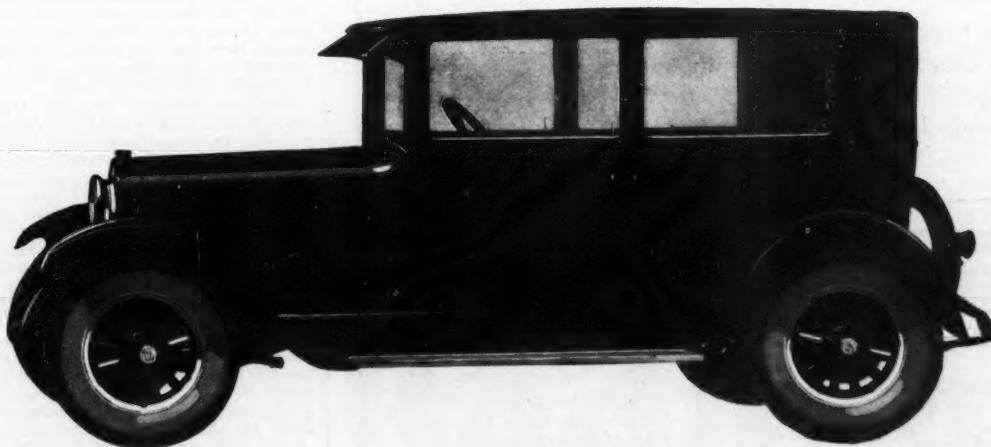
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He rose to his feet. "Let's go and see Quintard," he said.

"Of course," cried Mrs. Wiswell. "Kildare must be released." She looked at her husband. "Well," she said, "this is going to create a tremendous newspaper sensation. The scandal will be unendurable. Haven't you anything to say to your wife? Aren't you going to scold her, beat her—anything?"

Wiswell looked at her. "My dear, you try to do a kindness. With the gentlest intention in the world, you become involved in tragedy. Naturally, blameless, you try to avoid scandal. Who wouldn't? Beat you? Scold you? I shall kiss you, and that is all."

"But if I'd only dropped the knife upon the ground," she moaned. "But I feared he'd pick it up, and—he leaped right at me, before I could turn the blade. I was holding it tightly—"

"And you are a strong woman," said the Reverend Thaddeus. "But you are not blameworthy. Cassenas was doomed. Those who buy pleasure must pay for it. Some pay with shameful lives; others with shameful deaths, but the bill is rendered sooner or later, and it must be met. Come."

Palm Beach parties are all informal. They are nearly always held outdoors and formality cannot exist beneath the stars, the moon, the shadows of the palms. The guests had not missed their hostess; they did not notice her departure, with her husband and the Reverend Workman. They found chairs, Workman riding alone, the husband and wife together. Down the Ocean Drive, between the great hotels, across the rickety toll bridge they rode.

Quintard, exhausted from administering a cross-examination to Kildare was at his office. In silence he heard Mrs. Wiswell's confession. At its conclusion he turned to Workman.

"You were right, Doctor," he admitted. "The writer of the letter killed Cassenas. I thought she was clever, but you—"

"It was an accident my discovery," Workman disclaimed. "And in any event, Mrs. Wiswell would have told. Before she knew that I knew, she started to tell me—"

"All right," said Quintard, wearily. He was mentally and physically exhausted. "I'll see that Kildare is released at once."

"And Mrs. Wiswell?" suggested Tad.

Quintard shrugged. "I believe her story. And it's only natural that she should await the arrival of her husband before relating it. I presume that was the reason for the delay, Mrs. Wiswell?"

"Of course," her husband answered for her.

"Well, there will be certain formalities," said Quintard. "Testimony before the coroner's jury and all that. But in the meantime—her own recognition is sufficient." He sighed. "I'll have to apologize to Kildare, I guess. I sure've been telling him things about himself these past few hours. Doctor, if we ever run into each other again, believe me I'll follow your 'eads—all the way."

Workman laughed. Outside Quintard's office, he said good-by to his two friends. He watched them as they fought their way through a crowd of reporters to their chair. He waved aside other newspaper men who wished a word from him on this latest development in the Cassenas mystery. He, too, like Quintard, was tired, and wished rest.

But rest was not easy for him that night. Across the narrow strip of Lake Worth lay the most gorgeous pleasure place on earth. With climate, scenic beauty, scores of diversions, wealth and all that wealth means, how could Tragedy creep into such a place? Ah, but tragedy is no respecter of persons; into the homes of the poor as well as into the homes of the rich it furtively steals. Then, too, he must not confound pleasure with happiness. The pleasure buyers got what they paid for, but happiness was something else. That could not be bought. Could it ever be obtained in any fashion, he wondered. Well, that depended on one's idea of happiness; and he was not philosopher enough to give



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an answer. He himself was happy in a way, yet not so happy as he could be were there no sin to wrestle with.

But across the Lake, hand in hand, Helen and Terry could have told him that there was

such a thing as happiness. For they had the wisdom of the heavens; they knew that happiness could neither be bought nor accepted as a gift. It is acquired only by giving it, and they gave to each other.

THE END

Mollie Panter-Downes is only eighteen, but she has already published a fine novel. And "The Alien," which she has written for a forthcoming COSMOPOLITAN, is a remarkable love story, whether you judge it by the standards of eighteen—or of eighty!

## The Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse

(Continued from page 63)

Then we went around to the back of the club-house to meet Bennie.

I introduced my sweetie to Lariat and they shook hands just as cordially as Ben and McGwagon had before the fight. "Taxi! taxi!" calls Hazel to the procession passing the curb, and Lariat moaned. However, we all hopped in a cab and Ben had hardly banged the door shut when Hazel and me began to congratulate him on his wonderful victory. As usual, Ben, who can still blush, did so and tried to shut us off—really, he's just a nice, bashful, modest kid in spite of the terrible blows he can deliver when needs must.

The fuss we're making over Benjamin soon aroused the green-eyed monster jealousy in Lariat's noble breast. He cleared his throat disgustedly a few times and then remarked that in his opinion Twenty-eight-Round McGwagon had quit like a canine. Ben made no comment, but took in a few inches on his smile. Hazel frowned reprovingly at Lariat, but I wasn't satisfied to let it go at that. Nobody can belittle Bennie in my presence and hope to escape unscathed!

"Do you mean to say you don't think Ben actually knocked McGwagon out?" I asked Lariat, sternly.

"Looked to me like that *hombre* could of got up had he a mind to," drawls Lariat. "He wasn't cold by no means—I seen him blink an eye. Been me, I'd shore rose up and climbed you, pardner!" he adds to Ben. "You had all the luck tonight!"

I'm fit to be tied and Hazel nudges Lariat, but Ben just laughs.

"Maybe you're right!" he says. "Are you a boxing fan, Mr. Higgins?"

"Not any!" says Lariat, with a contemptuous sneer. "Supposin' I get in a fracas that don't call for guns—which is seldom—I puts my trust in my bare fists. I'd shore feel childish with them pillows on my hands like you wore tonight!"

"You hate yourself, don't you?" I snapped. Ben's eyes signaled me not to start anything. Really, he was just amused at Lariat.

"No, ma'am, I don't hate myself, but I hates fourflushers—present company excepted," says Lariat, and his tone couldn't have been more insulting. "This boxin', now, is child's play alongside of what me and the boys does every night over at the rodeo. Yore friend here takes a chance of gettin' his hair mussed—I take a chance of losin' my life! I might be gored by a long-horn, crippled by a outlaw hoss, or trampled by one of them salty, hell-in-horse hide brons! Why, lemme tell you——"

But why waste your time and mine with Lariat's selling arguments on himself. All the way from Newark to New York his flow of speech was continuous and conceited. For no good reason he recounted his daring exploits with painstaking care and detail, yawns only urging this scissor-bill on to greater enthusiasm. He flaunted his medals before us, busted broncs, rode steers, roped calves and Heavens knows what else—with some sneering reference to Ben as a background for each of his alleged adventures. There's no question that he talked a cruel rodeo and trying to stop him was like trying to stop Niagara Falls with

"Halt!" Honestly, by the time we reached Manhattan both me and Ben were running a fever and when Lariat grandly invited us to witness his breath-taking exhibitions on the following evening we angrily and readily agreed.

Thus I attended my first wild western rodeo without leaving the confines of Gotham; and due to a little incident that climaxed an evening of thrills, I won't forget it till I expire! Really, I heartily enjoyed myself from the very beginning, in spite of the strong odor of the stable that pervaded the Garden and the fact that the boastful Lariat Higgins was now about as popular as yellow fever with me. Even the discovery of Jerry Murphy and Pete Kift, who were sitting in back of us and declared they had crashed the gate, failed to depress me.

The first thing on the program was a bronco busting contest and the whole-hearted vigor with which these little bucking demons tried to break their riders' bones was startling. A couple of the cowboys were thrown and how the others stayed on their mounts is a problem for bigger minds than mine. Honestly, you'd swear these animals were composed of nothing but steel springs! Lariat Higgins won this event. Next was calf-roping—the object being to rope, throw and tie a calf in the quickest possible time. Again Lariat finished in front of the field, to Hazel's open delight.

Then came wild steer riding, very exciting and apparently very dangerous. A near panic was caused when one of the steers threw a cowboy and then tried to gore him. Things had come to a pretty pass, when the dashing Lariat won frantic applause by riding madly to the rescue and chasing the steer away. Lariat wasn't entered in this contest, but still drew all the attention by the spectacular rescue of his comrade. Oh, things were breaking right for Lariat that evening, they were for a fact! The world's champion cowboy then went out and won the bare-back broncho riding contest, finished second in the trick riding exhibition and won the fancy roping event. After that came the riding contest for cowgirls. Lariat didn't win that!

But though I was having the time of my life, it was different with my contemporaries, the Broadway-blase Hazel, Jerry and Pete. To this cynical trio the rodeo was all damp. When a cowboy leaped from his galloping horse, seized a steer by the horns and wrestled it to the ground, twisting its head this way and that as if determined to separate it from the body, Hazel yawned, "That fellow's no cowboy—he's an osteopath!"

Jerry surveyed the arena gloomily.

"This is a lot of hokum, what I mean!" he grunts. "Them steers ain't tryin'!"

However, we were all agreed on one thing and that was that Lariat Higgins knew his groceries. He won nearly every event he entered—honestly, he had a field night and gained not only the plaudits of the crowd, but even my enthusiastic applause. While I didn't wish any part of Lariat personally, I couldn't help but admire his skill. I'd cheer a champion stedore!

Well, the hero worship we were showering

Lariat with reached top when in the first set of "bulldogging" exhibitions he threw his steer in seven seconds, equaling the world's record. For the benefit of those unfamiliar with rodeos, perhaps a brief description of bulldogging wouldn't be amiss. In this exhibition of science, lunacy and strength, the objective is speed. A steer is released from a chute and the bulldogger's job is to ride alongside the animal, leap from his saddle, grasp the steer's horns and put the unfortunate beast flat on its side, using his hands only for the task. That's all there is to it—really, it's as simple as walking a tight-rope.

Hazel and me cheered Lariat till we were hoarse when he won the prize in this event in his usual, sensational manner. Whereupon, Ben, who had been slowly cooking, boiled over!

"You girls are certainly easily impressed!" he bursts out. "Surely you know that those broncos and steers are all trained to do those stunts and to obey certain signals of the cowboys?"

"That's the cat's!" says Hazel, warmly. "Those steers are wilder than the middle of Borneo and some of those bronchos never had a saddle on before. Lariat told me all about it!"

"He did, eh?" says Ben, curling his lip. "Well, I'll bet I could throw one of those alleged wild steers as easily as your friend did!"

I'd never heard Ben boast of *anything* before and I looked at him curiously, but said nothing. I knew very well what was the matter—the kid was peeved because I'd raved over Lariat.

"You're funny to me!" sneers Hazel. "You better stick to boxing, Big Boy—you're too delicate for this cowboy racket!"

By this time Ben is fairly seething, but Jerry Murphy butted in before he could open his mouth.

"I believe the way Ben does!" he announces. "On top of 'at, I'll prove it! The next frolic's a bronc ridin' contest for amateurs. Well, I'm goin' down there and cuddle up to one of them so-called untamed colts. I'll ride 'at baby dizzy and make him like it!"

"Me and you both!" speaks up Pete Kift. "I feel like doin' a piece of broncho bustin' myself! What d'ye think of *them* berries?" he adds aggressively.

"I used to think you were both demented," I says; "this simply helps to pile up more evidence! Where did *you* ever ride any bronchos?"

"Nowheres!" says Pete, promptly, "but I think I can *fake* it on one of *them* scrawny lookin' beagles. Anyways, it's all in fun. C'mon, Jerry!"

And unmindful of Hazel's hysterical giggling, down they went.

A cowboy leads a broncho over to Pete and two others boosted him up to the saddle. Then they all let go. "Alley oop!" yells Pete confidently—and the next second he's flying through the air to land head first on the ground, burying his face to the hilt in the dirt. While the crowd's still screaming with laughter, Jerry manages to board a horse himself. The instant this fiendish equine is released, it arched itself in a taut half circle and after a few wicked preliminary bucks it started down the arena, pitching and tossing every couple of jumps. Jerry has its neck clasped in a fond embrace and is shrieking wildly for help.

"Ride 'im, cowboy!" yells Lariat with mock encouragement.

"Applesauce!" bawls Jerry. "Take me off this four-legged son-of-a-gun!"

Some kindly cowboys ran to Jerry's assistance and held the wildly rearing broncho till Jeremiah slid to the ground. Fleeing madly from the arena, Jerry stumbled over an obstruction of some kind and immediately did the comedy fall he was due to take from the horse. Really, you can't escape Fate!

Me and Hazel turned and looked at Ben. We said nothing—with our tongues—but if there wasn't "I-dare-you!" in our eyes, then we don't know how to register anything! Ben returned our gaze, flushed, and rose deliberately from his seat. Without a word or a backward

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glance he left the box and walked down the aisle to the arena, where Lariat Higgins greeted him with a thin, satisfied smile. I could have taken carbolic for letting him go!

The horse Lariat picked out for Ben to ride was a particularly vicious one—honestly, it reared and kicked so much that three cowboys had their hands full holding it. Just as the white-faced, but determined-looking Benjamin put his foot in the stirrup there was a yell from the crowd. Through a miscue on somebody's part, a steer had been shooed into the arena for the second half of the bulldogging contest that was to follow the amateur riding event. My heart simply clunked to my shoes and I swayed weakly against the railing as the steer made a bee-line for Ben, who had just fought to the saddle on the plunging broncho. The big crowd roared and rose as one person as horse and steer crashed together, but on the very instant of the collision, a miracle happened before our eyes!

Ben left the saddle as if shot from a gun and landed on the steer's head, both hands tightly gripping the long horns. A frenzied contortion of his body and the steer was thrown—bulldogged in regulation style in world's record time!

Sitting on Mr. Steer's head, Ben looked dazedly around the arena. There was a second stunned silence and then a thunderous burst of applause in which even the cowboys joined. With his world's record smashed to pieces by this amateur, Lariat Higgins hurled his precious hat into the boxes in rage and disgust. Neither me or Hazel ever saw him since!

An official announced Ben's time as six seconds—a second faster than any man had ever bulldogged a steer before. *Giggle that away!*

Going up town in the taxi, Hazel scornfully remarked that Lariat Higgins was a false alarm as a cowboy, alongside of Ben. Really, I was almost too excited and admiring to talk. I said *almost!*

"Where on earth did you ever learn to wrestle steers, Ben?" I asked him breathlessly. "I never knew you'd been on a ranch or—"

"And I never have!" he interrupts. "Gladys, I wish I could let you think me heroic, but I just can't do it. Until I climbed into that broncho's saddle an hour ago, I'd never sat on a horse in my life! As for steers—well,

I knew them only as steaks. But I'd said I could duplicate Lariat's feat and I couldn't fourflush you, so I took a chance!"

"Yes, but how—" I began in amazement.

"What happened was this," he cut me off; "the moment I mounted that broncho, the brone gave one vicious buck that sent me flying through the air. The first I saw of the steer was when, in catapulting to the ground, I stretched out my arms desperately to break the fall. My hands happened to touch the steer's head and literally taking the bull by the horns I hung on for my life, afraid of being gored. As I figure it, that steer was used to being bulldogged ever night for weeks and simply patiently resigned when it felt my body crash against its head! That's all there was to it. It was an accident, pure and simple, and I couldn't do it again in century!"

"Well, what do you know about that?" I gasped.

Hazel regarded Ben skeptically.

"I think he's giving us a run around!" sniffs this unbeliever. "But even if he isn't an honest to Kansas cowboy, he sure can throw the bull!"

Be good!

*In "How I Raised My Own Salary" for the next COSMOPOLITAN Stephen Leacock makes some startling suggestions for impressing the boss—as funny to read as Charlie Chaplin is to look at.*

## The Dead Line

(Continued from page 29)

they had, as is the way of their breed wherever you find them. Considered as a species reporters may be temperamental but usually they aren't so very fickle.

Flynn said it for the rest. Being Irish, Flynn was impulsive and tempestuous and given to speaking his mind.

"Twill be all right for our new Mr. Onslow to go on thinking he's running the shop," stated Flynn one evening down in Andy Horn's bar under the Bridge, "but those that are next to the throne—which, thank God, I'm not one of them—will be all the smarter lads if they'll advise him to let up nagging at Ben Alibi in the future. If we should lose the old cuss what'd we do without him? And where would the Star be without him? I'm asking you that."

"What's come up now?" inquired Sloan, of the sports desk.

"A thing I heard a little while ago," said Flynn. "It came to me straight that, talking today with one of his favorites—I'll not call him by name but you can guess who I mean—that talking with this fellow, and him no better than an office spy at that, Onslow says he wonders whether Crisp really has a heart in his breast at all. And then he goes on to say he's just learned that ten years back when the Admiral Blake disaster occurred up the Hudson, that Crisp walked the city room back and forth humming a happy tune to himself while the death list kept on mounting and the word kept on coming in of how the boat was blazing like a brushpile, with the excursionists jumping overboard and the life-boats swamping and the river full of bodies floating and all."

"Wasn't I here at the time, doing rewrite? I was. Didn't I see it all with my own eyes? I did that. What's the use of bringing that old tale up again? Or if it had to be brought up why didn't Onslow go to the trouble of finding out about the whole transaction? I could tell him if he should ask me. I could tell him that, true enough, while the story was breaking, Crisp was all for the story and nothing else.

"Maybe the way he acted did jolt some that were present. I'm not denying but it jolted me a bit and I'm fairly hard-boiled. But once the last extra was gone, Crisp turned back again into a human being and was as sorry as any for those poor dead souls; and, what's more, sent the whole of his that week's pay envelope to the relief fund for the sufferers'

families, which, I'll take my oath, was proportionately more than Onslow or any other millionaire in this town gave. I could tell him that and be glad of the chance. But knowing the party he was talking to, I'll bet that party didn't.

"Let 'em leave Crisp's heart alone, is what I say. It's that wise old bean of his they'd better be valuing. Look at that line he was after writing only yesterday to go under the picture we ran of little Sissy Swayne and his pair of—" Flynn snapped his fingers—"what d'ye call those messy little dogs that look like fur-bearing cockroaches?—that's it—griffins, Belgian griffins! Wasn't that a peach of a line? Could you beat it for smartness?"

All of his audience grinned. Their appreciative minds conjured up the image—beneath published photograph of the much-advertised and undeniably ladylike Mr. Chandler Swayne, here depicted as seated between two fluffy-muzzled prize-winners, first the caption: "Three Pets of Blue Ribbon Society: Proud Owner and Proud Pups," and then following that: "Reading from Left to Right, Madame Fifé, Mr. Chandler Swayne, Mlle. Fanchon." A familiar enough form of legend but one which, taking this with that, had in this instance proved an audacious stroke of mordant humor.

Flynn went on:

"It's my guess that that little male imperator is on Onslow's calling list—lately it looks like every time we take a wallop in the Star at some smart setter we damage one of Onslow's dear old college pals. And so, not caring to come out as a champion of Swayne, Onslow goes digging up ancient history in order to find something to complain about. It'll be better for harmony and the good of the paper if from now on we have a little less of that sort of stuff filtering down from the tower and a little more of enthusiasm for the kind of sheet we're getting out. Well, I've said my say. Maybe I've said too much. Anyhow, talking shop outside the shop is thirsty work. Jimmy, I'll be taking just one more of the same and see what the others are going to have, will you?"

Things wagged along and, on the surface, were placid enough. But there was sand in the gears; now and again you could sense its grating. A newspaper, being a sensitive engine, reveals any interior fault to those who bend an attentive ear for the beat and whir of its

mechanisms. And there were plenty in the Star office who harkened and were informed. The lick-spittles among them swung pliant tongues and the honest craftsmen among them were vaguely distressed and became unduly snappish over small causes.

The final explosions came at the end of the fifth month of Mr. Onslow's tenancy aloft. For the delivery of this culminating stroke he did not call the culprit up to him. He went down to the culprit, carrying in his hand two crumpled galley proofs. For the sake of the example upon all and sundry he was minded to present his ultimatum before the eyes of the city room, making thereby a public showing of his power and his authority and his displeasure. Circumstance saved Crisp from the intended humiliation. A lingering copy boy was the sole eye-witness to what briefly transpired and he, being newly hired, missed its significance.

The meeting place of the two men was in the corridor leading past the art department to the anteroom and the elevators. Crisp, bound for the lunch room in the basement to get his noonday sandwich and cup of strong coffee, almost bumped into his employer who having opened the interview with an indignant snort, then went straight to the point.

"The very man I was looking for," said Onslow, grimly. "Mr. Crisp, you know what my sentiments are as regards any tendency toward yellow journalism. You know those sentiments even though you will seem inclined at times to disregard them. What apparently you do not know, even yet, is that there is one thing in the conduct of my news column to which I object more strongly than I object to yellowness and that is any effort to stir up mob hatred—to arraign the masses against the classes. And that—you will pardon me for speaking very plainly, but I desire that my intentions shall be made equally plain to your understanding—that is what you seem determined to bring about, despite my express wishes to the contrary."

Crisp's jaw locked. His answer of one word came from between his close set teeth:

"Meaning?"

"Meaning this!" Onslow thrust the rumpled proof sheets into Crisp's hand and Crisp, shaking the slips out, glanced swiftly, then made a motion with them.

"Well," he asked, "what of it?"

(Continued on page 135)



## "You would never guess they are married"

is only of a clever wife that this is ever said. Why let youth slip away, youthful radiance fade, when to keep them you need but practice a few simple rules of daily care?

PEOPLE have changed, and ideals have changed. The "middle-aged" woman is conspicuously absent in the modern scheme of things.

In her place, we have the woman who values the social importance of youth—and keeps it. Glowing youth well into the thirties, even the forbidden forties, we see it today wherever our eyes turn!

Yet the secret is simple; and the means within the reach of everyone—first, last and foremost, correct skin care. The common-sense care that starts with keeping the pores open and healthy; just the regular use of palm and olive oils as scientifically saponified in Palmolive.

### See the difference one week will bring

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the

skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

### The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus, in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be your problem as the years advance.

### Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

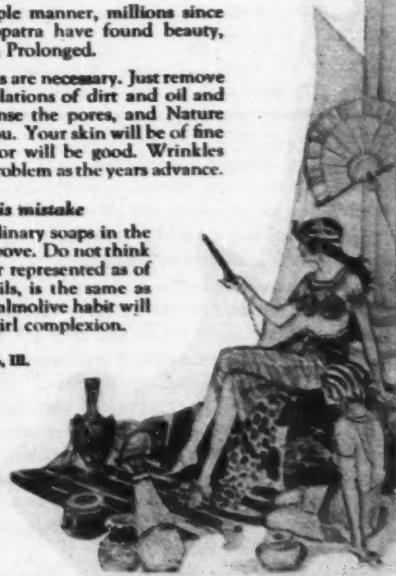
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## He Sold a Car by Trying to Trade-in His Old Suit

*Read this laughable yarn by the sales manager for one of the largest automobile manufacturers in the country*

WAS visiting a big dealer in the East, when a man walked into the showroom. I greeted him and showed him the latest sport model. He liked it immensely, but he hated to part with his old car.

"I've had it five years," he said, "I've been all over the country, through the desert, and across the Rockies four times. I've been to the top of Mt. Washington in it, and shooting in the Adirondacks. It has never given me a moment's trouble and it's just as good now as the day I got it. It'll climb the side of a house on high and run through mud up to your knees without faltering or whimpering."

Believe me, that man was an artist. He told his story so well, that the local sales manager and a couple of salesmen drifted over to listen in. He had us all in tears. It was a good automobile but the most we could offer him was \$100—and he drove off in a huff.

Two weeks later, I dropped into a leading clothing store in this city for a suit. To my surprise the man who met me was the owner of the car—evidently also the owner of the store—but he didn't recognize me, and that gave me an opportunity. When I had selected a suit, and all details were settled, I asked him, with a perfectly straight face, "How much'll you allow me for the old one?"

Nonplussed and somewhat aghast, he replied, "Why, I'm sorry. I can't give you anything for it... This is a first-class store. We handle only the best goods and cater to the best people. We couldn't do that... But I can give you the names of two or three places where you may sell it for a couple of dollars." I guess he thought I was crazy.

"But," I insisted, ignoring his refusal, "just feel the goods. It's wonderful stuff. I've worn this suit for years. I've been out in some terrible storms in it. I've met some wonderful people in it, and I've been on some marvelous parties in it. Just look at the knees of those trousers—you'd be surprised at the number of beautiful girls who have sat on them. You'll go a long way before you'll find another suit with as much interesting history behind it."

Yet I couldn't get him to take it. With great patience he

explained once more that he wasn't interested in old suits. His business was selling new ones.

And then I told him who I was and recalled what he had told me about his car. He saw the light and laughed. Later that day I sold him a car—a clean, cash sale. He never mentioned his old car and for all I know he has it yet.

*The Moral: Fundamentally, the automobile business is no different from the clothing business. In the long run you'll get lower-priced cars, better service and more satisfaction by not asking your dealer to sell your old car.*

*Write for our booklet No. 21 today, How to sell Your Automobile. It will save you time and money. Price 10 cents.*

### ORDER A FULL SET OF BOOKLETS

You should also have the following twenty booklets. Price 10 cents each or \$2.00 for all twenty-one.

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| No. 1—Cold Weather Motoring.                  | No. 10—The Curse of Faulty Oil Pumping. |
| No. 2—The Tire Text Book.                     | No. 11—Vibration.                       |
| No. 3—A Guide to the Electrical System.       | No. 12—Valves.                          |
| No. 4—The Carbon Pest.                        | No. 13—The Feverish Engine.             |
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| No. 7—Never Neglect Your Brakes.              | No. 16—The Missing Nuisance.            |
| No. 8—A Longer Life for Your Car.             | No. 17—When the Fuel System Balks.      |
| No. 9—The Well Kept Car.                      | No. 18—Advice for the Car Buyer.        |
|   | No. 19—The Power Transmission System.   |
|   | No. 20—When Your Car Needs Service.     |

*Be Sure to Send for the Following Books by Harold F. Blanchard, Technical Editor of Motor; money back if not satisfied:*

**MY AUTOMOBILE—Its Operation, Cars and Repair.** Anybody can find any trouble quickly by using this book, since unique, step-by-step instructions are given for all troubles. Also full information on construction and operation, including safe driving. Price \$3.00.

**MY FORD—Its Care and Repair.** Similar to **MY AUTOMOBILE** but for Ford owners only. Every owner should have a copy. Price \$3.00.

### COSMOPOLITAN MOTORING SERVICE

119 W. 40th St., New York City.

Enclosed find.....cents in stamps for which please send me booklets

Nos. ....

My car is .....

Name .....

Address .....

## The Dead Line

(Continued from page 132)

"This is what: First I wish to ask you if you are responsible for the preparation of this—this thing?"

"I am entirely responsible. Of course I didn't actually write the story. But I conceived the idea and I detailed one of my best men to get the material and put it in shape."

"May I ask why I was not consulted beforehand?"

"Mr. Onslow, I do not understand it to be the duty of the city editor to come to you every time he strikes upon a project for brightening up the local news of your paper."

"I shall not quibble, Mr. Crisp. Between us the time for quibbling is past. I can only believe that, being aware of my views in such regards, you deliberately designed to rush this screed into print before I discovered what was afoot. It was quite by accident while I was passing through the composing room a few minutes ago that those proofs came to my attention. One more question, sir: When did you propose to print your so-called special?"

"Tomorrow—in all editions."

"It is just as well then that you had due warning beforehand. Mr. Crisp, I am not unaware of your devotion to the interests of the Star—as you conceived them—in past years. I have indulged in the hope that your association with the paper might continue. In fact, I have no intention, for the time being at least, of dispensing with your services. Failing to give satisfaction in one post, there is always the possibility that an experienced man may be qualified to fill some post of less importance. But I do say this: The appearance in my paper of this article would have meant and still could mean but one outcome—that I should immediately ask for your resignation from the city editorship. Whether I shall ask for it in any event remains for me to decide at my leisure. Good day, sir." He pivoted on his heel.

For a long minute Crisp made no move. He stood stock still, looking along the hallway at Onslow's retreating figure. Then, forgetting about luncheon, he went back to the city room and he smoothed out the two galley proofs on his desk and re-read word by word the typed matter which his superior had found so obnoxious.

He finished reading. He found it good stuff—meaty, straightforward, not outright preaching but better propaganda than any ponderous editorial would have been. He gently pummeled the proofs with his clenched hand and spoke to himself.

"Just what the Star always throws on! Just the kind of stunt that Star readers have learned to look for—seeing the news and raising it a stack of blues! And too blamed good to be junked on the say-so of an amateur boss!"

The annual cat show was on at Madison Square Garden, with society patronizing it, with the papers printing pages about it, with pampered entries dozing in gilded cages and maids and veterinarians fussing over them. This, Smart Setly speaking, was the principal event of the current week. Of infinitely less contemporary importance and not nearly so picturesque was a Child Welfare Conference in progress at a sedate family hotel on upper Lexington Avenue.

So Crisp had done this: He had sent one of his smartest young men forth on a two-tailed assignment. At the Garden, from vainglorious cat-owners and gently tolerant patronesses, the reporter gathered certain facts and certain statistics. At the Conference, from a few soberly-clad women workers he got other facts, other statistics, and then, following Crisp's dictation, he compared comparative tables for side-by-side presentation—a veritable Deadly Parallel if ever there was one.

Reading in this column one saw, for example, that somebody's pedigreed cat had for its regular fare fresh cream, chicken breast, selected tidbits of fish, young squab; and reading

## FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY



## A car for every purse and purpose

In the automobile industry several distinct price classes have developed.

General Motors, a family of car and truck builders, offers a choice of models in each class. In Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Oakland, Oldsmobile and GMC Trucks, there is a car for every purse and purpose.

Back of each car are all the resources of General Motors—an assurance of scientific excellence, continuing service and satisfactory value.

## GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET • OAKLAND  
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General Motors cars, trucks and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the GMAC Payment Plan. Insurance service furnished by General Exchange Corporation.

# SAVE with SAFETY *at your* **Rexall** DRUG STORE



WHEN raw winds cut the skin, and hands and face are chapped and sore — how soft and smooth and soothing the feel of Puretest Glycerin and Rose Water!

Puretest Glycerin is clear as a crystal—specially refined and absolutely pure. Soothing, healing and delightfully fragrant with the odor of fresh cut roses.

Puretest Glycerin and Rose Water belongs in every home this winter. Not only a balm for wind-bitten skin but a cooling, luxurious lotion after shaving. Sold only at your Rexall Drug Store.

"There is one near you"

THE UNITED DRUG COMPANY  
BOSTON

next the adjoining column one learned how it was possible to rear a baby in New York on so small a sum, during the first year of its life, as one dollar and thirty-five cents per week. Here it developed that a certain Frou-Frou II, champion in the Persian class, constantly was served by two high-priced female servants; there it was told what proportion of slum-born babies succumbed during given ages to neglect or ignorance or insufficient nourishment.

And the final conclusion was that this year's cat-show would cost in round sums and for customary expenses not less than fifty thousand dollars, whereas figures on avoidable infant mortality in the tenement districts were likewise impressively large. So you could draw your own moral. Indeed, at the bottom of the twinned columns the Star invited you to draw your own moral. "Which Is Worth More to the World—One Over-Fed and Dyspeptic Maltese Kitten or Twenty Future American Citizens?" This was what—in heavy black letters—the Star craved to know.

Crisp, still absently thumping the proof sheet with a tight fist, swung himself a half turn about in his swivel chair and squinted at a bare sidewall. What, in fancy, he beheld there where he looked was as bare and as bleak as the wall itself. For he was taking stock of his own future.

Sooner or later, perhaps immediately, he was slated for dethronement; there was no getting around that. Onslow had shown him the naked sword blade. So for him there was—what? A subordinate place, a desk in come-by-corner—on exchanges, on cable news, on odds and ends—taking commands from those to whom he had given commands; lingering along through the weary years, an impotent scorned figure; a pensioner on the bounty of a begrimed master. Or if, choosing the bolder course he threw up the job altogether, then what?

The second picture was no prettier than the first had been. He saw himself asking employment at the hands of men whose abilities before now he openly had discounted—and being turned away. He saw himself doing hack press work for some Broadway theatrical manager, trying to wheedle free space out of contemptuous young cubs of assistant dramatic critics, and from that vision turned back again to his own proper field. Where, along the Row, was there room for a man within hailing distance of his fifty-fifth birthday?

The newspaper game was a young man's game; everybody agreed on that. Past achievements counted, in the open market, for so little; mounting years counted for a whole lot. And in this same game so few saved their money against such a day as now confronted him. Among those few he was not included. What he had put by would keep him for perhaps twelve months. And Crisp could think, just at present, of nothing more miserable than the prospect of idle months, either with money in his pocket or without—long dragging months away from the Star, away from the thing he had helped to build up, the thing which had absorbed his youth, his energies, his strength, the thing which was as much a part of him, almost, as his arms or his legs were.

The mechanical little tap-tap of his hand ended in a decisive slap. Ben Alibi had made his choice.

He took his pencil and on the margin of both proof sheets he wrote the word "Must," which to a copy-reader or a make-up man means exactly what it says. Then he hailed Flynn and Flynn wriggled out of his slot at the copy desk and came over to Crisp's place.

"Eddie," said Crisp, "here's that double-barreled special I had Roper do yesterday. Remember I spoke to you about it? All right. Well, I had intended to run it tomorrow. But I've decided to shove it in for a second page spread in tonight's final. Holding it over, it might go stale—or something. See to it, will you? And see to anything else that turns up. I'm going uptown earlier than usual this afternoon. In fact I'm just about to go now—and I won't be back."

"Right you are," said Flynn, taking over the proofs. "I'll speak to Rowley."

Rowley was the make-up editor.

"Tell him this, too," said Crisp. "Tell him there'll be another Must story for the final. It'll be a beat, such as it is. No other paper will get it in time. But we will; and while it's not going to be what you'd call a big story still the fact that it's exclusive with us ought to entitle it to a good play. Tell Rowley to put it in the front page."

"Who's going to do it?" asked Flynn.

"I am," said Crisp. "I'm going to be a reporter for just one more time in my life." He cocked his white head at Flynn, quizzically. Afterwards Flynn was to recall that slant-wise look.

"Yes," went on Crisp, "I'll write it and I'll put the head on it, too. It's a story I'm liable to be pretty fussy about, getting the facts straight and all. You'll get it by special messenger along about half-past four. With the head it'll run, I should say, half a column. It wouldn't be worth more than half a column. You'll be safe if you save out that much room for it. See?"

"Yep," agreed Flynn. But he didn't quite see. Crisp seemed to be making mystery over so small a matter and Flynn was puzzled.

A moment later he was puzzled yet more. For with almost an affectionate gesture Crisp dropped his open hand on Flynn's shoulder.

"Eddie," he said, "you and I have gone along together in this line a good long while. I've seen more of it than you have, being older and starting in earlier than you did. I've seen two big changes in my time and now I'm seeing the beginning of a third. When I first broke in it was the day of the editor. Big personalities shaping opinion on the editorial pages—Halstead, Medill, Dana, Watterson—that was their hour."

"Then we had the period when the Star reporter was the biggest thing in the business. Well-written news stories—stories that stood out and made people talk about them—they were the fashion then. God, those were the real days for our kind of folks, Eddie!"

"And now the proprietor is getting to be the whole show. Editorial writers are dummies, most of them. Sure-enough reporters are disappearing. Lord knows where they've gone! And a paper is known by the proprietor it keeps. And I—well, I'm beginning to feel like a back number, too."

"Behave yourself," dissented Flynn; "you're good for another fifteen years in harness yet."

"Think so?" said Crisp, and smiled a little wryly twisted smile.

"You bet," declared Flynn heartily. But down inside of him he didn't think so. All at once, and with a little shock, he perceived how old-looking Crisp was and how—well, haggard-looking.

Crisp squeezed Flynn's arm as though in added reminder.

"Watch out for the little beat I'm going to send you," he said. "I'll try to time it so it'll be in here just ahead of the dead line on the final. What with that and our cat-and-baby special and one thing and another the last edition tonight ought to be a pretty fair sample of what the Star can produce on an otherwise dull day." He loosened his clasp. "Well, so long, Eddie."

"Good-by, boss," said Flynn, with an automatic woodenness. Ben Alibi must be getting old! Exchanging of farewells at parting had not heretofore been a part of the day's routine among the staff. Scratching a bewildered head, Flynn went back to his slot.

It was four twenty-seven when an elderly and flat-footed district messenger limped in with a long envelope addressed, in Crisp's flowing script, to Flynn. The latter shucked the envelope open, spread out some neatly folded sheets, let his eye fall on the uppermost page, then cried out inarticulate sounds and went white under his spangling of sandy freckles.

"Boy!" He was up on his feet, shouting hoarsely. "Copy boy! Rush this up to Mr.

*That irresistible something called YOUTH*

*And how we envy its happy charm—its cameo-like features—its ruddy glow of radiant health!*

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The debutante, the successful professional woman, the youthful stenographer, the young mother and the busy housewife—all women, from Fifth Avenue to Main Street, regardless of age, must care for their charms—else they will wither and fade like a drooping flower. The pores will clog from dust and excessive use of cosmetics, the blood circulation will become impaired, your skin will lose its tone and texture—and then lines, wrinkles and other imperfections will appear to sap your natural beauty.

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Boncilla Beautifier, the Clasmic Pack of blue-gray magic, draws out skin impurities like a magnet. Through its own, original process of absorption, it lifts out wrinkles. It banishes lines. It dispels pimples and blackheads. It tones up the skin and keeps it smooth and clear. It keeps **YOUTH** looking youthful, and gives to more mature age the appearance of **YOUTH** that belies and defies birthdays.

Boncilla Beautifier is the one and only preparation that tells you right from the start what it is accomplishing, so that you can **feel** and **know**, as well as see, the magical improvement. Try Boncilla a month—spend an idle half-hour twice a week—and you'll be simply amazed at the results.

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This special package contains Boncilla Beautifier, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Vanishing Cream and Boncilla Face Powder—enough for four trial Boncilla treatments. Later, you will want the larger and more economical sizes.

**Men—Ask Your Barber for a Boncilla Facial**

When you're tired—when you have a business appointment—when you're going to meet "her"—anytime you want to look your best—ask your barber for a Boncilla facial. The best shops give it.

**Beauty Shops**

The most completely equipped Beauty salons of all cities give and recommend Boncilla Beautifier treatments.

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I show the famous tube here as big as possible because Mennen Shaving Cream is the biggest thing in the shaving world... Biggest in its creamy, super-moist lather. Biggest in its power to soften hard-boiled whiskers... By far the greatest in its following of enthusiastic buyers. Infinitely the greatest in money's worth at 35c and 50c. And the feeling after a Mennen Shave—IMMENSE!

Jim Henry  
(Mennen Salesman)

Rowley. Tell him to shoot it through for the first page make-up but to hold for confirmation till he hears from me."

He shoved the manuscript into a pair of outstretched hands and plunged stumbling into one of the office telephone booths and slammed the door behind him. Through it the startled group in the city room heard him begging the exchange girl for God's sake to get him a certain number and get it soon. But once connection was established he sank his voice so that those listening outside could not hear what next ensued. Between his speeches there was a longish pause, while he seemed to be waiting for the answer to some inquiry. It seemed very long to the perturbed staff. Through the glass they could see his profile where he sat hunched over the instrument, and the muscles in his throat were all jumping and the fingers with which he beat an impatient little tattoo on the rubber disk trembled and jerked.

Six minutes went by, seven, eight. Flynn came out of the telephone booth, stooped and shambling with his legs.

"Here, somebody!" he said, and he spoke as though he were dead tired. "One of you chase

up and tell Mr. Rowley that the story I just sent him goes as it stands." He flashed a glance across at the clock above the city editor's closed desk. "He made it, all right," he said in that same listless tone and addressing no one in particular. "He would—old Ben Alibi would!"

He looked about at the circle of inquisitive faces hedging him in and gave a shrug, bringing himself back from where he had been with his twirling thoughts.

"Men," said Flynn quietly, "the boss is dead. He shot himself through the head a little while ago in his rooms up at the Scarborough bachelor apartments. His door was locked but they boosted a hallboy in through the transom—and there he was, with the gun in his hand."

"But—but—" for just a fractional space Flynn's voice broke—"but first, by cripes, he covered his own suicide! He wrote it and edited it and put a head on it and called a messenger and started it down to me and then—then I guess he pulled the trigger. We're going to press with it now."

He pulled off an imaginary hat.

"Men," said Flynn, "it took an honest-to-God newspaperman to frame up a finish like that."

*If you like to be swept out of the humdrum atmosphere of everyday into the realm of drama and danger, read "Hurricane Harvest" by Hermann Deutsch. It's a ripping tale of storm at sea, of a pampered daughter of luxury, and the great hulking first mate of the freighter Slothwell—in a coming COSMOPOLITAN.*

## The Loneliest Man Alive

(Continued from page 51)

which was his home, Jan presently began a splendid bustle of preparation. It was different matter and a far more heartening one, truly, than, when spurred only by the creeping of his flesh, the aching of his toes and fingers, he went dully about the kindling of fires, the lighting of a lamp, the taking out of his provisions. Now, everything was frozen solid, even the ink in its corked bottle, the water bucket containing a solid mass, but, presently, while his dazed guests, their faces curiously similar now that the child had opened his startled eyes, sat huddled in his largest chair helplessly watching him, the rooms blossomed into a ruddy welcome. The woman shed her wrap. The child sat up and smiled.

"Laff!" he commanded, recognizing Trencher, and pointing his finger. So quaint and sudden was the order that involuntarily the young man obeyed. There was a queer convulsive little sound at the end. Wode's wife had laughed too . . . faintly.

"Don't you worry, mister," she said when the glass of steaming toddy had been forced upon her and her blood began to stir. "I'll honest be leaving you tomorrow."

"I'm not worrying . . . much," he said. "We can talk it over tomorrow."

He looked, however, uneasily at the frail little boy nodding over his bread and butter and his canned soup. Jan acknowledged to his reluctant intelligence that it would be almost impossible to force this desperate mother to take back her child to Wode, but his own paternal instincts were by no means promiscuously robust and he could not help hoping that an alternative to adoption by kidnapping might yet be found. Tomorrow.

Tomorrow Winter took charge of them all like the most resolute of grandfathers. He wrapped them up in his flying beard, his breath whipped the trail away from them. They were blinded, buried, smothered into a home. There would be no going back to Wode's road-house until the first Spring thaw . . . So much for that, said Winter.

Gradually they grew accustomed to one another by the very force of their imprisonment: first, the child who was rounder and more roguish with every hour; then Jan, a friendly

being, delivered from his obsession; and last the woman. She seemed to come out of some sort of physical and mental trance by slow degrees, like a convalescent, a day's set-back and a day's advance. At first, she was afraid to meet Jan's eyes, her body shrank from his presence in the room. She served him like a slave accustomed to a master's whip. Once, when he lifted his hand suddenly for something, she cowered.

The blood flushed his face stormily at that.

"If you do that again," he shouted angrily, "I'll throw you out in the snow."

He had jumped from his chair to say this and she gave a wail and wept.

The child ran to cover, whimpering.

"My God!" said Jan, but quietly this time and sitting down. "What a pair—of mice you are!" He laughed at them rather shortly. "Woman, I shouldn't dream of striking you. Child, I'd as soon kick a kitten. Don't, for Heaven's sake, cringe before me or I'll throw myself out into the snow and leave you in possession. Any woman that can cook like an angel, Mrs. Wode . . ."

"Don't call me that," she murmured. "My name's . . . Kate."

". . . should be treated like a queen. Come here, Mackie, I'll give you a ride."

So he reassured them, half-hating them for their timidity, half-melted by their entire submissiveness. For this woman hung on his lightest word, smiled only for his smile, followed his actions breathlessly, was a very instant fulfiller of his slightest wish. He had never been waited on before, now he had no occasion to lift his finger. Even the baby, dimples of effort in his face and arms, struggled to lift a bucket or to relieve him of a log, and dragged his big boots to him with all the delight of a serviceable puppy.

It was the strangest dream . . . Jan thought, this life he was leading, day by winter day, repeating itself as though it were a reality. And yet, to any man, the most familiar dream of all . . . a woman and a child. He had imagined it often enough but in very different colors. Now, dreams were frozen, imaginations still as frost. Under the shelter of his hand he watched this other man's wife sometimes when they sat at the table in the long



## EVERY HOME HAS LANES OF TRAFFIC

*How a new waxing method is making it easy to have beautiful, glowing floors*

Look at your own living room! See the lanes of traffic worn and scarred by the constant wear of walking. The aisles between rugs, stair landings and thresholds. All these little unprotected places get the scuffing and scratching of daily use. And you know refinishng whole floors is expensive.

Waxed floors never need expensive refinishing. After a floor has once been waxed thoroughly, all that is needed is an occasional polishing. The walked-on places can be easily touched up with an application of Johnson's Liquid Wax and then your floor is as fresh and bright as the day it was laid.

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As you guide the weighted brush over the surface, the whole work of polishing and rubbing is done for you. Just move the weighted brush back and forth over the floors a few times and the result is a beautiful mellow finish.

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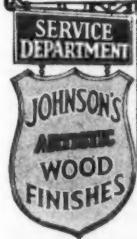
For a limited time, department, drug, grocery, hardware, and paint stores are authorized to offer you this \$6.65 outfit for only \$5.00. It consists of

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If your dealer cannot supply you we will gladly send you the name of a dealer near you who can.



Any store displaying this sign can furnish the complete outfit. These stores also carry a full line of Johnson's Artistic Wood Finishes.



# JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

Cosmopolitan for February, 1925

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Make your eyes tell by emphasizing the lashes. Darken your lashes with Winx and see how much longer and thicker they look. It dries instantly and lasts for days, in spite of water, perspiration or tears. Absolutely harmless.

Winx (black or brown) 75c. To nourish the lashes and make them grow use colorless Cream Lashlux at night. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless) 50c. At drug or department stores. Send a dime today for a sample of Winx—enough to last a week. Another dime will bring you a generous sample of Pert, the rouge that lasts all day.

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winter evenings, a lamp lighted, Kate mending the poor little rags of her child. She was forced to wash her own and the baby's things and dry them at night to put on the next morning until Jan put them both into his extra overalls, Kate making the baby rompers out of the superfluous length of leg. She was so thin that with her short ragged hair she looked like a wan sort of boy, too tragic for a boy, though, with that strained mouth. Once, she caught him looking at her and her face reddened painfully.

"I used to be pretty," she said abruptly, and looked at him with all her eyes as though to defy him to contradict the assertion.

"Why don't you get pretty again?" asked Jan, smiling.

This seemed to astonish her. She sat looking ahead of her, drearily stooped, her ragged hair tumbling about her jaws.

The next day she washed and brushed and trimmed that hair, a startling improvement . . . and did something to the collar of her blouse, Jan could not have told just what, but it had a quaint softening result . . . As the days drifted, silent as snow, tranquil, without terror or pain, there came this quaint softness into her face . . . the strained wan mouth relaxed into natural curves . . . the eyes looked less as though they had stared at a strong light, lines faded. Sometimes in the morning there would be a color in her face. At such moments her eyes were soft and warm and made a velvet contrast with the brilliance of her hair.

Jan began to believe that she had once been pretty before he dared admit to himself that she was almost beautiful. Roundness came to her throat, fuller cheeks took away that stretched proportion of her mouth. She had charming eyelashes, diverting, restless, twinkling, very long.

But, pretty or not, she was a poor creature certainly, a weak, spiritless, down-trodden sort of being, upon whom no matter what man could wreak his will and stamp any image that he pleased. She might have been the drabbest drifter of the street, she might have been . . . Madonna.

She had the very amusing and indescribable attraction of a child. Ah, she was soft and tender, could laugh and sing by the hour over mere nothing, could cry and quiver for mere nothing, too—a maddening, characterless, simple thing, that folded herself into the heart and twined herself along the nerves and warmly snuggled into the very blood of a man's body: something terribly dependent, something terribly indispensable. My God! there came a night when Jan cried this to himself, she was Wode's wife. He must not love her. He must not love her. It had come to that.

Instantly on this discovery, his old obsession took control of his nerves. It was not, certainly, that he was afraid of Wode, who, though unpleasant and weirdly analogous to that creature which used to dominate his nightmares, was after all only cruel and cowardly bully whom he had once knocked over with his fist. No . . . he was afraid with his old fear . . . of fear . . . most of all, of seeing fear again in the eyes of Kate. Once The Cat had been War, later, when he was crippled, it had been the pressure of a crowd, at last it had been—loneliness. But now, suddenly it was love itself, or that vast enemy of love, called life. Jan set his face which began again to thin and to wear stern outlines. What law there might be on Wode's side was neither God's nor his. He began listening for steps.

All this, long before the beginning of thaw, while the long white patient winter was still with them, before the flowers showed at the edge of drifts, or the stream spouted and the little boy could begin to laugh with joy over those newly discovered and forgotten toys . . . the stones. In those days to which Jan looked forward in an aching fearful sort of rapture, the sky, he knew, would open right up to the threshold of God's house and it would hold in its wide crystal hollow, clouds, drifting . . . drifting, white as swans' breasts, stately as towers, rose in the delicate morning

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when the sun came up and golden in the sumptuous evening when the sun set. Jan, prophesying with all the warmth of summer in his blood, loved fiercely his mountain walls, his wide grave plains, his gentle fir-trees, his log-walled cabin, his woman and his child. Whatever happened, he would stand between them and Wode's coming . . . if he came.

The ears of a man who listens habitually, who lies awake at night to listen, who wakes in gray dawns to listen, become very sensitive instruments. It was a late gray scudding dusk, the canyon as full of sound as a shell, when Jan heard at last the steps. He had been sitting in a brooding silence, his pipe gone out between his teeth. Kate's low humming to the sleepy baby on her lap had grown lower and lower, slower and slower, like the rocking of a cradle. Her face was exquisite, more lovely in its simplicity of tenderness than any mature face should be but only the rarer, it seemed to Jan, because it expressed a need for a watcher, for a shelter, and for peace. Dear small safe face . . . the steps of fear were coming towards it and he must go out swiftly, but without showing or causing the slightest ripple of alarm, and meet this climber a long way off, so that the face would not suffer any shock or change.

He stood up, knocked out his pipe, stretched, softly whistling, inspected the fire.

"I'll get some green logs," he murmured as though to himself, "and a bucket of water . . ." He went towards the door.

He would have liked to take his gun just for precaution's sake but he dared not risk her question and stepped out, catching before he shut the door a sweet vague smile, half for the baby and half for himself, as though he had indeed been the father of her drowsy burden.

It was dark down among the trees. The evenly clouded sky had a look of stone; the wind kept itself busy with the trees, eerily tormenting them. The snow was dark with pine-needles and gave no light. Those steps were coming up the trail, curiously distinct foot-steps because of the echo-producing nearness of the canyon wall, steps crunching against snow, striking a root, sending a stone tumbling. It was queer, when he came to think of it, that Wode wasn't arriving on a horse, wasn't even leading one since there was no sound of hoofs behind his step. He had left his wagon, perhaps, below on the edge of the flat and had come afoot, to reconnoiter—not that he made any secret of his coming, certainly—his steps were so distinct and very even . . . coming up.

Jan set down his bucket, forded the stream and, since he wished that meeting to take place as far as possible from the cabin, hurried forward, instinctively finding his way down the familiar trail. But was it so familiar . . . in this wan near-light? The trees had never seemed so close and tall, so nearly human. They moved and then were still; spoke urgently and ceased speaking, as though they listened too. Jan's step grew slower, as he neared that meeting, because he was suddenly afraid.

It was not Wode. It could not be Wode. Surely the snow was still very deep out on the flat, the road was dangerous, passable perhaps to a very determined traveler, but Wode would not have come for Kate, like this, at dusk alone.

Whether it were Wode or not, the maker of the foot-steps must be met.

Jan crisped his fingers, tightly, brushed from his eyes a familiar red cloud that had troubled him during those sick moments when, in the trench, bayonet ready, he had stood with his eyes on his watch, waiting. When he came to the beginning of that steep final portion of his trail, he stopped and meant to speak. He meant to, but, for some reason, he did not. The maker of the foot-steps was Wode.

Back of him there was a high narrow opening of the trees, like a church window, and against it in the slim trail he looked larger and more formidable than Jan remembered. He had lifted his eyes to Jan and, as he came closer, he smiled in a pale rigid fashion.

He spoke first, softly enough, and without stopping.

"I've come for her," he said, and Jan knew that he was not only Wode but . . . Fear, and that he must be strangled out of Kate's life so that her eyes would never need to be fascinated by him again.

"You can't have her," he answered as softly.

It was as if there were a conspiracy between the two.

He ran down as Wode sprang upwards, closing with a snarling suddenness.

It was such a fight as comes to man in a black dream, a silent, bitter, lawless fight, in the dark, beaten by tree-trunks, sliding on stones and slippery rocks and snow, with a creature that used teeth and claws, that tried to tear the muscles out of his body and to break his bones or grind his hands with hob-nailed heels, a desperate, gasping, spitting, snarling fight loathsome to Jan's blood, like a fight with some unclean female creature. But the very fury of his loathing gave him a sort of superhuman endurance and at the end he caught Wode's throat in his two hands and held it in spite of agony and of defeat until The Cat weakened and went soft in all its limber bones and fell under him and lay still.

Jan was so weak and in such pain that, dragging himself up with the help of the nearest tree, he hardly saw the thing struggle to its feet, and only half knew that it had gone spitting, murmuring threats, down into what was now the heavy darkness of the night.

He waited. The wind was blowing again, he could not hear any steps at all. The blood came slowly back into his brain, his pulses quieted, his eyes cleared and he found that he could breathe. His pains subsided, he could move every limb, there was no blood on his face. The creature had fought with an exquisite gift for torture but had left no serious injury at all.

Jan stood there until the wind fell and the woods were still as, it seemed to him, no woods were ever meant to be, then he went back, found his bucket, filled it and saw a light shining broadly upon him from the open door.

"Where are you, Jan?" Kate called. "Why do you take so long?"

And with that, the spell, if it was one, broke, and he wanted to shout and laugh and sing. Life had been freed forever of its enemy. His heart was the big heart of twenty. A Cat? He did laugh . . . aloud.

"I set down my bucket," he called, "and couldn't find it again. I ran into the trees and scratched myself. It's so dark . . ."

"And still," said Kate, as he came up to her, "you wouldn't think there was anyone else alive in all the world but just—us, would you?"

"There isn't," he answered.

They stood after his speech, silent, not daring to go in where it was light. Then the wind began to sing in the pines and the baby called. Patiently they shut out their unspoken romance and the night.

The next morning Jan found on his threshold a fresh white covering of swansdown snow and, after breakfast, filled with a curious desire to look out across the plain by which Wode must have departed, he went down his white clean trail.

There were no signs of the hideous struggle under these powdered sparkling branches or on the virgin ground. The plain, when he reached it, lay as smooth as a clean sheet. He brushed away some of the light covering but though he came to the old surface scarred with the tiny patteran of birds and the innumerable criss-cross tracks of coyotes, he did not happen on Wode's foot-prints. Puzzled, his brows tightened against the glare, he went out across the expanse to get a further view along the valley.

Far off down it, there was a wandering speck, a horse, a riderless horse by its movements, working back, in the casual aimless-appearing manner of western horses, to his own familiar pastureage. Jan's eyes searched for explanations, for the silent comments of a wilderness.

They fell presently upon a gap in the smooth edges of the world, a gap that had not been there before . . . and a stain where the freighted curling mass of hard snow on the river ledge had broken away. He ran across and then, more gingerly, approached the gap. A heavy wagon, carelessly or ignorantly driven, had skirted too closely to this blinded cliff and the mass of snow, which was not supported by any earth at all, had given way. Down below, sickeningly far below, Jan saw the shattered wagon, the body of one horse, the scrambling trail of the more fortunate animal's ascent, and last, a dark crumpled something that must have been the driver. It took him an hour to reach the place.

Wode was dead, lying on his back which the heavy wheel had broken. One would have fancied, from the way the wagon lay, its driver's seat turned in such a direction, that this team had been on its way to Jan's home-stead when the accident had overtaken it. If that were so . . . if that were so . . . if, at the flying end of dusk, Wode had been lying dead . . . then what had come running up the trail to tear away its goods from their defender? . . . Jan jerked at his imagination as one pulls the rein of a plunging horse . . .

As soon as the thaw came and the roads were safe, Jan took Kate out and married her in Trail. They have the story of it, in many different versions, the sympathy invariably with Wode's wife and her protector, no matter how widely or how much according to the taste of the narrator, the moral contents vary.

After his marriage Jan sent a message to his friend.

"I've killed The Cat," he wrote. "You go out to meet him alone at night and fight him with your hands. But what makes you kill him is just this: you are a lot more afraid for someone else than you ever have been for yourself. If you are still bothered by that Cat sometimes, Tommy, just you find a more frightened mouse than you are and stand in front of her, between her and The Cat. That's how man first happened to discover Courage, wasn't it?"

## The Bluebird

(Continued from page 21)

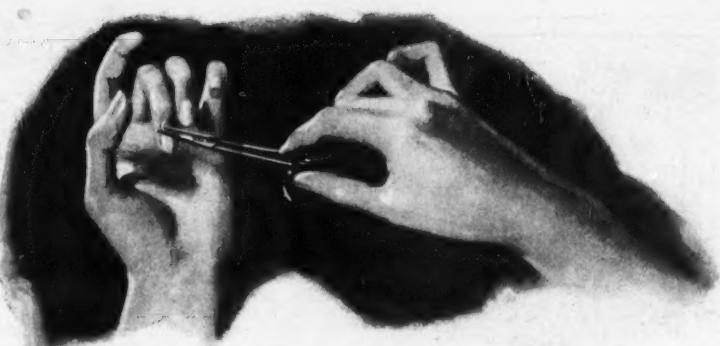
and reported the range clear in his half of the sector. Five minutes before another corporal had signaled "all clear" from the opposite half. After sweeping the entire sector with a field glass to verify the accuracy of these reports Cahalan half turned in his saddle and signaled to the two men at the flag-pole to haul down the red flag and run up the white.

Three miles away twelve flashes announced the impending arrival of twelve shells. They came with a "whoosh," bursting prettily upon impact in an irregular line of dirty white smoke balls.

Cahalan sat his horse far enough off the south line of the sector to be safe from shell fragments and watched the sheaf of fire jump across the plain, up and over a low hill, down into a little swale where mesquite trees grew thickly along a dry water course.

"Good work!" the Bluebird murmured. "Infantry or machine guns in that sector would certainly be out of luck. If we could have done it that way in ninety-eight and ninety-nine—*Judas Priest!* A woman! . . . Two more jumps of that barrage and they'll get her! Oh, my God, where were my eyes?"

He turned toward the flag-pole to signal the two privates in attendance there to haul down the white flag, for he knew that the instant the white flag commenced its descent the guns would cease firing, without waiting for the red flag to be run up. To his dismay he observed that the wind blowing across the range perpendicular to the line of fire had swept a film of smoke between the flag-pole and the guns! What if the observers could not see the red flag through that pall of dirty white smoke?



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“I can't chance it. I haven't time—I got to get to her!” the Bluebird muttered and spurred madly along the side of the hill, racing with the barrage.

As he rode he counted the first “arrivals” at a new range. Six salvos at that range and then the curtain of fire would lift and jump fifty yards . . . he spurred his mount with dull spurs, encouraging the animal with his voice, striking him smartly on the withers with his campaign hat. As he galloped by on the fringe of the barrage and bore gradually toward it, the shell fragments whistled closer and closer—the thought came to him that one slight error in the deflection of the gun on the right of the battalion line might cause a shell to burst in his path and then—

His horse grunted and quivered, but did not slacken his speed. The Bluebird had heard such grunts before, had felt that same piteous quiver under him; he knew his horse had been hit. When he was about seventy yards ahead of the center of impact of the barrage, he swung straight into the path of it—and then the range lifted and shells crashed in front of him, in back of him and over him. For a few seconds he was in the center of impact, galloping between the overs and the shorts . . . Well, he had galloped between them before. . . . to hell with that . . . If his name was on one of those shells he'd get it . . . if his name wasn't on it he would win through.

Shells were crashing behind him and though the air was filled with shrieking, whistling metal, his horse thundered on. They were outrunning the barrage . . . they had to do a hundred yards before the next lift of that curtain of fire—

Up the dry water course his horse plunged wearily . . . before him, running, staggering, falling, getting up again, an old woman fled before the barrage . . . the Bluebird leaned from his saddle and scooped the frail old form off the ground and up before him on the horse's neck. His mount grunted again at the double burden, but like a good soldier, continued to carry on, while the Bluebird held the strange burden in his arms and spurred madly. He was seventy-five yards ahead of the barrage when the next leap came and the “overs” broke upon the spot where he had picked up the old lady. Looking back he saw them and swore with relief; then he headed the horse to the south and was well off the fringe of the barrage when the range lifted again.

He walked his horse up the slope to the flagpole and passed the old lady to the two privates on duty there. Then he looked up. From the top of the pole the red flag floated, but the guns were ignoring it!

“I figured it wouldn't do a bit of good to run up the ‘cease firing’ flag,” he informed his men. “I couldn't take a chance that they'd see it—and it would have been my fault if the old lady had gone west . . . Here, Dolan, spread my blanket first . . . Now, then, set her down gently. Put my blouse under her head, Casinelli . . . I don't think she's hurt—just fainted with fright when I swept by and grabbed her without waiting to be introduced . . .”

He dismounted to examine his horse and found a fragment of shell as big as a walnut imbedded in the muscle of the animal's off quarter. “Pretty well spent when it reached you, old timer,” he remarked to the trembling beast. He pried the fragment out with his pocket knife and covered the wound with the gauze dressing from his own first-aid packet, “The vet'll mark you quarters for a month or two, Tony, and then you'll be all right again. Good old Tony horse! Sort o' hard on the nerves, wasn't it,” he soothed the trembling animal.

He rubbed his tanned face against Tony's drooping head for a minute and then turned to the calico clad, gray-haired old woman, lying there so white and still.

As he supposed, she had not been hit. Dolan had poured some water from his canteen onto a clean handkerchief and was wetting the old braw tenderly.

“Sergeant, what do you suppose this old

## Cosmopolitan for February, 1925

lady was doing down there,” he asked. “I don't know, son. All I know is that I'm the sergeant in command of this range guard and responsible for anything that goes wrong. So I rode down and got her out.”

“Do you have to tell Peep Sight how come you overlooked this old lady on the range?” The Bluebird sighed. “I'll have to tell him. Tony draws a wound stripe and it's got to be explained.”

“You can tell him your horse ran away to the edge of the barrage, got hit and then came runnin' back,” Casinelli suggested.

“A good red leg never lets his horse get away, my son, and lying to Peep Sight isn't a job for me . . . the old lady is coming to . . .”

“Hello, mother,” he cried cheerily as her eyes opened slowly and gazed wonderingly about her. “You're all right. You're with the soldiers. You got in the way of our practise barrage and most scared me to death until I got you out. Buck up, mother, there's nothing to be frightened about any more—”

His hard fingers patted the withered cheek and stroked the thin hair.

“And you rode down into—that, to save me?” she queried.

“Oh, that was no trick at all. You see, we fellows know how to get in and get out. That's what an artilleryman is taught to do—to get in and get out and get over. Now, mother, tell me what under the canopy you were doing down in that bunch of mesquite?”

“I have a house there. It's not big enough to be seen through the mesquite trees and they're dusty and the same color as the roof, I suppose—I keep bees.”

“Oh, so you're the bee lady, eh? You range honey bees on this sage?”

“Yes, my dear boy, I do. I live all alone down yonder and I was out looking after my bees when I heard that terrible series of explosions behind me and I ran—and then you came—oh dear, oh dear.” She commenced to weep, as the aged weep—silently. *That is an unpleasant sight.*

He wiped her tears away with the moist handkerchief. “Now, now, mother,” he soothed her, “you can't hang out with the soldiers and be a cry-baby, you know.”

“My bees,” she sobbed. “I had eighty stands of bees down in that draw and they're destroyed. I know they are.”

“I wouldn't be surprised. If they are, mother, I'll buy you a new stand for every stand you can't salvage. That's fair, isn't it? Come, now, come, come, mother— Say, just listen to this—”

He knelt over the old lady and commenced to sing: “*The Caissons Are Rolling Along.*”

She smiled up at him through her tears. “You're such a dear boy—trying to take my mind off it,” she murmured. “How proud your mother must be of you! I'll pray every night and morning that you'll come back to her. I—I had a soldier boy once—my only boy—and he went away—but he didn't come back. If he had, I wouldn't be so poor in my old age—I wouldn't be an old hermit of a woman keeping bees in this lonely canyon.”

“The luck breaks tough like that once in a while, mother. Want to sit up? There, that's better. Just lean your back against the flagpole and watch the shells burst. Listen to the song of the guns, mother.”

“Why do you call me mother, Mr.—ah—”

“Call me Sergeant Cahalan. I call you mother because you're a nice old lady and, somehow, you remind me of what my mother would have been like if— Well, my mother was mighty sweet.”

“She must have been to bear a son like you—so fine, and kind and brave—such a jolly lad. My boy was like you—but he didn't have any mustache and the years hadn't made his face so lined and stern.”

“I've had smallpox,” the Bluebird explained.

“Have you lived here all during the time we have been firing on this range, ma'am?” Dolan asked. The old lady nodded and the sergeant and the private exchanged glances.

“Today is the first time we've fired over such

## Judge by her own choice

**W**HEN the preferences of one-whom-you-would-please are unknown, there are two courses to follow:

The first is to try to learn her own choice. Failing that, to give in such impeccable good taste that you cannot fail to please.

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Cosmopolitan for February, 1925

a wide sector," Cahalan explained. "Before this no shells have fallen in this area." He chuckled. "Poor old innocent! Didn't you know there's a first-class war on in Europe and we're going over there to stop it?"

"Yes, I heard about it five months ago."

"Why, since then, mother, a great training camp has been built three miles from here. There are twenty-five thousand soldiers in it, perhaps six thousand horses and mules, and brass bands and everything. Why, you have been completely out of the world, mother."

The faded old eyes looked in wonder at the sergeant. The irrepressible Dolan piped up. "Yes, and we're going to have a divisional review as soon as the artillery finishes target practise. Sergeant, suppose we tell Peep Sight about mother? He'll loan us his car to come over here and get her and bring her down to camp to see the review. Peep Sight's a human being."

"Would you care to do that?" Cahalan asked.

The old lady's eyes shone with a bright wistfulness. "Soldiers marching and flags fluttering and a band playing?" she queried.

"A band! Why, a dozen bands! A band for every regiment. Wait till you see the guns go by with the red guidons flying—the clop, clop of hoofs and the bump and thump of the guns, the rattle of toggles—the brigadier and his staff out front, and then our band playing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' in march time. Mother, I hope to tell you that's a fair sight. The division will be about three hours passing in review. And when it's all over Dolan (he drives the captain's car when he isn't on range guard) will come for you and bring you over to our mess hall for lunch. Come on, mother. Come and eat with the soldiers. Our jazz orchestra will play for you and our glee club will sing for you. How about it, mother? Is it a bet?"

The old eyes danced with delight. "Do you mean it, sergeant?"

"You wait and see."

His keen glance swept the distant plain where the dust blown skyward before the blast from the gun muzzles glowed darkly against the westering sun. Through that dust he saw a white flag waving.

"Shooting is over for the day, mother," he announced. "Dolan, let me have your horse. I want to bring mother back home. You aren't afraid to go back, are you, mother . . . yes, yes, I know you're still too shaky to walk it, so I'll carry you before me on Dolan's horse . . . We'll give the bees the once over before I leave you and see what damage has been done to them and your house."

Fortunately, the eighty stands of bees had been set out in the mesquite grove (evidently with the idea of concealing their presence from any chance passer-by) and the trees had protected all but half a dozen of the stands. Three of these were not damaged beyond repair; the bees would continue to use them, although for the present excitement ran high in the bee colony, and the Bluebird was stung early and often before his inspection had been completed. There were several gaping holes 'n the roof' of the old lady's shanty.

"You're luckier'n a cross-eyed nigger, mother," he declared cheerfully. "I'm stung for three stands of bees, at the outside—I didn't mean that for a joke, because I have been stung and that's no joke. You tell me where to buy new bees and you shall have them next pay-day. As for your house, I'll send a couple of the battery mechanics out next Saturday afternoon and they'll repair that roof. If you should want some extra carpenter work done about the place, tell me. My captain maintains an A-1 salvage squad; any time we need lumber they steal it from the construction quartermaster . . . hello, your stove pipe's been wrecked! Got to get you some new pieces when I go to town Saturday."

He paused and looked at her with the light of a brilliant idea dawning in his stern eyes. "You can't use the stove that way, mother. Suppose you mess with the range guard to-night!"

I'll bring you over and I'll bring you back, and the boys will all be glad to meet you."

"Oh, I couldn't go that far, Sergeant Cahalan. It's so nice of you to ask me, but——"

"We don't go back to the cantonment for supper. We're a permanent guard and camped right over that low hill yonder, in the next canyon. We have eighteen men and a cook and three Sibley tents. Better come over and mess with us until I get your stove fixed."

She hesitated, but the more she hesitated the more he realized that nothing could please her more than this wild adventure, so in the end he swung her up into the saddle, and walking beside her and holding her on, he led his horse over the hill to the range guard camp. And there they found First Sergeant Grasby.

"Peep Sight sent me over to find out why the red flag was flying when we finished the barrage," he began crisply. "He wants to know how long it flew and why. The smoke was blown across the terrain and we couldn't see it, or the observer wasn't looking. Anyhow, we couldn't raise you on the telephone and Peep Sight's badly worried and sent me to get a report. He's acting battalion commander, you know. Cripes, he's out of humor about that flag."

The Bluebird reported the incident to the first sergeant. "And here," he added, "is Exhibit A to prove it. Ma'am, may I present First Sergeant Grasby? Sergeant Grasby, this is—ah—" he looked questioningly at the bee lady.

"Mrs. Paddock," she replied.

First Sergeant Grasby bent low in his saddle. "And will you tell that Peep Sight man that Sergeant Cahalan is the finest, bravest soldier in all the army. He rode right in among those bursting shells and carried me out of harm's way. Look at his horse yonder. The poor dumb beast is wounded."

Cahalan flushed with embarrassment.

"I'll tell the Major that, Mrs. Paddock. However, your report will not surprise him. He knows Sergeant Cahalan is a brave man, because the sergeant has proved it. He won a certificate of merit for gallantry in action at the siege of Peking."

"Your tongue's hung in the middle and wags from both ends," the Bluebird growled. The bee lady turned with beaming eyes.

"Oh!" she said, and in her voice was a note of maternal tenderness and pride. "Why, my boy won a certificate of merit for gallantry in action at Peking; and he was an artilleryman, too. He was in Reilly's battery, and when all the other horses had been killed except his team he drove them right on with the gun. And oh, he was so proud of his horses! His captain sent me a copy of the citation and his medals and the certificate of merit after my poor boy had been killed in action in Luzon, later. I wonder if, by any chance, you knew my son, Sergeant Cahalan? His name was Gene Paddock!"

The Bluebird had turned away and was gazing steadily down toward the distant cantonment; apparently he had not heard her. But the top spoke up. "I knew him, Mrs. Paddock, and a mighty fine lad he was."

She came toward Grasby, her trembling old hands outstretched a little.

"You—you—knew my boy?"

He nodded.

"He was killed at a place called Malinta. I—I wonder if you—saw him—there?"

"I did, Mrs. Paddock. He was in my section and I saw him killed. He never knew what happened, Mrs. Paddock—no pain, no suffering. He was a good boy, Mrs. Paddock, and we all thought a great deal of him."

"Yes, he was a good boy," she agreed. "He only disobeyed me once and I forgave him for that. That was when he ran away from our farm and enlisted to go to Cuba. Poor boy, I suppose he just couldn't help it. Soldiering was a tradition with the Paddocks—they were Virginians—and Gene's father had served as a lieutenant with the Rockbridge artillery in the Confederate army."

"I've heard of that outfit. My old gent was a Union soldier. That Rockbridge artillery was

## The big party she missed

FOR months she had been looking forward to this affair—probably the most gala event of the winter season.

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A week before the big night she felt a dry, rasping hitch in her throat. She neglected it and kept right on going.

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The doctor ordered her to bed—and kept her there three days. On the evening she wanted most to feel fit, she was confined to the house like a little old lady—and the others were dancing.

\* \* \*

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bad medicine for the boys in blue." He turned to the Bluebird. "Sergeant Cahalan, upon further consideration, I think you had better report in to Peep Sight personally. Take your wounded horse with you. I'm going to stay here a little while and visit with Mrs. Paddock."

The Bluebird nodded and with a careless wave of his hand over his shoulder at the bee lady, he strode over to his horse, standing disconsolate on the picket line. Grasby, glancing curiously after him, saw him take the animal's head in his arms and lay his cheek against it . . . He held Tony thus a long time . . . Poor Tony! Poor Bluebird!

Sergeant Cahalan did not return to the range guard. He couldn't. He told Peep Sight so, between great gasping sobs, as he sat, in Peep Sight's presence, in the seclusion of Peep Sight's tent. And, of course, Peep Sight told him he didn't have to, for Peep Sight was an understanding man.

"I died when they bob-tailed me and put me in Bilibid, sir," the Bluebird explained in a strangled voice. "I killed my bunkie, you know—and he came from the farm next to ours. I couldn't go back and face his mother and mine after that. So I died—and my captain buried me. He was sorry for me, but he remembered I had been a good soldier once—he wrote to mother—a kind lie—and now I'm dead—forever."

"I don't know whether you were a coward or a brave man, Cahalan." Peep Sight's hard face was a-twist. "I suppose you were too young to know that a mother forgives and forgets anything—and never ceases to love. Why, son, her love would follow you down to hell. Didn't you ever try to find her and help her out?"

"Yes, sir, I did. I had an idea I could help her some way—secretly—but three years in Bilibid—and another year before I could get back to the old farm—and dad was dead—and nobody knew where mother had gone—I tried for years to find out—I—I—and all these years while I've skulked, she's been a widow—poor—lonely—helpless—ranging bees—thinking—wondering—praying—don't you see, sir, I've got to remain dead? I want to ride over to that—little shack—and take mother in my arms—and kiss her and tell her—she'd understand, of course, and she'd be so happy, but—she had the sorrow once and she's lived it down—and it would be cruel to make her live it all over again. I'm off to a new war—and this time I'll not come back—"

"But, Cahalan, are you certain she didn't recognize you?"

"Certain, sir. Why I didn't even recognize her. She was young and pretty and her hair was raven black when I saw her last in '98 and now she's old and white and wrinkled. Twenty years do things to a woman—and they've done things to me. I am thirty-eight but I might be fifty. I've had smallpox and my face is a smear of scars. I was a stripling boy when she saw me last—and my hair is gray now. This old *bolo* cut on my cheek—it draws up one corner of my mouth—and then you know, sir, mother believes firmly that I died seventeen years ago. She might see a resemblance—but—"

"I wouldn't see her again if I were you," Peep Sight suggested.

The Bluebird nodded. "No, sir, I couldn't afford that."

By his silence Peep Sight indicated his complete understanding, and the Bluebird's hand came over and clutched the Major's for a moment; then Peep Sight went quietly out of the tent and over to the picket line, where the horses and mules of B Battery munched their hay . . . Fortunately the mules couldn't tell the battery how truly soft he was.

Mother came down to the divisional review and Private Dolan drove her in Peep Sight's car. And she sat up in the grandstand, just outside the commanding general's box, and watched the guns go bumping by, saw the red guidons flying bravely in the breeze, saw Peep

Sight on a prancing charger raise his hand in salute to the chief, saw the cannoneers sitting up so stiffly with their arms folded as they rode the limbers and caissons, saw Sergeant Cahalan riding with the first section, and marked what a brave figure was his; heard the band playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," in march time, and felt her old heart thrill again as it had thrilled in an elder day when a beardless boy, with the innocent eyes of a babe, had ridden away with Capron's battery.

She came down again to the cantonment the day the first battalion entrained for a port of embarkation on the Atlantic coast. Dressed in her best, which wasn't much, she had come to say good-by to the range guard. Sergeant Cahalan was in charge of the baggage detail and when he had come back to report to Peep Sight that the last of it was loaded aboard the train, from the little knot of civilians waiting to wave good-by to the departing troops, Mother stepped timidly up and touched the sergeant's arm.

"I came to say good-by to you," she quavered. "I haven't any boy in this war, although if he had lived, I know I would be bidding him good-by. You see, there's something about you, Sergeant Cahalan, that reminds me of my boy. Oh, so much—"

She smiled up at him through tears and from under her faded cloak brought forth a little service flag with a lone star in the center of it.

"All the mothers have service flags," she told him confidentially, "and I did so want one, too. They weren't the fashion when my boy—well, Sergeant, that star means you, and I'm going to hang it up in my window while you're away. I don't want to forget how brave you are."

"Dear old mother," he gasped, and drew her to his breast and held her there, while she listened to the wild thumping of his heart. "I—I haven't any mother—not a soul to think of me," he stuttered, "so I've left my insurance to you—in case I'm not present—but accounted for—some day. I—I had to leave it to a relative—so I—I left it to you and said you were my mother. Don't tell anybody—it might make it hard for you to collect the insurance in case—and I've made an allotment out of my wages to you—you'll get it every month—and—here's my will. I have a couple of thousand in the bank—and I've left it all to you—you know, just in case—Now, good-by—good-by, dear old mother, and—see that you don't misplace any—of those bees!"

He kissed her again, and swung aboard the troop train. Peep Sight raised his hand to the engineer and they rolled away down the path of glory—to the grave.

When First Sergeant Grasby's term of service had expired the quartermaster gave him railroad transportation back to the place where he had enlisted—and that was Camp Kearny, California. Camp Kearny is sixteen miles from San Diego and in San Diego is the western advanced base of the Marine Corps. Grasby, having tried infantry, cavalry and field artillery, was now minded to join up with the Devil Dogs for the change his restless soul demanded, for only with the Marines could he hope to find active service again.

To San Diego, therefore, Grasby traveled on his hard-earned ticket, and "held up his hand" to a marine corps surgeon, in order that he might, without delay, enter once more under the mantle of his Uncle Sam's philanthropy and add another "fogie" for continuous service to the stripes on his sleeve.

One Sunday he hired a motorcycle, rode out to the brush-swept, deserted artillery range at Kearny, and sought the lonely little shanty tucked away in the mesquite thicket. The door hung open—plainly the house had not been lived in for many months—and the bees were gone. But in the grimy window, where no eye save Mother's and Grasby's had ever seen it, a faded, dusty little service flag still hung—and in the center of it Grasby saw the Bluebird's star.

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It was golden now.  
Grasby sighed. He had seen Sergeant Cahalan carried away on a stretcher, but not until now had he known that the Bluebird at last got his honorable discharge from the service.

*In a coming COSMOPOLITAN*  
Irvin Cobb tells the hilarious tale of  
a prizefight at the Egyptian Athletic  
and Boxing Club in New York's  
famous black belt. It is called "The  
Parker House Roll." Watch for it!

## Sweet War

(Continued from page 93)

waiting to cut off his engine he plunged out. There were three members of the tableau that greeted him: Jane Lee, her short black hair tossed about; a furtive-eyed stranger in a gray suit and cap who showed every inclination of bolting as Garth sprang out; and Jane Lee's roadster, off the road, resting one shoulder against the edge of the ditch as a horse rests against a hitching post.

Ready for anything, alarmed for Jane Lee, Garth strode forward. "What's the trouble, Jane Lee?" he asked, eyes fixed on the stranger. "Ran off the road." Her reply was short and disgruntled. "Can't you see?" and she continued her inspection of the front wheel of the car.

Garth joined her. "Who's that?" indicating the stranger.

Jane Lee gave him a look. "Nobody!" she snapped in a tone that expressed an opinion of Garth and all his works. She bent to tug at the wheel, her tiny teeth pressing into her lip.

"No use doing that," Garth rose from an examination. "You've smashed a steering knuckle. Nothing but a wrecker can help you."

"Then lend me your car. Lend me your car!"

"For what, Jane Lee?"

"That's my business!"

"Then I'm sorry, but I can't. But I'll drive you myself."

"Why not lend it to me? Can't you trust me?"

"Don't be silly, Jane Lee. It's you I'd be worried about. Besides, I can stage a guess who your friend is. Gang back yonder are looking for him. You ought to know that—"

"I know it already!" she snapped. "He told me all about it. Will you lend me your car, or won't you?"

"He told you all about it?" Garth asked incredulously. "Do you mean, Jane Lee, that he told you and you still are helping him?"

"Yes, I do! And I'm going to get him away too! I don't think there's anything wrong if he's trying to elope with a girl he loves—even if he's a stranger and a Yankee!"

"Did he tell you that, Jane Lee? But that's not—not—!"

"I don't care to argue with you, Garth. Will you lend me your car, or won't you?"

"But Jane Lee—let me finish! That fellow's—"

"All I want is 'yes' or 'no,' Garth. Will you or won't you?"

"But—no, then!"

She bit her lip and kicked the toe of a small satin slipper regardlessly against the tire. Suddenly she turned.

"You always keep your word, don't you, Garth?"

Her tone was soft: therefore he took warning.

"I try to," noncommittally he made answer.

"You don't break your promises, do you?"

"Not if I can help it."

"You said you'd drive for me. Get in the car." She conferred in low tones with the stranger. The two crowded in with Garth.

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"Straight ahead till I tell you to turn. And no questions!"

Smoothly the powerful engine whirled them along. The air was hot, stagnant, surcharged with rain and the oppression of late summer. A rabbit scampered out into the brilliant light and raced ahead of them for yards before plunging into the underbrush. The hot dusty smell of all Southern outdoors was in their nostrils, and each time they passed a cabin the yelping of countless hounds was in their ears.

Jane Lee was in no doubt of her course. "Right!" she ordered, or "Left!" without hesitation, as they came to each fork. Constantly she was bending over to scan her wrist.

Garth obeyed silently. That, however, did not prevent his thinking. He had been born and reared in this country; had hunted over every foot of it. Before his mind's eye was spread the map of every roadway and every crossing. Jane Lee was by no means circling aimlessly. She, too, knew; and she was choosing a route both to avoid interception and toward a definite destination. Insensibly he allowed the car to slow as he pondered.

As they neared a crossroad his glance fixed itself upon an enameled sign with a blue bell upon a white background. He brought the car to a halt.

"Back in just a minute," he grunted laconically and swung to the ground. He was gone only a short time more than he had stipulated.

Without comment he stepped back into the roadster and meshed gears. "Straight ahead," directed Jane Lee's hard little voice. Her eyes were fixed questioningly upon him.

There was a tenseness that betrayed their nonchalant manner as they spun on through the darkened, deserted country. The bright searchlights reached forward always into the blackness, picking out the lights and shadows, the barbed wire fences, and the telephone poles that marched off stiffly into infinity.

"Right!" called Jane Lee. Obediently Garth turned up a slight incline and bumped across cross-ties and rails and drew up alongside a shed-like building. "Kill your engine and cut off your lights," she directed. Garth snapped off the switches.

As the engine sank into silence and the lights flicked off, the lone building was revealed sharply; its one open side facing and almost abreast of the railroad tracks. A partition divided the one shed into two, marked respectively for "White" and "Colored." In each half a single plank for a bench was nailed around the side walls and back.

Jane Lee had by no means lost her tension. Garth got out and began striding up and down the cinders, as did the stranger; but she remained huddled against the cushions, her fingers tapping at the seat. Now and then she bent anxiously over the radium dial of her watch and resumed her nervous tattoo.

Garth fumbled for a cigaret and scratched a match on the side of the station. His lean, tanned face was outlined sharply in the tiny blaze as he bent forward. Jane Lee's tone cracked out, sharp, alarmed:

"Put out that light!" Automatically his fingers released the match. "Put out that cigaret—put it out!" she insisted. His heel ground it into the cinders.

Jane Lee made no explanation; Garth requested none. He resumed his stalking upon the cinders; she, her tapping on the seat. The stranger had retired to the background of deeper, darker shadows.

She straightened. One could not be certain, but there seemed to come from the rails a slight, tenuous, low thrumming.

Afar down the track, over the belt of trees, appeared a misty, uncertain glow. The thrumming grew unmistakable. Distant, resonant, echoing came the long-drawn-out locomotive whistle.

Jane Lee scrambled from the car, and there followed a rustling as she gathered scattered sheets of discarded newspaper and wound them into a roll. Garth recognized the make-shift torch that would be lighted and swung across the track until the engineer whistled

his acknowledgment of a prospective passenger at a "stop on signal" station.

Jane Lee turned to him. "You went to a telephone back yonder when we stopped," she accused.

"Well?" Garth's tone neither admitted nor denied.

"You called somebody. Who?"

"If I did, what difference does it make, Jane Lee?"

"Do you think it was fair to do that?"

"I promised, Jane Lee," quietly, "only to drive you."

"All right. You may think you've acted fairly. I don't. And I've beat you—there comes the train. I'm going to put him on it. I told you once, Garth Allen, that I never would be a clinging vine."

"Yes," admitted Garth gently, "you did tell me that, Jane Lee."

"You forgot this flag station and the eighty-four local. I remembered it. You can't stop us now."

"What would you do, Jane Lee," he inquired very softly, "if I pulled a gun on him and took him?" He nodded toward the shadows where the furtive-eyed one had disappeared.

"You'd have to pull a gun on two of us!" she snapped and very evidently meant it. "And you'd have to use it on me, Garth!"

Turning, she struck a match to her improvised torch and began to wave the flame across the track. The blinding searchlight thundered down upon them. From the train came a series of staccato whistlings, the hiss of brakes, and a clanking of slowing down.

"Yes, Jane Lee," Garth answered quietly. "It does look as if you had won."

Almost with his words the earth seemed to erupt automobiles and shadowy figures that hit the ground running. Instantly there was a wild picture: a blinding cone of light from the train; flashing searchlights from the automobiles; racing, straining figures; and dominating it all the thunder of the train grinding to a halt.

Jane Lee turned fiercely upon Garth. "You telephoned to them when you stopped back yonder!" she blazed. "While you were pretending to keep your word to me! But I'll show you; you—you!"

She whirled to the newcomers. "Stop!" she ordered as loudly as she could, arms outstretched. "Stop right where you are!"

They were but men to Jane Lee. She saw them every day. When she met them they stepped into the gutter to make room for her to pass. If she dropped a package they raced to pick it up. If her car balked they forgot their own business while they started it for her. She knew what she could do with them.

She might as well have called to the whirlwind. Her voice was drowned in the commotion. She had expected to crush opposition, and she found herself disregarded. They plunged unseeing on. There might be one that she could grasp and attempt to hold; but there were a score of others who flung by her. She failed utterly, after making her boast. Arms wide, she almost sobbed in realization.

She turned, gasping in her impotence and bewildered fury. A figure in a gray suit and cap stalked into the centered spotlight from the automobiles, back turned, and paused nonchalantly to light a cigaret. Her first confused thought was to wonder why the stranger so boldly disregarded attention.

The others, too, saw. The puff-puff of the starting engine drowned the sound of their approach as they flung themselves upon him in a swarm. He went down, hidden.

Wonderingly, Jane Lee strode up as they snatched him roughly to his feet, a man at each arm. She saw his eyes rove unobtrusively to the red lanterns on the rear of the departing train. He straightened.

"What the devil do you fellows mean?" he demanded angrily. The light fell full upon his face. From the crowd came a gasp of astonishment.

"Garth Allen!" Key Walters found his tongue. "So it was they saw in a gray

suit and cap with Jane Lee! We thought—"?" He paused a moment, then demanded:

"Where's Jane Lee's car?"

"She ran off into the ditch and I picked her up."

"Hm-m-m. Garth, you're up to somep'n, but I can't pin it on you. We got a tip—our man—has he been here, Garth?"

Garth's open gaze met his appealingly. "Key," he said firmly, "I give you my word that not a soul has been here but us who were here when you fellows rolled up." His hands spread wide in invitation to look.

In the brilliance a glance was sufficient to show that no one else was around. The others began starting their cars again. Key turned for a Parthian shot: "I spect I need a diagram and somebody to explain with short, easy words," he grumbled. "But I know you've been up to somep'n, Garth. 'Scuse us, Jane Lee, for mighty near trompin' on you. Good night. Reckon we'll have to hunt somewhere else for our labor agent."

His car roared as they got under way and purred off into the dark. From the swamp on the creek bank an owl hooted eerily. The frogs in a pool along the track began again their grating colloquies. The air was heavy about them.

Jane Lee recovered her tongue. She was almost gasping. "Garth," she demanded roughly, "was that man a labor agent?"

Garth was fumbling in the starlight for the cap he had lost in the scuffle. "Uh-huh," he grunted unemotionally.

"And you knew it all the time? When I was asking you to help us?"

Garth kept his breath for more fumbling for the cap. She insisted:

"Tell me. Didn't you?"

"Of course. I knew that was just a cock and bull story he stuffed you with about his eloping. You were easy for him. He's been shipping hands all around—off yo' plantation's well as the rest. I tried and tried to tell you, but you wouldn't let me."

"And you—helped me," Jane Lee's voice was vibrant, full of her emotion, "in spite of it! You didn't want me to go on with him alone . . . you helped me, even though you knew it was wrong! And oh, Garth! You knew they would mistake you for him when you stepped into the light and lighted that cigaret with your back turned! You did it to give him a chance to escape—didn't you?"

Garth still held his silence. Jane Lee would not be balked.

"You attracted their attention so he could get on the train, didn't you?" she insisted.

"Uh-huh," repeated Garth, a little reluctantly.

"Then you didn't telephone back yonder, after all! You were just helping me, whether I was right or wrong—oh, Garth, I'm so glad you did! If you hadn't weakened first, I'd have gone on and on and on, without letting you know how much I still cared. I'm tired of fighting you, but I couldn't be the first to give in. And it hurt me, too; I used to cry myself to sleep night after night—but I couldn't be the first . . ." She was a little incoherent in her rush. Expectant, she stepped close to Garth. He drew back.

"Don't, Jane Lee. You mustn't."

Her trim little head came up like a flash. Her slender figure straightened interrogatively.

"You'd find out anyhow, Jane Lee," his voice was troubled. "I can't let you go on, thinking—that things are—well—like you said . . ."

Her little figure had grown rigid. "You mean," she questioned in a hard little voice, "that you don't—don't—any longer—?"

"You've got everything all wrong," he told her. "Of course I telephoned back yonder."

"But—but—" she protested, "you couldn't have! You just said you managed it to give him a chance to escape—you told Key a half-truth that deceived him—!"

"Just a minute, Jane Lee," he interrupted her quietly. "What's down that track?"

"Down the track? I don't—oh, you mean

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the stations. Well, first comes town, and then—"

"Town. That's the county seat, isn't it?"

"Yes: of course. But—?"

"Within five minutes after you-all got in my car I knew you were headed toward this flag station. There could be only one reason, I ride that local two or three times a month. Of course I telephoned!"

"But it was to town—to Sheriff Tom Nabers. I told him I'd put the labor agent on the train; and for him to arrest him when the train got to town."

"Key Walters and those other idiots are so excited they'd be absolutely certain to do something they'd regret a whole lot tomorrow when they cooled off. This way he'll get a trial and whatever he deserves—which'll be a-plenty. Sheriff Tom has prob'ly got him in jail by now."

Garth spread his hands rather wearily in the starlight. "That's all," he ended. "I couldn't let you go on under false pretenses. You'd find out tomorrow, and hate me for taking advantage of you. I'd rather tell you myself, now."

Jane Lee did not move. Her head was down. One tiny toe scuffed and scuffed at the cinders.

"I thought . . ." she said in a tiny, subdued voice, "that you meant—something else

entirely, Garth . . ." Her head remained down. Apparently there was nothing in all life quite as engrossing as cinders. "It—I didn't like it, Garth. It made me realize—a whole lot that—I never thought of before . . ."

She paused, evidently with the hope that he would interrupt. Garth held his silence. She went on in the same tiny voice, toe still busy in the roadbed:

"It's the first time I—I never thought before that you might—that there was—somebody else . . . And—it made me realize what—fools we two have been—what little, silly things we've allowed to keep us apart when we cared . . ."

"So—I reckon—I don't take anything back, Garth—dear. I'll just let it—ride like I said it!"

The blood was pounding in Garth's temples. He felt as if he were choking. He wanted to cry aloud; to stop her; to tell her that it had been brought home to him, too, that she was all that mattered in the whole world, that he, too, wanted to surrender. She misunderstood his hesitation.

"I mean it!" she insisted. "I'm tired of fighting you, Garth dear. I—I—" then impetuously: "I don't want to be anything on earth, Garth, but just your—clinging vine . . .!"

*"My deafness is a godsend," says Thomas Edison, the greatest of living inventors. In an unusual article for a coming COSMOPOLITAN the inventor of the phonograph tells how his great handicap helped him to success.*

## And They Lived Happily Ever After

(Continued from page 87)

just a little below par today, that's all! And I'm proud that you called me and paid me the compliment of thinking I could cheer you up. That's just the way I want you to feel. Why, what is love for if it isn't to help each other over the hard places?"

"I want to be sure, Howard," she said plaintively. "You don't think less of me—you don't—"

"Why, Alice, I don't know you at all today!" he exclaimed.

She slipped into his arms, crying, with her face against his shoulder.

"I've got to trust you; I've got to believe in you!" she moaned.

"Why, of course, that's all understood!" he said, but in his growing impatience his gaze roamed over the bric-à-brac on the mantel beyond her head. He hadn't seen her like this before. It was one thing to make love to a woman who was pretty and gay and responsive but quite another to be obliged to assume the rôle of consoler to the same lady to the accompaniment of tears.

"This will never do!" he exclaimed, taking her handkerchief and touching it to her eyes. "Nobody's going to hurt my little girl. There's the gong for lunch. You're hungry, that's the trouble! A little food and presto!—you'll be all right again."

She powdered her nose before the hall mirror and sat down at the table with her equanimity measurably restored. Spencer had always been reassuring as to the discretion and trustworthiness of his colored servant and they talked freely before him. She waited however until the man had served the chops and vegetables and left the room before opening the subject of Mort's retirement from the Press. She had meant to make a dramatic story of it to arouse Spencer's sympathy and impress him with a sense of her complete trust in him. But a discussion of Press affairs was not to his taste when he had traveled three miles to be amused. He stopped her with a gesture.

"You needn't tell me a thing! I know everything. There's nothing for you to bother your head about. Mort handed me all his resignations in a bunch this morning. He was damned

agreeable about it, too, and so was I. Perfect gentlemen! He said it wasn't necessary to go over the thing in detail; that he thought it only fair to me for him to retire in view of our differences over my plans. No discussion; the interview only lasted two minutes. We expressed our regrets at the separation and complimented each other highly on our respective noble qualities."

"I'm glad there wasn't any trouble," she murmured.

The little quaver in her voice caused him to eye her narrowly. They were sitting side by side at the table and he gave her hand a reassuring pressure.

"Where do you get this trouble stuff?" he demanded. "There couldn't be any trouble! I'm frankly sorry Mort wouldn't see the thing as you and I see it. Under the new scheme he'd have plenty of chances to do what he does best—designing and advising customers; and I'd told him that a dozen times, but he couldn't see it. He always was an obstinate devil. From the time I first broached the reorganization he acted like a cry-baby. Any business man in town would say he's a fool to quit just because the business has outgrown him. But I'm mighty glad you're staying in. I'd been afraid he might scare you into selling your stock; but you've got brains in your dear head. The stock's already transferred to your name on the books. Mort suggested making you vice-president and secretary in his place. That's an ingenious idea!"

"Well, what would you think of it?" she asked, her gaze expressing the disappointment she felt at his failure to declare at once in favor of her introduction into the business as an active factor.

"Why, my dear little girl! I couldn't stand to see you bothering your pretty head about contracts and accounts. Getting ink on those dear fingers! How,"—he rose and bent over her, taking her cheeks in his hands—"how would we ever get anything done if we met every day in an office! Having you there would be altogether too tantalizing!"

"What do you think's got into Mort," she asked when he had satisfied her that it would

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be a serious mistake for her to attempt to adjust herself to an office routine. "I don't like the way he's acting. He hasn't told me what he means to do, but he's evidently got something on his mind."

"That's his trouble, not ours," Spencer replied carelessly. "I suggested some time ago, when he hinted at quitting, that it wouldn't be quite square for him to set up in another printing business. He got a little hot—he's so damned ticklish about his honor—said he had no intention of doing any such thing. I don't care what he does. That's his worry. He's been acting like a silly child—poking about into things he never bothered about before. By George!—he even gave the bookkeeper a raking over the coals about my personal account, as though that was any of his business!"

This he threw in as a precautionary measure in case Mort had told her of his overdrafts on the company's books. But Mort hadn't; and he saw that she was wholly sympathetic with his intimation that Mort was an annoying busybody.

"He's just that way at home," she said. "Fussing about bills and making a row if I run even a few dollars over what he thinks I ought to spend."

"Let's forget it! Some people only see the little things in life. It's certainly a big help to me to know you understand what I'm trying to do!"

Two hours later when he was leaving—they made it a rule not to leave the house together—she again demanded, in her coaxing, clinging way, to be told that he really loved her. She urged him not to go; a cold rain was splashing against the windows and the wood fire in the cosy upstairs sitting-room encouraged delay.

"I've put all my life into your hands," she said chokingly. "You are more precious than life to me."

"Yes, dear; and don't you ever think I don't realize all that and appreciate it. You're the dearest girl in all the world. You know it touches me away down in my soul—more than I know how to tell you—that you care so much; but it's not the half of my love for you!"

He held her in his arms, stroking her hair, laying his face to hers. Her clasp tightened about his shoulders with a sense of dependence more complete than she had shown before. Her youthful ardor for Mort had not been like this; nothing had been like this! Her marriage with Mort had been a case of propinquity, a boy-and-girl affair that was all sentiment, too flimsy to last. But she was giving Spencer the love of a woman who had tasted of the waters of life and knew now for the first time the true meaning of love.

"You won't ever leave me; you'll always love me?" she pleaded tearfully.

She repeated the question insistently while he replied that she was all the world to him. He only desired success, he said, that her own life might be broader and happier. His whole aim in enlarging the Press was to prove his worth to her. She had brought him the only real happiness he had ever known and it would be a joy to work for her.

"Oh, but it's not that!" she caught him up, a sob in her throat. "I wouldn't want anything if I could have you! Wouldn't it be sweet, Howard, if we could live together—I wouldn't care where or how—just so I could have you always!"

"Yes—yes—" he stammered, taken aback by a note of passion in her voice. "But, little girl, we've got to be brave and make the most of things as they are! We trust each other; we know what we mean to each other."

Spencer had experienced no compunctions in establishing with Morton Crane's wife a relationship that violated the oldest of the laws that govern the conduct of honorable men. It was, indeed, only the ease with which Alice had yielded that surprised him. All his life, in all his affairs, he had taken the easier and more comfortable way, avoiding responsibilities and encumbrances that were likely to become burdensome. He was anxious to get

# How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

*Try this quick, simple method  
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*See the difference it makes in  
the appearance of YOUR HAIR.*

*Note how it gives new life  
and lustre; how it brings out  
all the wave and color.*

*See how soft and silky, bright  
and glossy your hair will look.*

**T**HE attractiveness of even the most beautiful women depends upon the loveliness of their hair.

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When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and thousands of discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

## A Simple, Easy Method

**F**IRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

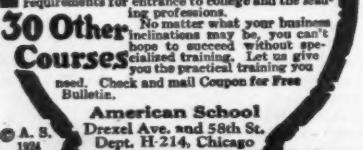
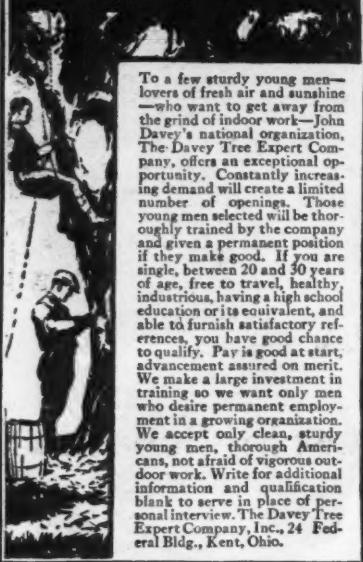
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**Y**OU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker



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away but Alice detained him, reiterating that he didn't truly love her or he wouldn't be leaving—making it necessary for him to keep repeating that but for the imperative demands of business he would of course spend the remainder of the afternoon with her. Her unreasoning insistence sorely taxed his patience. It finally became necessary to assume a peremptory tone to impress her with the urgent need of his presence downtown.

"Listen to me, little girl! This has been a sweet, dear time we've had together, so let us not be foolish. I'm terribly busy getting new capital for the Press and a lease on a new site—thousand and one things demand attention. It's just as much for you as for me that I'm working; remember that. Just think! Some time—who can tell!—we may have whole days and months and years together! Did you ever think of that?"

"Oh, Howard!" she cried, her eyes wide with joyous wonder. "Have you thought of that?"

"Of course I've thought of it!" he answered, instantly sorry that in his anxiety to get away he had thus committed himself. "Now please be sensible! If you say another word about my going I'll—well, I'll do something terrible!"

"What will you do?" she demanded archly, clinging to the lapels of his coat.

"Oh, that's a secret too horrible to tell!"

And with this he made a hurried exit, kissing his hand to her from the hall below as she bent over the stair rail. She ran to the window and watched his car dart swiftly from the driveway into the boulevard and disappear. His hint about the possibility of their enjoying a long period of happiness together had kindled in her a new hope and opened new vistas of speculation. The latent mysticism, a hovering belief in intangible forces at work upon human destiny to which many women are prey, quickened in her the fascination of the unknown. He could mean nothing less than that one day he would marry her.

She lingered in the upper rooms of the house, now grown familiar, dreaming over again the hours she had spent with him. It was all like a story, her being there. This was the home of her true romance. She recalled the phrases with which he had assured her that she was beautiful; thrilled at the memory of his caresses. But for him she would have gone on in the old way with Mort, acquiescing in his satisfaction with the tedious course of their colorless lives and slipping into middle age without knowing the happiness which now brimmed her cup. She exulted in the thought that she had found the door of escape from a humdrum existence. She had been a fool to endure so long the old routine. A wicked woman, the world would say if the world knew; but, as there was no reason why the world should know, she listened to the drumming of the rain on the roof and the fitful whine of the wind in the chimney with languorous contentment . . .

"Whole days and months and years together!" . . . those were Spencer's words, and they could mean but the one thing, that some day, in some way, she could be free and Spencer would marry her. Mort had failed her, but she had every confidence in Howard's devotion and loyalty. He understood and valued her as Mort never had. With the Press flourishing they could be very happy together. She with difficulty curbed an impulse to call him on the telephone to make sure that he had reached the office safely, and went into his room, giving a touch here and there to his belongings, luxuriating in the sense of their intimacy.

### CHAPTER X

MORT had handed in his several resignations as director, secretary and vice-president to Spencer with the courage and independence of the new man he felt himself to be; but when it was over he went back to his desk with an ache in his heart. He had asked Spencer to say nothing about his retirement until the first of January to avoid explanations to the old

employees with whom he had been so happily associated. Spencer's expressions of regret were colorlessly formal. He had dropped Mort's resignation into a drawer quite as if it were an unimportant memorandum and not the severance of a relationship of many years.

On an afternoon early in December Mort left the office to walk and concentrate upon his problem. The day was not inspiring. The overcast sky occasionally spilled rain to be swept in angry gusts by a keen east wind. With his hands thrust into the pockets of his rain coat and an old felt hat drawn low over his head he swung along at a quick pace through the rain-splashed streets. He kept reassuring himself that he wasn't too old to begin over again; that there were many chances of success for a man who really had the will to win; that what any other man of ordinary intelligence and pluck could do was within his own powers.

He had thought frequently of Joe Weston's talk at Tom Bowen's, six months earlier, about the investment business, and his constant search for new talent. Weston was to Crane a new type, and now that he had resolved to demonstrate his capacity for doing more important and profitable things than tinkering around a printing office Mort was beset by a temptation to call on the broker.

In his deep preoccupation he failed to keep track of time and distance and was surprised to find that he had reached the borders of Garfield Park. The broad open spaces invited to a further extension of his wanderings and he struck off through the unfamiliar drives with renewed energy and an agreeable sense of adventure. He had thought himself the only pedestrian abroad when he noted a woman walking rapidly some distance farther on. A dark line of forest trees shut her out but she again came into view, and he became mildly interested in the fact that she was paralleling his course.

Once again he lost sight of her and he had dismissed her from his thoughts when he came upon her, standing at the margin of the sunken gardens—a tall figure in a gray raglan coat heavily collared with dark fur and a plain, cloth hat. The lines of her figure, the manner in which she lifted her head to scan the tree tops beyond the garden, struck him as familiar and catching a glimpse of her profile, in profound astonishment he realized that this other storm-beaten pilgrim was Helen Weston. He was about to hurry away when the scraping of his foot on the walk caused her to swing round. She regarded him first with the uncertainty of imperfect identification and then with a smile of amiable recognition. He advanced toward her, hat in hand, his wet face alight with surprise and pleasure.

"Dear me! Are there two of us?" she laughingly demanded.

"Two?" he repeated bewilderedly.

For half an hour he had been pondering whether he should appeal to Weston and to meet her in this unexpected way seemed half an answer to the question. Her dark eyes, that changed so quickly from an earnest gravity to mirth, were bent upon him with frank curiosity.

"Will you walk some more?" she asked, and they set off together. "I like this place, particularly in winter. I drove out and left my car at the entrance. Strange that I've been here many times but this is the first time I ever met any one I knew. I get fed up walking in my own neighborhood. Out here you have everything—isolation, noble trees and a chance to see the heavens!"

"Frowning heavens, just now! Are you aware that it's raining?"

The rain changed abruptly to a pelting sleet that stung their faces like needles. She turned to him laughing, reaching out her hand with the impulsive gesture of a child at some game. He caught her gloved fingers and together they sped over the path toward a park shelter. Her face glowed, her dark eyes danced with the exhilaration of their combat with the storm. Mort felt a comradeship with this racing figure

beside him that was new to all his experience. They ran up the steps of a shelterhouse and looked out over the sleet-swept landscape.

"Aren't we silly!" she cried joyously.

"Yes!" Mort panted. "And isn't it grand to be foolish!"

His happiness surprised him. Of late he had grown afraid of happiness! Alice would whimper where this woman laughed. Hope and self-confidence tingled in his blood like a magic elixir . . .

The sleet changed to snow—a downfall of big, lazy flakes that brought from Helen ejaculations of child-like wonder.

"How adorable!" she exclaimed as they lingered in the shelter of the pavilion to enjoy the scene. "And to think I might have missed it by going to a bridge party!"

"A terrible thought! And I might have missed it by staying at the office. I ought to be there right now!"

"Oh, no! Let's walk some more. You'll get more by braving the storm than you'd make down there! Don't tell me you're never happy away from your work."

"No; but I was feeling blue and needed tuning up. The walk—and you—have set me up!"

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "Is that the way of it! That's exactly why I've been tramping over the park. I love the cold. In summer we dream but winter brings duty and the need for courage. And courage—courage!"—she lifted her hands towards the heavens—"is the greatest thing in the world!"

"It's a grand old word—courage," he said, eying her covertly as she marched along, her eyes straight ahead. "I hadn't just thought of it before but I guess that's really what I came out to look for."

In his need of sympathy and counsel he felt himself reaching out to her. She was wise; she was kind, and her mood made the approach easy. If he dared tell her his perplexities she might help; and he sorely needed help.

"Courage!" she repeated after a pause and half to herself. "When we feel the need of something it's a sure sign we're going to find it. That's not just bunk; I've tried it and know it's true. The poor souls who don't know what they need are the ones to be sorry for! When I feel spiritless and there's no fight in me I take myself aside and say with the musketeers, 'Courage, comrade, the devil's dead!' Then," she added with smiling self-mockery, "I'm as brave as a lion!"

"Thanks ever so much; I'll give it a try-out anyhow," he said, his heart gladdened by the smile she turned upon him.

"Oh, we mustn't let ourselves be whipped!" she went on. "Here we are—two human beings landed in a cold wet park by some impish fate. Both of us rather miserable and misery loves company! But I'm all right now. How absurd I must have looked standing there in the rain! And you—you looked absolutely ridiculous yourself! The idea of going out to inspect parks on such a day! Oh, well, when we laugh we're safe! My barometer's climbing!"

"I'm laughing heartily," he returned. "But my devils refuse to be exorcised so easily! I've still got my problems!"

She bent her gaze upon him with swift inquiry.

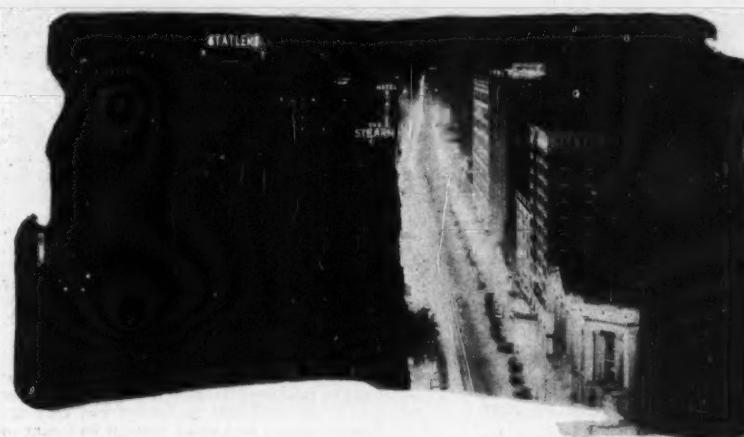
"Do pardon me!" she said contritely. "You are troubled about something. Maybe you'd rather go on alone——"

"For heaven's sake, don't desert me!" he exclaimed. "For all you know I'm a desperate man!"

"Oh, no, you're not! I've seen a few desperate men in my day and they hadn't your look at all!"

"I'm leaving the Spencer Press the first of the year," he began abruptly. "I've got to find something else at once. I've no capital. It will be a case of beginning all over again!"

"Yes," she remarked with an encouraging nod. "I understand. When we have to begin over again that means that we have another chance. Please go on."



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He was grateful for her suggestion about another chance. A new opportunity was what he sought, but he wished her to know that he realized the obstacles.

"I'm a little old to be starting out on a new trail," he began. "But I want to tackle something different. It's occurred to me that perhaps I might qualify in the bond business. Something Mr. Weston said to me that day we were all at your brother's last summer put it in my mind. Strange, but I was thinking of my talk with Mr. Weston when I met you. I was trying to decide whether to go to see him. And now I'll turn the question over to you, which probably isn't very generous of me!"

"On the other hand it strikes me as rather a natural thing to do," she replied, and he saw that she was pondering deeply. "If Mr. Weston suggested it—"

"Oh, I don't lay too much stress on that! We were thrown together for an hour and he got to talking of business in a very interesting way. He said that he always had openings for promising men and I thought he meant to imply that he might even make use of a poor worm like me. You have to discount what he said on the score of the warm day and the necessity for keeping conversation going with a comparative stranger."

"You're far too modest," she replied with a laugh, "Joe's mind functions even when he's had a little Scotch, which I remember was the case on the day of Tom's party. Joe wouldn't have hinted even remotely at making you an offer unless he meant it. I happen to know that he's losing one of his best men—Stanton, who's leaving to go into a bond house in Denver."

"Of course I know nothing about the business. It would be sheer nerve on my part to ask him for employment."

"If the thing's in your mind—a strong impulse—I certainly should," she replied with decision. "I'm very keen about obeying our impulses. But may I give you a hint or two? Be direct; tell him exactly what you want and why. Say frankly that you don't know a thing about selling securities but that it's the one thing under heaven you want to do. Joe likes enthusiasm—but not the offensive, sputtering kind—but sincere, earnest interest in a thing. And don't forget to drop into the interview the idea that you want to apprentice yourself to the ablest man in the business, which is your reason for going to him. Please don't think I'm speaking disparagingly of my husband when I give you a little hint that he's not without his vanity. All successful men have that. He's enormously clever and he's been amazingly successful. He has a right to the pride he feels in his success."

"Yes; I understand that," Mort murmured. "Naturally he will be curious as to why you're leaving Spencer," she went on. "You've been there a long time, haven't you? I'd tell him the truth even if there's some embarrassment in it for you. To be frank I've never cared particularly for Howard Spencer myself, but Joe likes him—they're old friends. Stand on your dignity with Joe. Don't act as if you were in difficulty or had gone to him as a last resort. Am I telling you what you want to know?"

"Exactly! It's splendid of you to give me this help. When I wandered out here I needed to talk to some one and it's a sad confession that there are few people I could go to. I had thought of Tom, but he's away from home. And Alice—Alice—"

"Your wife, yes?" she caught him up quickly. "Mrs. Crane ought to be a good counselor."

"Well, the fact is Alice and I don't agree about my leaving the Press. Spencer wants to enlarge the business and I can't see it. It's Alice's money that's invested there—money she inherited sometime after we were married. I'm afraid of the risk—I can't believe it wise to keep on with Spencer in his expansion." He paused and then added rather defiantly: "But she's thought for a long time that the returns ought to be bigger! The Press as it

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stands is no gold mine, but it's safe and sure!"

"Oh!"

The word was uttered softly with falling inflection; ambiguous; possibly intended as a warning that she was not concerned with any difficulty he might be having with his wife. He realized with a twinge of shame that it was hardly decent for him to bare his domestic affairs to a woman he knew so little. He surmised that she was instinctively taking Alice's side, and that "Oh" effectually barred the way to an explanation which he felt would change her attitude. He was a little hurt that she hadn't given him a chance to elucidate. Perhaps realizing that she wasn't meeting his need as she honestly wanted to she said:

"I can see there might be an uncomfortable situation where it's the wife's money a husband represents in a business. But you've got along a good many years, haven't you—happily, with a degree of prosperity?"

"Oh, yes!" he agreed, though in a tone that implied reservations.

She chose to ignore this, her silence giving him a hint that while his business affairs might properly be discussed between them she ceased to be interested when it became necessary to bring in his wife.

"To go back for a moment, you're already committed to the idea of making a change. That's settled, is it?"

"Yes—I leave the Press the first of the year."

"Then if you feel the urge, go to see Mr. Weston. I could speak to him first—I'd be glad to—but it would be best for you to manage the thing yourself."

"Of course! I hadn't any idea of asking your help about that!"

"I know you hadn't. Go ahead in your own way—just remembering my little hints. I can't guarantee that you'll be happy in such work; but life's only a lot of experiments anyway. And don't be too humble—just humble enough!"

She laughed merrily in delivering this injunction, and raised her arm to look at her watch.

"I've got an idea!" she declared. "I'm hungry! I wonder if there's any place we could go for the cup that cheers and a sandwich. We might go up to my house—"

"By George!" he exclaimed. "I knew I'd forgotten something! It was my lunch!"

"You shouldn't forget your lunch," she admonished with mock severity, "and I shouldn't have dragged a starving man all over the park! Come with me!"

She drove her handsome coupé with a sure hand; a definite person, this Helen Weston, sure of herself at all times. She was going out of her way to be kind and he was proud to be the recipient of her kindness.

"I won't keep you in suspense," she said as they approached the railroad tracks, "as to where I'm taking you! There's something I haven't done since I was a girl and I'm always dying to do it—sit on a high stool in the Union Station and eat! And you're giving me an excuse. If there's no fire plug or other impediment we'll park right here!"

He scouted his suggestion that they go into the dining-room and sit at a table. She could always sit at tables but it would be an enthralling experience to perch at the counter. They hung up their wet coats and perused the bill of fare.

"They seem to have everything on this card!" said Helen. "What shall we eat?"

"If you leave it to me—ham and eggs and coffee!" he answered promptly.

"Substantial, if not delicate. Mine shall be tea and toast."

"Oh, you're not playing fair," he protested. "You're not hungry at all!"

"Perishing!" she replied. And he gave the order.

"This is a real lark—like being in a strange town. How did you guess I needed food?"

"Shall I tell you? I've had considerable experience with hungry children and know the signs!"

Though they laughed at this he wondered whether she hadn't listened to his story much

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as if he were a child. He didn't like the idea. He wanted Helen Weston to think of him as a strong, forthright man . . .

"How lucky!" she exclaimed when, their luncheon dispatched, they went back to her car. "Shall I take you further or do we part here? I can drive you to your office very easily."

"Oh, no; it's only a step. Thank you ever so much! You do forgive me for butting into your walk? If you knew how much you've helped me you'd certainly forgive me."

"I've enjoyed it all! It's been ever so nice. I hope everything will go well with you! Good-by!"

Intent upon the problem of getting her car away from the curb she seemed already to have dismissed him from her mind. He had wanted to express a hope that they might meet again in some such way but she gave him no chance. As the car slipped into the traffic current she merely lifted her hand in a careless salute without turning her head.

### CHAPTER XI

MORT found the idea of asking Joe Weston for a job much less formidable after his talk with Mrs. Weston. His meeting with the broker's wife had been an event in his life. He wasn't going to make a fool of himself, but it was remarkable how constantly he thought of her. Having met her once in a most unusual way he was now constantly on the look-out for her as he drove to and from the Press. He even began answering his telephone calls with unwonted alacrity. Foolish; he knew it was ridiculous. He was amazed at the swift transitions of his moods. One thing was certain, however; he was more awake and alert than he had been in years, and his mind was eager to come to grips with practical things that it had been his old habit to dodge.

Alice had never affected him this way; Alice was captious and unreasonable. He meant to show Alice what he could do once he was a free man, unhampered by her money which had been the cause of so much contention. The call on Joe Weston must be planned carefully, and he spent his spare time formulating and mentally rehearsing it with the idea that his conduct in the interview would influence the broker as to his ability to handle himself well in meeting strangers and persuading them to buy securities. A new overcoat would not be amiss; his old one was undeniably shabby, and he bought a ready-made garment for forty dollars and having committed this extravagance he yielded to the clerk's hint that a new hat was a necessary accompaniment of the coat.

"See who's here!" cried Freida when he wore his purchases home. "Why, papa, how much younger you look! Snappy, I'd say!" She seized the hat and clapped it on his head at a rakish angle and turned him round that her mother might see that the new ulster was adorned with a be'it.

"It's very good looking," Alice remarked indifferently. "But I think I'd have got something in gray; I don't care much for that brown. Are they wearing belts now?"

"Well, if it isn't all right I'm the goat that's got to wear it," Mort replied good-humoredly. "Oh, it's peachy, papa," Freida hastened to assure him, to minimize the effect of her mother's criticism . . .

Alice had continued to be troubled by Mort's retirement from the Press. His silence as to his plans vexed and annoyed her; there was the uncertainty as to Mort's ability to maintain the house as he had promised . . . And that he should, without warning, indulge in the luxury of a new overcoat when he had clung to the old garment for five years after she had pronounced it disreputable and disgraceful was in itself significant of some unaccountable change in him.

On the same evening that he wore the coat home Mort appeared to be in unusually good spirits. Freida appealed to him for help with her lessons and the two retired to the dining-room table, while Alice sewed by the living-room fire.

Alice, not a little jealous of the affection between the two, glanced toward them occasionally as they sat with their heads together. Freida seized any excuse for abandoning the algebra lesson to talk of anything that popped into her head. Mort was very patient with her, scolding and praising her by turns.

"Yes, papa, I understand perfectly!" she protested when he demanded an assurance that she really understood. "You make it seem so much easier than my teacher at school. I'm ever so proud to tell her you help me. I had the biggest argument the other night with Joe junior! I told him you were perfectly *marvelous* at mathematics, and he said you couldn't be as good as his mother—you know those children just *adore* her; and she *does* know an *awful* lot! She knows French and is teaching all the children! And she *is* so beautiful! I do think Mrs. Weston is just the most beautiful woman in the *world!* Don't you think her beautiful, papa?"

"She's certainly handsome," Mort answered, taken aback. "But this isn't getting on with the lessons."

"It's strange about Mrs. Weston," Alice interposed from the living-room. "Sometimes I think she's quite wonderful looking and then again she seems quite ordinary. I think it's a good deal a matter of clothes with her."

"Why, mamma, you've always said she was stunning, and brilliant and everything splendid."

"Oh, I don't think any one's perfect," Alice replied lazily. "Of course she's handsome, and she has that air of a woman who has everything. But a lot of women could have that if they had her money to spend."

"Now, mamma, you don't honestly think her money makes any difference with Mrs. Weston!" exclaimed Freida. "She'd be just as lovely and kind to every one if she hadn't anything!"

"Oh, I suppose so!" Alice assented wearily. Freida's extravagant praise of Helen Weston, seconded by Mort, irritated her. She wondered what Spencer was doing; there was the possibility that he might be with some other woman. If Mort, who was keeping such strict silence as to his future employment, failed to reestablish himself in at least as well-paying a position as he was relinquishing at the Press she would terminate their relationship. With the fifty thousand dollars he had said her stock was worth she could manage to live. She could even take Freida abroad for the year she had dreamed of so long and then get a divorce and Spencer would marry her. Her faith in Howard Spencer was not a matter she could debate with herself; it was absolutely essential to her peace that she believe in him. He either loved her as she loved him or he was a great scoundrel who had made an evil woman of her . . .

She put down her sewing and took up a magazine, skimming through a short story with half attention. Mort and Freida finished their work over the lessons and went to the kitchen to forage for food. Alice looked up with a frown when they came in, each with a glass of milk and a handful of crackers which they consumed standing before the fire.

"Did you find a good story, mamma?" Freida asked, pausing by her mother's chair.

"Not very," Alice answered. "It's very stupid."

"You and papa ought to go out more," said Freida, with her mouth full of cracker. "The Westons go out a lot to dinners and things. And every Friday night they all go to the vaudeville; they have regular seats for the season."

"Your father doesn't like to go out," Alice mumbled without lifting her eyes from the page.

"Well, I'd hardly say that, Alice," said Mort. "I'm always open minded about going out."

"Yes, you are! You make a fuss every time I suggest doing anything!" Alice retorted. "You just would move out here where it's always hard getting into town in the winter, with all the fuss about parking a car if you go



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to the theater. It's perfectly easy for people like the Westons with a limousine and a chauffeur to go to shows and parties."

"Yes, mamma, but lots of people go who have to ride in the streetcars."

"I see myself walking four blocks to the trolley on a winter night and standing on a cold corner waiting for a car to come home in! I'd rather go to bed right after supper every night than do that!" declared Alice.

Freida bent her gaze gravely upon Mort, with childish anxiety as to how he would take this. Of late things had been going more happily in the household and she was distressed by her mother's tone and the depression in her father's face. She had emptied her glass of milk and eaten her last cracker. Mort gave her a little nod and she carried the glasses into the pantry. When she came back she kissed her father and mother good night. Mort followed her into the hall and she caught his hand and drew it along the bannister as she mounted; then before releasing it she bent and kissed him again.

Alice was standing by the fire when Mort returned to the living-room.

"I've got news for you, Alice," he said pleasantly. "The last payment on the house wasn't due till the first of January but I paid it today. I thought it would be nice to have it all cleared up by Christmas. So that's over. Thank the Lord we're out of debt! I'm having the abstract brought down to date to show the property's clear and in your name."

"So that's all over with, is it? Well, you've worried enough about it. I'm glad I don't have to hear again that there's a payment coming due!"

"No; I won't have to mention that disagreeable fact any more," he replied. His amiability made some display of magnanimity necessary and she said:

"I understood when you bought the place that it would be a joint title. I supposed you had fixed it that way."

"That was in the contract when we started, but I had it changed before the deed was delivered. I'm glad to know it's all yours."

"Well, I don't know that it makes any difference," she replied. "I suppose it helps a man's credit to own some real estate in his own name."

"It helps if he has to bail a friend out of jail," he said with a laugh.

She smiled perfunctorily, extending her hands to the warmth of the flames. He watched her a moment, then gently took the nearer hand.

"Alice," he began quietly, "there's something not right with you and me. I've known it for a year or two. It isn't with us as it used to be. And I'm sorry. I've been doing the best I could. But in those first years, when Freida was small and you had more work to do and we had less money we were a lot happier than we've been lately. It does seem to me that we have a good deal to be happy about. Things haven't gone so badly. I'm sorry if you're still bitter because I'm quitting the Press. I acted on my best judgment about that. I thought you'd be pleased to know the house is free. I had a real sentiment about putting it in your name. Of course I know you hate it out here but the property is appreciating; there's likely to be a big boom in this neighborhood next spring. We can sell and move into an apartment if you want to. We can make at least five thousand dollars profit—possibly a shade better than that."

"I don't know that I care to move again," she replied. "The things we bought for the house wouldn't suit an apartment. I'm perfectly willing to stay here."

She freed her hand and moved away from him.

"Alice, don't you care for me at all any more?"

She replied with a slight lifting of the shoulders, accompanied by an equivocal movement of the head.

"I don't know what you're driving at! I haven't said anything about caring or not

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One is a super-cream. It is supplied by all druggists and toilet counters as Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Cream.

It is far more than a cream. It contains products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that modern experts know to minister, soften, feed and protect the skin. All in one application. You cannot believe that there exists another beauty help to compare.

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I wish I knew how to induce all girls and women to adopt this super-cream. It means so much to them. I will gladly send you some to try if you will mail this coupon. Please do that if you wish to know how much a cream can do.

### TRIAL TUBE FREE

Edna Wallace Hopper,  
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.  
I want to try Youth Cream.

## An Actress

Is a crank on powders.  
By Edna Wallace Hopper

Movie stars and stage stars, with whom I mingle, are the greatest powder cranks in existence. Fine appearance means everything to them, and they pay any price to get it.

My powders have always been made to order, by famous powder experts. They cost me \$5 per box. They are so exquisite that all my friends have always begged me to supply them.

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So I went to the makers. I told them I could use a million boxes if they could supply me identical powder at a price which I could pay.

Now there have done. These very powders I use are put up for you at 5¢ and \$1. All druggists and toilet counters supply them. Ask for Edna Wallace Hopper's Powders, and you'll get them.

There are two types. One is a heavy clinging, cold cream base on my Youth Cream. I like it, because it clings and stays. But many prefer a powder light and fluffy so both kinds are supplied.

These are exquisite powders. In all my world-search of 40 years I have found nothing to compare. I am delighted that I can now supply them to all lovers of fine powder.

Mail this coupon and let me send you samples. You will gain a new conception of what modern powder is.

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you are somewhat bossy, though." Horace had worked in the compliment rather neatly, he thought. Polly acknowledged it by an inscrutable smile. But she addressed her words to the clerk, now receiving with rapturous clasped hands the introductory commendation of the manager.

"Show him hard-finished goods. He isn't the homespun type." The clerk produced a neutral mixture of grays. While Horace was putting on the coat, Polly, with what seemed delicacy to him, withdrew and poked through the stacks. As he turned himself before the triple mirror, she came back.

"Don't waste any time on that," she said. "Bring the one over there—the brown and blue." All too expertly, the clerk adjusted the coat and waistcoat.

"Just a moment," interposed Polly, with the air of a young woman who is going to get her money's worth. "I know that trick. Take them off, Horace. I want to put them on you myself." She had never called him by his first name before; she did it now so naturally that Horace wondered if the word came out by accident. Polly herself slipped him into these garments. Polly's own slim, firm hand lay for a second over his heart as she adjusted the waistcoat, brushed against his cheek as she set the collar into place.

"It needs taking in just a trifle there and there," said Polly, "and that button ought to be set over about so. Go inside and try on the trousers, Horace."

When he returned from the dressing-room, Polly had another suit laid out over a chair; was feeling its lining, testing the ends of its fibers.

"Yes, the trousers will do," said Polly, looking him over. She lifted the other suit from the chair. "Double-breasted rough blue serge," she commented. "For variety. Blues and browns are your colors. Go in and put this on." When Horace returned, she posed him, turned him round, found a dozen places which needed trifling alterations.

"You'd better wear the brown away," she pronounced. "It's got more snap." Now she condescended to address the clerk. "You can have the alterations made in the blue and get it to Mr. Butterworth's house tonight, can't you? And tell your man to take the brown back with him—to be altered too. Now a spring overcoat. First that snuff-brown . . ."

Half an hour later, Polly stood before the triple mirror viewing her finished product from all angles. The snuff-brown overcoat—the brown and blue suit—a yellow spring tie with brown figures—a soft shirt sprigged with the exact shade of blue which mottled the suit—brown English boots—by way of splash-contrast a broad-brimmed, pearl-gray hat with a wide black band—Polly took in this perfect, harmonious creation before she noticed Horace himself. His back, of late a little stooped by years of work at a desk, had straightened up again to the old military angle. He had shoulders, real shoulders. Polly had never noticed that before. His irregular features, which had appeared so hopelessly commonplace behind the veil of his old deferential, apologetic expression, seemed now—Polly hesitated for a word—seemed now actually distinguished. Especially his eyes. She had never noticed before how blue his eyes were, nor how strong, somehow . . .

During this important set of transactions, Horace had not been allowed to do much talking. But as Polly gave his overcoat one final, adjusting pull and warned the clerk that everything must be at Mr. Butterworth's rooms by six o'clock, Horace smiled into her eyes and said:

"You can't guess what's next?"

"Can, too," said Polly. "I saw the other card. Well, the Nelson's a good little medium-priced car. As good as you need. Got a New York driver's license? I have. I'll drive. Come on!"

"Pay when you find it convenient, Mr. Butterworth," said Mr. Flock's brother, as

Polly pressed the self-starter of the new, glittering, blue-and-nickel Nelson touring car. Then a mechanic came running from the garage.

"Thought you'd gone, Mr. Butterworth," he said. "Curtis and Hellman's been phoning everywhere for you. Somebody wants you at the office."

As Polly turned into the traffic, the expression of Horace turned blank.

"Hope nothing has gone wrong," he said apprehensively. "You see—I can't believe yet it's really true!"

"Sunny side up!" chirped Polly. "More likely it's a lawyer with the check." She meditated for a minute; then, as she ran into a traffic halt and stopped, she gave a little, laughing, "Oh!"

"I'll bet I've got it!" she said, "the newspapers of course!"

"Gee!" replied Horace. "Am I going to be interviewed?"

"Naturally, if they can find you. They've probably been phoning every real estate agent in town." The traffic broke. Polly waved a commanding hand at the policeman, turned into that street where, half a block away, Curtis and Hellman beamed from broad ground-floor windows.

"That's it," remarked Polly. "I'm the world's champion puzzle answerer, I am. See that little group of earnest thinkers at the door? Two big box cameras—it's the gentlemen of the press all right. We'd better stop there and consider what you're going to say. She drew up at the curb.

"Oh, I've got that already," replied Horace meaningfully. "I telephoned it to the 'Milwaukee Chronicle.' I'm going to say that I intend to continue for the present on my job."

"Fair enough!" responded Polly. "And original. But don't forget that you loved dear Uncle Hiram. If anybody asks you who I am, I'm your secretary."

"Do you want to be?" asked Horace meaningfully, "or do you . . ."

"Nope!" interrupted Polly, and shot the car out into the street.

Even as Polly stopped before the office, the reporters swung on to the running-board and the camera men were focussing. Horace, assuming a nonchalant and easy pose in the front seat of the car, admitted his identity, told how it felt to be suddenly wealthy, gave a glorified sketch of Uncle Hiram's career, affirmed his determination to continue with Curtis and Hellman until a good business proposition presented itself.

"I would call it a calamity if my fortune made me a loafer," he said. Then the questioning began, while the photographers hustled about changing plates and snapping shutters. Horace found himself falling into moving picture poses. The fire of questions died out and the reporters, fingering their notes, went off to find telephones. Then a tall, handsome, but somehow hard-boiled-looking young woman who had been merely watching and taking notes, spoke in a voice of honed insinuation:

"Mr. Butterworth, mayn't I see you alone for the 'Evening Clarion'? I have so many questions—"

It was Polly who intervened. She had effaced herself and joined the crowd gathering on the curb. Now she climbed into the driver's seat, switched on the starting-key.

"Sorry to stop this," she said, "but you're already late to that appointment."

The eyes of the "Clarion's" special writer filled with sugared venom. "I suppose," she remarked to Horace, talking past Polly, "this young lady is the romance in the case?"

"If you romance me," replied Polly, deftly working the controls. "I'll libel-suit you. Let's go!" The Nelson shot away with a smooth acceleration which justified its advertising. From a group of young and perfectly-dressed men who had been standing about the door of Curtis and Hellman's, someone detached himself and ran forward shouting: "Mr. Butterworth—Mr. Butterworth!"

"Stop," commanded Horace, "somebody's calling me."

For answer, Polly only stepped on the accelerator. "Bond salesman," she condescended to explain, when they were safely away. "If they've found where you live, you'll have to move to a hotel. And if that sob sister had got you alone, she'd have made a fool of you. Whither now?"

"Luncheon," said Horace, drawing out his honest silver watch, and reflecting that at first opportunity he must get a new one. "Stop first at the Nickel Savings Bank."

"How much money have you on you?" inquired Polly.

"Oh, twenty dollars or so."

"I've twenty myself," said Polly. "We'll make that do. Dutch treats. I ought to pay something. I'm having the time of my life. Bad start for a young millionaire—breaking into his cash resources the first day. Suppose we get out of town. How's the Mansion House?"

As Horace ushered Polly into the mahogany and white dining-room of the Mansion House, his mind flew backward five years to his first days in New York. Twice, before he settled down to pinching economy, he had dined in state at a "first-class place." For long afterwards the memory of these perturbing adventures broke disagreeably into his bedtime meditations. As he thought of his clothes, of the superior waiters, smirking behind their hands, of his real or imagined mistakes in ordering, he cried out nervous nothings to himself. Now—flawlessly dressed, escorting a young woman who drew every eye in the room—he was moved to daring, to bravado.

"What about this table?" he asked Polly as the waiter pulled out her chair; "too near the music, don't you think?"

"If you feel that way about it," replied Polly.

"I do," replied Horace with haughty, patrician decision. "That table over there by the window—if it isn't reserved." He looked the waiter in the eye, though with some effort; Horace still feared nothing so much as a waiter. Seated at the table of his choice, he began with the same superior confidence to order. But there, Polly took the wheel out of his hands.

"You aren't training me for the fat lady in the circus, you know," she said. "I'll do this. I'm in the business."

So finally Horace sat with a Parisian glorification of pea soup before him, with the spring panorama of the Hudson floating past to his right, with youth and beauty and spring fashions filling up the café to his left; and, giving the final glory to this vision of luxury and success, the unattainable Polly smiling at him across the table.

These were the first fruits of wealth—he could believe it now! He had a momentary impulse to sweep Polly off her feet, to crown his happiness. If he controlled this, it was not through shyness, not even at the moment through fear of refusal. Rather it was because he wanted to hold the glass up to the light, prolong those airy-delicious first advances of which poverty, obscurity and his own shyness had cheated him.

Back from his bedtime conversations with himself came the honied, perfumed phrases. Deftly he slipped them into their unadorned conversation. "When you hold them so, your hands are lilies with five stalks," he said once. "But when you're using them, they're a flock of love-birds. I've never seen hands that knew so well what they're doing!" Polly, smiling gently, looked down on hands which almost justified these compliments.

"If I have to keep on washing dishes with them, I can sell them for lizard-skin," she said. "If pearls were ever cherry-colored, they would be like your lips," he said again; and again: "When the light's on your hair, it gets as purple as a ripe grape." To these advances Polly did not reply at all; but her eyes seemed to soften from jet-black to velvety brown. He got round at length to those eyes. "I don't know what they'd do to a man," he



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## No Reason Now for Gray Hair

**Remarkable Clean, Colorless  
Liquid Quickly Restores  
Original Shade**

A few years ago gray hair had to be endured, or mussed, inefficient dyes were used, which gave the hair a "colored" or streaked, uneven appearance. Now you can simply apply the clean, colorless liquid, known as Kolor-Bak, to your hair and quickly restore its former shade and natural appearance. Results often appear in a week. Hundreds of thousands of people have used it.

It is simply amazing to see how quickly Kolor-Bak restores the original shade, no matter what it was—brown, black, auburn, blonde—and the hair takes on new "life" and beauty.

Kolor-Bak also banishes dandruff and itching scalp, stops falling hair and gives it renewed vitality. It is not sticky, greasy or mussy. It is as easy to use as water.

### Ask Your Dealer

So popular is Kolor-Bak because of its merit that it is sold everywhere. Ask any druggist or toilet supply dealer. No need to furnish a sample of your hair as the one clean, colorless liquid is for any gray hair regardless of former shade. If Kolor-Bak does not bring the desired results, your money will be instantly refunded.

**"My Hair Was Quite Gray"**  
"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared. Kolor-Bak stopped the itchiness, the dandruff and falling. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is its original shade. I look 10 years younger."  
*(A typical letter)*

**Kolor-Bak**  
Banishes Gray Hair  
Dealers Everywhere Sell Kolor-Bak with  
Money-Back Guarantee

said, "if they once looked at him for business!" Whereat Polly said just an instant too hurriedly:

"Don't you think we'd better pay and go?"

A long, rambling ride north after that, with no objective in particular. From the moment they settled themselves into the car, Polly, taking the reins of conversation, chattered as girls will and should. She had an eye for detail and a quick feminine wit. Mostly she talked of her business and its oddities, of Miss Hatch, of her own family back in Iowa. Into the pauses and intervals of her talk, Horace thrust trifles of his own; even confidences and revelations of his deeper feelings. Somehow, Polly kept conversation on that plane; gave him no opening for poetic compliment. But that alone was so delicious that Horace himself would not have chosen to break the spell. They talked, too, of the fortune and its disposal. Horace must invest it in a business, Polly announced flatly. Real estate was the only thing he knew, therefore—

"How much have you learned, really?" asked Polly. Facing the facts under compulsion of her black eyes, Horace had to confess that he knew little except details of rent collection and book-keeping.

"You don't learn much, until they put you to selling," he said, "and—" he stopped here. As he reviewed his past, he had begun to shrink back to the old Horace, with the complex of inferiority.

"And what?" Polly's black eyes bored into him.

"And Mr. Curtis says I'll never make a salesman."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I suppose because I can't talk."

"Can't what?" Polly's eyes grew almost accusatory.

"Talk."

Polly laughed. "If you can't," she said, "a fish can't swim."

When twilight began to tarnish the Hudson, they stopped for dinner at the Marigold Inn.

In the army, Horace had learned to dance. He didn't like it much. It appealed to him as a rather monotonous form of hard work. The pitying, perfunctory Y. M. C. A. girls who plucked him from the wall confused him and tangled up his feet by trying to make him talk. When the jazz orchestra started up and Polly proposed dancing, he had to be urged. He had not circled the floor twice before he entered a new world of delight.

Polly danced as lightly as a birch in the breeze, as rhythmically as the waves of the sea. She danced tactfully even, accommodating her deft motions to his more awkward steps. Twice round the floor and his embarrassment had evaporated; they were swinging in perfect harmony. And the touch of her distilled in his veins a liquor of the gods. He had always experienced a pleasure more subtle than mere sex whenever he shook hands with her. For Polly had a skin most agreeable to the touch; it took no lover to discover that. Softer than velvet yet with an underlying firmness, it seemed to yield while it resisted. And once more he was drawing poetry from his store of bedtime imaginings.

"You are a tropical night," he said. "You are dark and yet you are bright. You are warm and you are mysterious. And your soul is perfume." He looked down at Polly's black, bobbed head, from which radiated that perfume—subtle, intoxicating—at the arched pattern of her narrow eyebrows, the brown and gold of her drooped lids. For a second it seemed that her hand has given him a signal. That resistant quality weakened; it became all yielding softness. But she did not answer nor even look up.

Yet between dances, it seemed as though the current of confidence were broken or interrupted. Polly, indeed, talked incessantly; but she seemed to clutch at scattered ideas. When the orchestra started again, it was Horace who said, "Come on!"

Polly hesitated before she rose, slipped into his arms. And now he could no longer hold up the glass to the light, dally with desire.

"I am rich," he murmured down to her, "but without you, I am poor. You must know that!"

Polly gave no sign. Perhaps the bafflement of this attitude drove him to that which he did next. It was a warm May evening; the French windows of the Marigold Inn stood open. He guided her out to the piazza; as they fell out of dance-step, he still kept his arm about her and pulled her, all unresisting, into the shadows. He turned up her face to his. He kissed her. But scarcely had their lips met when with a start as of one who awakes, she drew away, extracted one arm from his embrace, guarded her face with her hand.

"Don't!" she said on a broken breath. His voice, too, came in jerks as he said:

"Polly—I want you—I want to marry you now!"

At this she put him wholly away from her and stood looking him straight in the eye.

"No," she said, "Horace—I can't." But she said it softly.

"Why?"

"Because I—because I can't." Her voice stumbled in the midst of the sentence; but its old business-like briskness was coming back.

"You know I love you, don't you?"

"Probably you do. Yes, I'm sure you do."

"And can't you love me?"

"Possibly." Polly hesitated. "Eventually. But not now."

"Why?"

"Shan't tell you."

"Someone else?"

"Not a chance, old dear!"

"Then why?"

"Don't know exactly, myself. Got to work it out—alone. I think, Horace, you'd better pay and go. We won't do ourselves any good—drifting on this way."

An hour and a half later, Polly's own decisive thrust of the key scratched at the door of her flat, and Polly's light but emphatic step sounded in the hall. A door opened, revealing Miss Hatch in boudoir cap and kimono.

"Well?" she inquired in a tone of excited curiosity.

Polly Cook was a modern young woman with a modern vocabulary.

"Hatchie, go to hell!" she exploded, as she shot into her own room, slammed the door.

When Horace strolled into the office next morning, the force rose to his entrance as though he had been the Prince of Wales or the President. Over their shoulders, he noticed that the door of Mr. Curtis's room stood open, and that the boss himself sat with a gray-haired stranger.

"Here's your mail!" said Flock suddenly, and thrust into his hands a bundle of letters and telegrams. Horace settled down to a vacant desk, began on the telegrams. The first, dated from Chicago, offered him a partnership on the ground floor of a bazaar proposition. How had anyone in Chicago found his address? Then he remembered the newspaper stories which, blushing, glowing and grinding his teeth by turns, he had read at breakfast. They all gave the name of the firm. The second telegram, a long night letter from Hollywood, granted him a chance at the greatest film idea of the century. The third, proceeding from Milwaukee, appealed for the German War Widows. Sated with this, Horace turned from the telegrams and began on the letters. Circulars, investment opportunities, bond propositions, a request for a temporary accommodation from one Stephen Z. Brosky, whom he remembered dimly as a comrade in the army. And:

"Could you come into my office a minute?" said the quick, brisk voice of Mr. Curtis. "Mr. Gravem has asked to meet you." Horace dropped the opened letters and telegrams into a waste basket, thrust the unopened ones into his inside pockets.

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- why "settling parties" destroy the capacity for true love.
- why many marriages end in divorce.
- how to hold a woman's affection.
- how to keep a husband home nights.
- things that turn men against you.
- how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- the "danger year" of married life.
- how to ignite love.
- how to keep it flaming.
- how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
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- how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- how to tell if someone really loves you.
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Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

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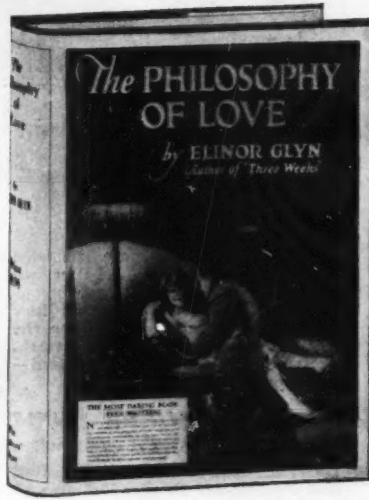
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Cosmopolitan for February, 1925

on about his career, Horace scrapped his selling talk, began rapidly composing another.

When they drew up before the Van Peyster place, Mr. Gravem was telling what he owed to his late wife, advising Horace to avoid bobbed-haired hussies. The stop brought him back to actualities. "Well, sell it to me if you can!" he remarked grimly.

Horace unloosed the first paragraph of his selling talk. "I don't think you understand, Mr. Gravem," he said. "You wouldn't be where you are in the world if you could be sold anything. I'm just here to show you the place—it's advantages and disadvantages. When I'm through it's up to you to decide."

"You aren't trying to tell me," exclaimed Mr. Gravem, "that you wouldn't be tickled to death if I'd buy it from you here and now?"

"I'd be tickled to death," replied Horace. "Selling property is our business. But I know when I'm wasting my time as well as the next man." He ventured to glance at Mr. Gravem. The plutocrat looked not at all displeased.

Horace poked through the tangled, unkempt shrubbery, showed where the flower beds lay, how they could be restored. He took pains to approach the house from its best angle and to stop Mr. Gravem while he expatiated on the purity of its Dutch-colonial façade. Not that Horace knew a Dutch façade from a millioned window. These, and other terms which he dropped as they explored the stately, faded interior, he had picked up from discussions in the office.

Parrot-like also were the phrases in which he showed how easily the house might be plumbed, sanitized and rendered habitable for a man of Mr. Gravem's doubtless expensive tastes, without injuring its antique perfection. All this was only camouflage anyway, for the second point of his selling talk. They had inspected the house from cellar to garret, had returned to the great fireplace of the salon, before Horace fired his heaviest battery:

"I've never seen Henry Ford's Wayside Inn. But people who have, tell me it's nothing to this. The Wayside Inn was only a hotel after all. This is a mansion. It ought to be restored and kept. Of course, we could get the State to do that. But—well, we don't exactly like the idea of making it just a circus. It was a private dwelling, not a public place like the Inn. It ought to be kept private. Restored just as it was—adding modern conveniences of course—with the furniture of the period. That's still to be had. Washington once camped in the hollow over there. Hamilton and Irving and Greene have been entertained in this very room. The man who took this place would associate his name with theirs." Horace stopped to get breath for the next point of his selling talk.

Mr. Gravem spoke up. Horace did not dare look at his face, but his voice had an emotional quality.

"How much would it cost—to collect the furniture of the period?"

"We have gone into that. You'll find careful estimates in the shop," replied Horace.

At a quarter to three, Horace entered the office with Mr. Gravem and towed him past the furtive eyes of the staff. Fortunately the boss was alone.

"Mr. Curtis," said Horace easily, "Mr. Gravem wants to talk over the price of the Van Peyster estate. I've told him, of course, that I can't decide that. I have a three o'clock appointment, so I'm leaving you alone."

"Don't forget that engagement of ours—next Thursday evening," said Mr. Gravem almost eagerly as they shook hands. And his eyes crinkled with something like affection.

"Ra-ther not!" exclaimed Horace. At the door, he turned round. Mr. Gravem, back to, was seating himself. Mr. Curtis was facing him. Horace flashed a swift gesture—his hand well above his head, palm down. "High!" it said. Mr. Curtis did not change expression, but his eyelid gave a slight flicker.

Horace had not raised the important ques-

tion left unsettled the night before. From the moment when he met Polly before the Cat and Whistle, he was lapped again in the soft airs of contentment. She it was in whom a shrewd observer might have detected traces of a curious, suppressed excitement. As they waited in the traffic-halts of Fifth Avenue, Horace made a humorous sketch of his transaction with Mr. Gravem.

"And you're the bird who couldn't talk," commented Polly. "It never rains but it pours! You're fixed for life with Curtis and Hellman. If they don't double your pay for this, go over and strike Littimer and Murphy. When the news of this deal gets round, every real estate firm in New York will want you!"

Then, as they turned into the park entrance, her concrete mind snatched at a practical detail.

"You'll have to dress when you go to Mr. Gravem's. Seen Antoine about your evening clothes yet?" she asked.

"Not yet."

"Too late then! You can't hurry him. You'll have to get ready-to-wears. I told you you'd be needing them!" With clothes in her mind, she looked him over. He was wearing the double-breasted blue serge, faithfully delivered by Basil Brothers the night before.

"There you go!" she remarked, "spoiling the set of a coat! You've got an awful bunch of something in your inside pocket."

Laughing but a little confused, Horace drew out a handful of sealed letters. "Oh, yes!" he said, "the rest of my mail. I didn't have time to go through all of it this morning. You should have seen it! Propositions—"

"Aren't those telegrams?"

"Well, if they're like the other telegrams I found in that bunch of junk—"

Nevertheless, Horace tore open mechanically one of the little envelopes; unfolded it and read. His eye caught the signature first. J. K. Marsh—why, that must be Judge Marsh, of Carney . . .

"What's the matter, Horace?" asked Polly sharply.

"Polly," he said weakly, "stop—the—car."

Polly was already drawing up at the edge of the driveway. Horace, his face a white mask, simply handed her the telegram. She read:

Carney, Wis., May 12.

Disregard newspaper stories about your Uncle Hiram's will stop Document holographic stop Had he consulted an attorney it would never have happened stop Was weakminded in last years and believed certain worthless stocks he owned were enormously valuable stop Careful accounting shows gross value estate about five thousand dollars stop more than covered by liabilities stop Await your advice about correcting newspaper stories stop sorry end

Polly read it once, she read it twice, she read it thrice. She took it in the first time, but she wanted to think. During those two last raking sweeps of her eye, she thought volumes. She had gone out yesterday to snare him, and had herself been ensnared. He, the dumbbell, had talked to her as a man never talked before—he looked like a whimsical young god in his new clothes—she had spent his money for him, planned like a wife for him—they had exchanged confidences to the very depths of their souls—his touch when they danced together . . . So flowed the illogical sequences through Polly's mind. That was the trouble last night, when she couldn't say yes to him. It was shame, pure shame for what she had planned to do. She felt like a damn gold-digger. And now—

"Polly!" cried Horace. His voice was sharp with pain.

Polly did not look up from the wheel. "If I'm any consolation to you, Horace," she said, "I'm yours . . ."

"Hey! cut—that—out!" exclaimed the shocked, authoritative voice of a Park policeman.



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## The Blue Counterpane

(Continued from page 43)

twin brother five years ago—the result of a needless accident. By a hideous chance it had been Ware himself who had found Harry crushed and burned under the fatal car . . . She recalled now that for a long time the one thing Ware had seemed to care about was being with her, wandering through those spiced and fragrant Maine woods, or listening while she read aloud, sometimes in the deep quiet of sleepless nights. Oh, he had needed her then, her compassion, her understanding, her tenderness!

But why this foolish post-mortem tonight? Hopeless at last of capturing sleep she slipped on a kimono and stole up through dim silent halls to the pleasant shabby room where Ware had done most of his writing. From its windows one could catch enchanting glimpses of the city, not the high spectacular outlook of cliff dwellers, but by an accident of survival a view none the less wonderful.

Perched on a dusty window sill she looked out upon an endless vista of street lamps stretching southward along an avenue of towers which from this niche seemed to suggest ancient Egypt—Karnac or the strange shapes of Thebes—while a break in the walls on the left gave upon the distant mystery of the East River and the supports of a vast bridge, outlined by little gleaming lights. It was all as she remembered it, the view Ware had loved, suggestive of a thousand themes. The room itself was melancholy, some of the furniture rather decrepit, the pictures awry, as though dusted by conscientious but beauty-blind domestics. Here, however, was no brown holland; such as it was, the place was normal, and the great desk of fine old wood, polished and shining like some huge horse-chestnut, presided over the shadowy stillness with an air of dignity.

The drawers of this desk were closed and locked, but on top there still stood a slim dancer, a poised and lovely bronze figurine which she had given Ware on one of their anniversaries. Usually he took it away with him; he had thought that the girl's lifted head resembled her own. Ware's having left it behind this time seemed to fit into the finality of her mood.

She saw now, under the tiny pedestal, a bit of folded paper, doubtless rescued by some conscientious maid and put there for safe-keeping. The household had strict orders never to destroy any paper with writing on it not explicitly consigned to a waste basket. Adelaide looked at this scrap with curious eyes. Finally she extricated it, crushed it in her hand, and ran down to her own room. In bed, under the light of her reading lamp, she deciphered the sentences, obviously a passage from Ware's manuscript, possibly altered later, or discarded:

"After all, what does it matter, this feeble, perpetually changing passion of the body compared to the deeper passion of the spirit—that flame, beautiful, vigorous and chaste, forever burning in the souls of men, lighting them to noble deeds and immortal dreams. In a man's life love of woman may be ephemeral, changing both as to its character and its object. But the passion to do strong work, the desire to invent or discover or create, lingers with a man until the end. Stifled it may be, or smothered, or blown upon by contrary winds of destiny . . . yet it lives while the soul lives, questing, compelling . . .

"The deepest tragedy which any personality may endure is the tragedy of knowing that some mishap, perhaps some warped or perverted or unfulfilled love, may have maimed beyond recovery the power to create."



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Adelaide read these swift sentences, written in black ink with a decisive, unhesitant pen. Her heart beat swiftly and her cheek burned. But she saw that a blue pencil had been drawn down the page, and at the end, scrawled lightly by this same pencil, were the scornful words: "Sheer literary hoakum! One tries to fool oneself . . ."

Queer, the effect of that mocking pencil! She had read the passage with absorbing interest and the aftermath came like a slap in the face, so that sympathy changed to cynicism and deepened to rage. She tore the paper across, snapped off her light. Thank God for Jerry Haviland—that he wasn't self-conscious or "literary"—just a sane, self-controlled man deeply in love with her, not precisely insensitive, but with none of the artist's perpetual, ingrowing analysis of all emotion.

She slept at last, deep refreshing sleep that concerned itself with neither past nor future.

The next day she made out Jeremiah Haviland's figure beside the rail as the great ship slid smoothly into place beside the pier. She waved her hat with its floating blue veil, and later, in the taxicab, Jerry's large white hand covered hers as it lay upon her knee. She heard herself saying commonplace things, and listened to the swift recital of Haviland's triumphs. His visit to England for his firm had been successful; he had accomplished more than he had anticipated, especially in behalf of one important client, and this success alone would mean an enormous fee for his firm and a personal victory that must influence his entire future.

"And that means your future, too, Adelaide. At last I know that I can give you the luxury that has been yours in the past—more, even—that I can surround you with beautiful things, the things that belong to you by right."

She was conscious of a touch of banality in that speech in spite of her pride in his success. Moreover, she was a little surprised at his attitude.

"But you know, Jerry, I have some money of my own—settled on me before my marriage. It's not a fortune, but it's enough to make me independent. I thought you knew."

The man beside her laughed, an arresting laugh that was like a fundamental betrayal of personality. Irony, capacity for mordant humor, and something else, suggestive of an emotion which she did not recognize at the moment—all these were in it. Adelaide had a lightning realization that there must be layers of personality beneath this outer man whom she had thought she knew. The sense of rebound held her silent as the lawyer said deliberately:

"My dear girl, that's all very well—while you are Ware's wife—or even if you divorced him, without remarrying. But it was originally his money—and when you are my wife you cannot continue to use it. Surely you see that."

"But it was all done years ago—Ware and my father settled it together. They both wanted me to feel that it was my money, no matter what happened. Ware's idea was to make me completely free. He had a horror of women being economically dependent upon men—he wanted me to belong to myself!"

Haviland laughed again. "With the result that you are here with me now!"

She had an instant of curious revulsion, a feeling that after all she and this man did not speak the same language. But she listened intently as he went on:

"After all, suppose Ware marries again, too, and needs his money!—No, my dear girl, it can't be done—except of course that it's yours until the decree is granted. But you see, after that my feelings are to be considered. And when a real man cares for a woman he wants her to be entirely dependent upon him—just as he wins success for her sake."

The car swung from Broadway into a side street of dilapidated private houses turned into factories and loft buildings, a squalid, empty street. Haviland put his arm about the woman beside him, for an instant his kiss burned her

# Chapped Skin is lovely skin starved for "Precious Moisture"

Give back to your skin a "precious moisture" just like its very own, and it will stay smooth and lovely even in winter. When it's cold, the skin doesn't have so much natural moisture and what it has, is easily washed away. Then the wind and powder steal still more until the skin dries, stiffens—chaps.

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dried skin and have face and hands fresh and soft.

After dishwashing and other house-work give your hands more "precious moisture" to keep them from getting red and dry.

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**PINEX**

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It can't be told in this small advertisement, so I ask you to send for Free trial bottle and test on a single lock of hair.

I prove to you that I did for all gray haired people when I perfected my restorer—to renew the color in my own prematurely gray hair.

The single lock test proves how easy is application, how perfect results. That my restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Nothing to wash or rub off.

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fit. X shows color of hair. Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....auburn (dark red).....light brown.....light auburn (light red).....blonde.....

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mouth. "But, good Lord, what does anything matter now but the fact that we're together—at last! Oh Adelaide!"

She returned his kiss, yet wondered why she felt so passive. After all this was love, she supposed, preferring to acquire its object without material possessions. She told herself that Haviland's attitude was natural, that most people would consider it praiseworthy. Yet her thoughts slipped back to her childhood—to her quiet, rather whimsical father, who gave freedom to all whom he loved, and to her mother, whose idea of love was possession! As a girl Adelaide had craved privacy as well as affection—but her managing, intimate mother had never understood that need, in either husband or children. So marriage to Adelaide had meant emancipation, for Ware's young, joyous passion had been curiously free from that male conviction of ownership which women are supposed to prefer—on the stage and the screen! Was she going to enjoy it now, she wondered.

But they had reached the hotel—a huge caravanary where neither of them had ever stayed. Haviland led her into a quiet pretty writing room with slim-legged, feminine desks and cushioned wicker chairs. "I'll arrange things—as your attorney—and then come for you. Tomorrow or next day it may be wise for you to start West, and if my plans work out the divorce can be had very quickly. But for a little while we can be—together . . . And the size and impersonality of this place will safeguard you, though of course you'll have your own rooms."

Half an hour later she sat staring down from a twentieth story window upon the city. It seemed no longer her city but a strange distorted giant in whose fierce clutch she felt tiny, defenseless. A knock at her door brought her heart jumping into her throat. She was shaking from head to foot, she, Adelaide Macdonald, a mature woman who had been married for years, daring now, in the stereotyped phrase, to "give herself" to this self-contained man of the world who would know how to make her happy. These preliminary steps were hateful, but Jerry was kind, dependable, sure to do the right thing . . .

He came into the room quietly, and yet she was instantly conscious of blazing eyes in his tanned face. As he came toward her she managed to say, lightly and naturally:

"I feel so queer here, Jerry—as though I were in Chicago, or London, or Bagdad . . . This isn't my New York at all!"

"It's my Adelaide, though!"

He swung her off her feet as though she had been a little girl and sat down, holding her closely in his arms. Her face and throat burned with the impact of his kisses and inexplicable panic seized her. She fought him off with her whole strength. Surprise held him silent for an instant, then he said sternly:

"What's the matter? Am I going too fast for you, Adelaide?"

She was still shaking, her hands, her cowardly knees, while hot tears crowded against her closed eyelids.

"You're just taking, Jerry—but you see what I wanted was to give—of my own accord."

He laughed at that, unabashed, superbly masculine.

"My dear girl, I've been trailing after you for years—behaving like a middle-aged Galahad! Don't you think I deserve a little license—for once?"

She sighed. "Oh, I suppose so. I'm a coward—but you always seemed so controlled, so calm."

Those full strong enigmatic lips of his curled querulously. He looked powerful and very handsome; she realized that he was far better looking than Ware had ever been. At the moment, in this room, her face still tingling from Jerry's kisses, it seemed incredible that she had ever been Ware's wife. She said at last in a low voice, but firmly:

"I—please wait, Jerry. It's time to dress for dinner. Go away and then come back—in half an hour."

## I Have Found Out How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair At Once

### Here's the Secret

I had become utterly disengaged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I tried every way to get rid of it—all the depilatories I had heard of, electrolysis, even a razor. I tried every advertised remedy, but all were disappointments.

I thought it was hopeless until there came to me the simple but truly wonderful method which has brought such great relief and joy to me and to other women that it really cannot be expressed in words.

My face is now not only perfectly free from superfluous hair but is as smooth and soft as a baby's, all by use of the simple method which I will gladly explain to any woman who will write to me.

This amazing method is different from anything you have ever used—not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, not a razor, not electricity. It will remove superfluous hair at once and will make the skin soft, smooth and beautifully attractive. Its use means an adorable appearance. And you face the brightest light—the most brilliant electric lamps—even the glare of sunlight joyously.

With this method, used according to the simple directions I will give you, your trouble with superfluous hair is over. You will never again appear with that ugly growth to disfigure your face.

So overjoyed was I with the results this method brought to me that I gave it my own name—Lanzette.

### Send for Free Book

A book that tells just how this wonderful method gets rid of superfluous hair is free upon request. Don't send a penny—just a letter or post card. Address Annette Lanzette, 68 W. Washington St., Dept. 1188 Chicago, Illinois.

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The Perfect Man

**LIONEL STRONGFORT**  
Physical and Health Specialist  
Dept. 1725, Newark, New Jersey, U.S.A.

They dined on the roof looking into a red sunset and at a trickle of gleaming silver which Adelaide knew was the North River. She prolonged the meal, playing with her food, asking for another ice, a second cup of coffee. The dusk about them deepened; jewel-like lamps close by did not destroy the illusion of their being part of the night—of this vast purple darkness made visible by countless glittering stars. They talked little, and she felt like the heroine in some melodrama, seeming to watch her own actions, to hear all the futile things she said. Only the wind that ruffled her hair and the red rose beside her plate seemed real. Haviland was a puppet she was watching from a seat in a vast theater, a puppet moved fantastically by invisible strings.

At last she could delay their departure no longer. They went down in the elevator and he escorted her to her own door. It was a little after eleven. He said in her ear, gently: "I'm just beyond you. I'll be back—in a quarter of an hour."

Within her strange room she stood again by the window, staring out into silver and purple distances. It seemed miles to the pavement; people down there were like swift moving dots on a gray blackboard, the cars were tiny crawling beetles. In her mind a thin small fear was growing into a figure of horror, shadowy, grotesque. As this horror grew it seemed to draw her closer and closer to the window sill . . . And all the time her sane, understanding self was saying to this little frightened fool that she was expected to undress, that if he came back and found her still in her hat and thin silk coat he would be justifiably irritated! That seemed funny, and she found herself laughing aloud, although her lips were parched and her whole body ached with the fatigue of nervous tension. Suddenly she was springing across the room, opening the door of her bedroom, gathering her belongings together with frantic haste—her rose négligée, her monogrammed silver toilet things—the lacy nightgown that an officious maid had unpacked and laid upon the neatly turned-down bed.

At last she was ready, and now, about to escape like a terrified animal from a still unsprung trap, she was conscious of the hot blaze of her own scorn. She was a quitter, a moral coward! The decent thing would be to see Jerry again, face to face, to tell him how and why she felt as she did. But she could not! Such an encounter would be hideous, useless . . . the minutes flashed by . . . she had a feeling of black despair deepening into terror . . . oh, but she was melodramatic, an utter, improbable fool . . . But when Haviland knocked upon her door at last she was still there, waiting, in her cloak and hat, and with her bag beside her.

Afterward she had a patchy, mottled impression of that interview, of her lover's astounded face, of their figures confronting each other, Haviland's in a dark silk dressing gown, her own in formal street attire. Long afterward certain devastating phrases stayed in her mind . . . She was "a pampered kitten with a cat's claws" . . . and again "one of those weak women afraid to pay the price of their own passions." Her retort to this last was that at least she was glad he recognized that the thing between them was not love!

Yet at the end she had gone to him fearlessly, with her head up.

"Jerry, don't let's part feeling bitter and cruel! I've made a mistake, and I'm horribly sorry. But eve—one does that, sometimes. Say good-by kindly, please."

They faced each other a long moment, like enemies. Then she whispered: "Oh, Jerry, forgive me," and kissed him. There was a dreadful silence, while his arms held her in a vise . . . she felt sick, defeated, caught in the net of her own devising. Then his hold loosened, she moved away.

She was in the dropping elevator at last, her light bag in her hand, conscious of a cold sweat over her body although she knew that

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If your druggist or favorite store does not have the New Lablache Requisites, write to Ben Levy Co., Dept. 59, 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass. (giving your dealer's name) and we will send a sample of Lablache, so that you may know its distinctive quality.

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| Extra Thin Purse Size<br>Price, \$1.00 | Powder and Rouge<br>Price, \$1.50 |
| Refill, 60c with puff                  | Powder refill, 50c with puff      |

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| Triple Compact<br>2 inches                  | Powder, Rouge and Lipstick<br>Price, \$1.75 |
| Powder, Rouge and Lipstick<br>Price, \$1.75 | Powder refill, 50c with puff                |

|  |                                   |
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| New Glove Rouge Vanity<br>Orange, Medium, Dark<br>Price, 90c | Changeable Lipstick<br>Price, 90c |
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| Hexagon<br>Eyebrow Pencil<br>Brown and Black<br>Price, 35c | Changeable Lipstick<br>Price, 90c |
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Free Offer

# The crippled girl who became the world's most perfectly formed woman

Annette Kellermann's Own Story

When I was a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces. For nearly two years I had to fight against consumption. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

My experience certainly shows that no woman need be disgraced with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is, tens of thousands of fat, ugly, overweight and underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only 15 minutes a day—using the same methods as I myself used. These startling, yet simple methods can now be used in your own home.

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly tell you how I can prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to swim the body being turned to make your complexion rays from the inside instead of from the outside, how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow, blemished face, how to stand and walk gracefully, how to add or remove weight at any part of the body; hips, bust, neck, arms, shoulders, legs, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength, and energy; how to get rid of the utmost; how to escape from colds and many other ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

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her cheeks were blazing. Downstairs she was at once lost in the shifting groups moving about the lobby. Then she passed through a revolving door into the street and, with hardly a perceptible pause, slipped into a waiting taxicab.

It was extraordinary, the enveloping peace of the big empty house. She found herself staring with exquisite relief at the mummy-like figures all about her. She felt secure—and thank God, self-respecting, however humbled. But she was so tired that she could hardly climb the stair to her room. She was there at last, undressing swiftly, yet standing for a moment to look down into the garden, so blessedly intimate and near. The trees were touched by some indirect light that gave them an eerie haunting glamour, an effect of midsummer moonlight flooding the locust trees and outlining the figures in the fountain. The wind on her bare neck and arms was again that delicious unexpected breeze from the northwest, a heaven-sent blessing to Manhattan during the dog days. It was almost cold. Adelaide lifted her arms in a slow lovely gesture, looked at the clock in the corner, with its fantastic Ku Klux wrappings, smiled at the ironic travesty called life, and then slipped into bed. Almost instantly she fell asleep.

In the middle of the night she sat up suddenly, thinking of Ware, somewhere up there in British Columbia with his friend William Trenholme. She was sure that she had not dreamed, and yet she was as conscious of her husband as though he were in the room. Conscious, too, of a strange sound—or of the memory of such a sound—the music of swiftly rushing water. Perhaps that meant the fountain—tomorrow she would have the water turned on. Then her quick ear caught a real sound, a footfall on the long stair. The caretaker possibly, or else the watchman who entered the house at least once every night to see that all was well. The step came nearer, she touched the switch of her reading lamp just as the door opened, noiselessly. Then it shut again, and a man faced the light with a surprised gesture; a thin, rather tall man with gleaming eyes and tumbled light brown hair.

Adelaide sighed her relief, out loud. It was Ware Macdonald, staring at the astonishing apparition of a woman in his wife's bed. Then he dropped the satchel in his hand and moved nearer with a muffled exclamation.

"Adelaide! By all that's holy—a straight miracle . . ."

He was near, so near that she leaned forward and caught his head in her arms, rocking backward and forward as though she were soothing a child.

"Ware, Ware, Ware—oh, it's so wonderful that it's you! But first you've got to know that I'm a fool—that I tried to elope with a man, meaning to get a divorce and marry him, in the end. And then it was horrible—and I ran away—though it was all my fault. You don't mind my coming here, Ware, do you?"

He held her away from him, and his face worked, though not with anger or mirth.

"Mind! Adelaide, you are an answer to prayer! For three days I've been trying to get you on long distance—and then I came here, God knows why."

He was silent, and she felt in him some tragic suffering, some fresh and terrible memory. He went on, presently: "We were

up there in the woods, Bill Trenholme and I, as you know. We were shooting the rapids in a canoe when something went wrong. My guide was struck in the head by a rock he didn't see—and was drowned. We got his body . . . the Lord only knows how Bill and I escaped. Even as it is he's in the hospital at Montreal, but getting well. I tried to get you in Maine—but you weren't there. The maids didn't know where you'd gone. Then I did a lot of wild telephoning, with no result, and came on home—but without the dimmed hope of finding you."

Adelaide held his hand against her cheek. "And I was so sure everything was all over—for us . . ."

"So was I—until half drowned myself, I saw that poor chap's dead face . . . When I was sure Bill would come through there was just one thing on earth that I wanted, and that was to get back to you . . ."

He was sitting on the floor beside the bed, his shaking hand clutching her arm. She knew this fresh experience had brought back to him the horror of his brother's death, knew that he needed her. Whether he still loved her was another matter, but she told herself that that could wait. In spite of his deep coat of golden tan he looked thin and lined, older than she had ever seen him. There was a perceptible sprinkling of white in his fine blond hair. But his eyes, of deep amber like the eyes of a setter dog, were steady and shining as he said slowly: "You see, girl, after the smash-up I seemed to know *why* I was still alive!"

She noticed that he asked no questions about the companion of her own adventure, and later it occurred to her that she ought to have remembered Reba, asked about her. Instead she heard herself saying passionately: "Ware, I've found out that I'll never again feel free—with anyone but you. Most men want to own a woman's soul—when they love her—or think they love her. I thought maybe it was the money you gave me—but it's not that. It's *you*. Oh, if I could put it all into words . . ."

He laughed at that. "Don't try, darling! Fools like me, who write books, find out early in the game that words are rubbish . . . But I'm sticky and dirty, just off the train. I mustn't touch you until I've had a tub. So wait for me, honey. Only promise you won't go to sleep."

She smiled at him, a small, flickering smile.

"I promise, Ware."

But when he was gone, and she heard the water running monotonously, on and on, she had such a feeling of gratitude, of utter comfort and content, that she broke her word. When Ware came back, immaculate, his hair wet and gleaming like the fur of a blond seal, his eyes eager, he found her in a familiar pose, one arm flung above her head, peacefully asleep.

The air blew in from the river, still that vitalizing northwest wind which had been blowing for two whole days, freshening the stale town. From drowsy depths where she lay Adelaide became dimly conscious of a fluttering sheet, then of someone stooping over her and tucking carefully about her a bright softness that she knew was the blue counterpane. In that hazy delicious moment she had a vivid sensation of recapturing the past—its iridescent colors of youth, its courage . . . above all its exquisite promise . . .

## The Skyrocket

(Continued from page 58)

Its central location was one reason why Alfred's shoe-shining stand did such a good business. An actor seeking a job had been known to have his shoes shined ten times in one morning, meanwhile keeping an eager eye upon the other actors who passed in and out of the casting director's fatal door. Girls with

unusual feet and ankles always found plenty of excuses for sitting in Alfred's chairs, where their best points were visible to any all-powerful eye that might glance through one of the twelve important doors.

Pepper O'Malley, having planted both feet firmly, cocked a wise and curious eye at Alfred

# A Wart On Your Nose

would not be noticed nearly as much as a frail, weak body. Yet, if you had a wart on your nose, you would worry yourself sick—you would pay most any price to get rid of it. But what about that body of yours? What are you doing to make people admire and respect you? Wake up! Come to your senses! Don't you realize what a strong, robust body means to you? It makes no difference whether it be in the business or social world—everybody admires the strong, robust fellow—but everyone despises the weakling.

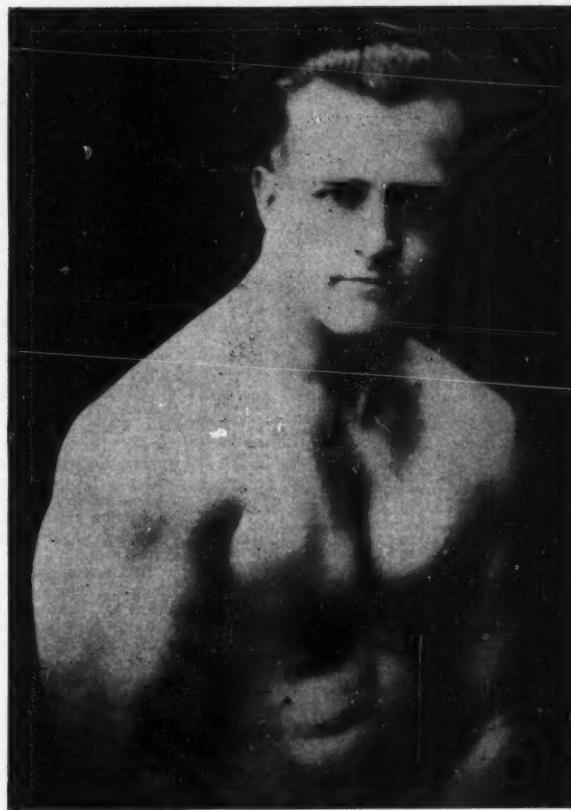
## I Will Transform You

I make weak men strong. That's my job. That's why they call me "The Muscle Builder." I never fail. A bold statement, but true. I don't care how weak you are, I can do the trick. The weaker you are, the more noticeable the results. I've been doing this for so many years, it's easy now. I know how.

In just thirty days, I'm going to put one full inch on those arms of yours. Yes, and two inches on your chest. But that's nothing. I've only started. Now comes the real works. I am going to broaden your shoulders and strengthen your back. I am going to deepen your chest so that every breath will literally penetrate every cell of your lungs, feeding them with rich life-giving oxygen. You will feel the thrill of life glowing throughout your entire system. I am going to tighten up those muscles in and around your heart, kidneys and stomach. I am going to shoot a quiver up your spine so that you will stretch out your big brawny arms and shout for bigger and harder tasks to do. Nothing will seem impossible.

Sounds good, doesn't it? You can bet your Sunday socks it's good. It's wonderful. And the best of it is, I don't just promise these things—I guarantee them. Do you doubt me? Come on then and make me prove it. That's what I like.

Are you ready? Atta boy! Let's go.



**EARLE E. LIEDERMAN**

The Muscle Builder

Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling" and "Here's Health"

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and said, "Well, what's all the shooting about?"

Alfred knew Miss O'Malley well. He had known her a matter of ten years more or less. He could even remember when Stanley Craig, not then a great matinée idol, of course, had liked her rather better than well, for a brief period. Well, Alfred liked Miss O'Malley, but he was a discreet black soul. Not much that went on around that lot escaped him. But he had never been known to blab, even to enhance his own glory down on Central Avenue.

"Shooting," he repeated blandly, studying the scarlet shoes with expert eye. "Now, look here, Miss O'Malley, don't you start shooting around this here lot. We been right peaceful around here lately and I for one says let it continue. That's what I says."

Miss O'Malley squinted down accusingly at his woolly head. "Come again, brother," she said. "Roll them dice once more. Mustn't try to kid mama."

"What you-all see around here has got your expectations so much aroused?" asked Alfred.

"First," said Pepper, complacently, "I see three reporters from the afternoon papers go into the publicity department, licking their chops, every one of them. Ten minutes later poor old fat Dick Jarvis, who thought he was hired to get stuff into the papers, but has since discovered that being press agent for Hirt means mostly trying to keep it out, bounces out all pea-green around the gills and dashes into Sam Hirtfeldt's office. While he's shutting the door, I hear a couple of yells inside. Now, Alfred, when a woman yells like that she has reached the stage of moral decay when she's willing to take out her false teeth in public.

"I have seen Ruby like that before. It comes after the third day of steadfastly pursuing pleasure down the bubbling stream of synthetic gin.

"And just about two seconds ago I see Bill Dvorak at Sam's window, and Bill looks like he just has, or is just about going to, commit a murder. Now you know, Alfred, when Bill Dvorak gets mad enough to forget somebody told him he looked like the Little Corporal, he has been riled by an expert. Wait for your laugh, boy.

"From these facts, I deduce that something is about to pop and also that the inside of Sam's office at this moment must be something like Verdun on a good day."

Alfred took out a tiny paint brush and began outlining the very small sole of Pepper's shoe. His mouth had fallen open. "My, my," he said admiringly, "you ought t'veen a detective, Miss Pepper."

"I ought to have been something beside an actress. That's in your dream book," Pepper conceded. "But what I want to know is, has Ruby taken the fatal drink? Has she squeezed the grape once too often? Last time I saw her on the screen she looked like a great ad for prohibition. If she gets canned the drys ought to take her on tour as a living example of what modern Scotch will do if you only give it time."

"Well, I may be all wet, but I'll just sit here a spell and wait for a couple of laughs. I'd hate to miss anything."

It is one of the curious things about girls like Pepper that they can always lose their own heart-aches in the drama of the life about them. Perhaps it is failure that does it. They have naturally escaped the prevalent egomaniac that ruins much conversation in the land of the cinema.

And though they may, with that sixth sense which develops in girls who live by their wits in Hollywood, always keep a weather eye open for the main chance, the interest of the play itself is really what holds them breathless and intent.

All of which was a good thing on this particular morning, because Pepper's heart was very sore.

She wouldn't have admitted it to anybody in the world. She didn't own to having a heart, much less one that could be made to ache.

In fact, her eyes looked out upon life with a smile that was just a trifle brighter than it had ever been before. And nobody cared enough

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about Pepper to realize that the added brightness came from tears shed in secret and from a new, steely case which she had found it necessary to construct about her feelings.

The world might ignore her, but she'd be damned if she'd give them the satisfaction of knowing that it hurt. And if people who had gushed over her three months before, when she was the great Diane Lamartine's most intimate friend, forgot to speak to her in the street nowadays, Pepper could make audible and unflattering comment upon their personal appearance and probable ancestry without turning a hair.

Those things didn't matter. The thing was that she had actually loved Diane.

That, she told herself, was the fatal mistake. It was always fatal mistake to care about anybody or anything. Because when you did, you got hurt.

Suddenly the door of Sam Hirtfetz's office opened cautiously, and the now perspiring press agent came out. He did not look happy. Life was a much more complicated business than he had ever dreamed it could be when he was a hard-working police reporter. He lived now with the sword of possible scandal suspended always just above his head.

Pepper's alert black eyes tried very hard to see through the crack his bulk made in the door, but could not.

If they had, she would have seen something like this:

There were two men and two women in that office where so many great pictorial deeds had originated.

William Dvorak paced the floor with his long, powerful stride. Once he stopped to look at the woman crumpled in the chair. His eyes were entirely cold as he looked, cold and calculating and without mercy.

The woman did not look up. She was still sobbing sloppily upon the shoulder of a giant negro who knelt on the floor at her side. Her short hair, dark hair that looked greasy and unkempt, lay lankly about her face—a face sodden, blurred, spongy-white, but still reminiscent of a great beauty.

Across one cheek was an ugly welt, cut open at one end and unwashed. And one of her eyes, star-eyes the critics had called them, was half-closed and beginning to turn purple.

"You damned fool," said William Dvorak coldly, "I told you the last time you did this that if you tried it again I'd throw you out bodily. And I meant it. If you must swallow, can't you do it in private? Must you drink and brawl in some low café for the whole world to see and make the rest of us foot the bill along with you?"

He flicked the riding-crop dangerously close to the disfigured eye and the open cut.

The woman began to sob noisily again. "Let me alone, Bill, for God sakes. I couldn't help it. Jack got jealous and opened up on me—he was drunk—"

"Drunk too," said Dvorak. "I've told you over and over again that some day that big brute will kill you."

"Don't, Bill, don't. I'm shot. I'm licked—"

She collapsed again upon the black shoulder, whimpering.

"Well, what are we going to do?" Dvorak turned upon the man in the big chair behind the flat mahogany desk.

Sam Hirtfetz jumped. "I don't know, Bill," he said nervously. "I'm sure I don't know. You—you're the one to say. She's working in your picture. She's your leading woman."

Dvorak gave him a hard, impatient look. "The Hirt company belongs to you," he said, "at least nominally. Make up your mind for once in your life."

But Sam Hirtfetz only turned a deep and painful crimson. His soft brown eyes rested for the briefest second upon the figure in the chair, took in the wrecked evening gown, the bruised face, and then sank to his own trembling hands in a pitiful embarrassment.

"But—but I give you a free hand, Bill."



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he said, "to do whatever you like. You are the one who's—who's responsible for the policy of the company. You're the one that handles all the people. I—I don't know anything about these things. I'm just—a business man."

"I'm three weeks into the picture," said Dvorak, and his powerful bulk swung once more above the woman in the chair. The riding-crop that swung at his wrist flickered across her feet.

"You won't be in shape for a month," he said. "Better throw her out and get a new girl and make it over. It'll be cheaper in the end."

The woman in the chair straightened with a scream. Pepper, outside, heard an echo of it—a brief echo, choked off as though a man's hand had brutally covered the shrieking mouth.

"Don't do that," the woman sobbed. "Sam—don't let him do that. It'd be my finish. He's a devil. You know he's a devil. He devils you, too. I've been here—I—if it gets out—oh God, my head is killing me. Sam—"

Sam Hirtfetz wiped the drops from his brow. At moments like this he wished that he had made his vast fortune in the shoe business from which he had come. Or even that he had stayed in the shoe business and made no fortune.

"Take her down to Esther's office and let her sleep until she's fit to get into a car," said Dvorak to the colored woman. "Clean her up, too. There's a dozen reporters hanging around. Take her through the back lot when she can walk. I'll send Ito to you—you know Ito, my chauffeur?"

The woman went, supported by the still calm and majestic negress.

Then there were only the two men in the office.

Dvorak made a visible effort to bring himself back to normal. He did not approve of rage. He did not approve of any emotion that he could not control.

But little Sam Hirtfetz, most powerful of all producers, bowed his head for a moment and frankly wiped away a tear or two along with the other drops that stood on his forehead.

He had hired Ruby a few years ago, in this same office, and it came back to him now how pretty and fresh and untouched by life she had been. And Sam Hirtfetz added another tombstone to the many that already stood within his heart, and upon this new one he wrote the same words that spelled the epitaphs upon the others: "She couldn't stand success."

"Who—who you thinking of getting," he said at last, when Dvorak had sat for minutes in silence, his chin on his chest, his lower lips thrust out, his hand tracing the pattern of the rug with the end of the riding-crop.

"You willing to take a chance with me?" said Dvorak, looking across with his quick, bright smile.

"I been taking chances with you a good many years, Bill," Hirtfetz said pleasantly. "I been taking chances with you ever since we borrowed that first money on our nerve and started the Hirt corporation."

Dvorak rang the bell. An instant later the slim scenario writer came in quietly.

"What's the name of that girl who was in Nadine Allis's picture—I told you to find out," he said.

The scenario writer looked at him rather a long minute before she answered.

"Her name is Sharon Kimm," she said.

"Find out where she is right this minute," said Dvorak, and he went to the window and stood looking out, visualizing the girl as he had seen her during those few moments on the screen, and trying to recapture just the thing about her that had caught his attention.

Pepper, it appeared, had been right to wait, sitting on the shoe-stand in the sunshine exchanging wise-cracks with the shifting groups that came and went.

Because half an hour later William Dvorak came to the door and called to her.

Pepper's heart gave a jump. Something was going to happen. She liked that. More, she had had dealings with Bill Dvorak in the past

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and she had good reasons for liking him. Pepper knew, for she knew a great deal about men, that Bill Dvorak never did nor said a perfectly sincere, natural thing in his life. He never for one instant forgot himself or how he appeared in a situation or what effect he might be having upon his audience. He had assumed a pose and on that basis he would play the game out. The William Dvorak whom the world knew was simply a fascinating, forceful, sophisticated creation of the inner man which the world had never seen at all.

But, as Pepper knew, he was a straight shooter according to his lights. His word was to be entirely depended upon. Whatever he promised, even as part of that pose, would be fulfilled. He knew what he wanted and he was capable of explaining it to others. Ruthless he certainly was, and shrewd, and cool; but he wasn't a double-crosser and he wasn't afraid of anything or anybody on earth.

That was why Pepper liked him. She liked his tremendous force, his slashing showmanship, his independence. She liked his personality—his poise. It interested her. She had never met a man who so stimulated her intelligence. William Dvorak was all drama, and above everything Pepper loved drama. She tripped into Sam Hirtfetz's office, her eyes snapping with excitement.

"Hello," said Pepper, shutting the door behind her.

Then she waited. The signs of stress in the office and upon Hirtfetz's face did not escape her.

"Pepper," said William Dvorak, "do you know a girl named Sharon Kimm?"

Pepper thought a moment. She knew everybody. Sharon Kimm—Sharon Kimm.

"Yes," she said.

That was all. Pepper always let the other fellow do the leading. No use expressing an opinion until you found out how the land lay.

"What do you know about her?"

Still Pepper sparred. "Well—she—"

"You can say whatever you like," said Dvorak, amused.

"She's a skinny little thing, but I understand she vamps a wicked vamp. Mickey Reid is madly in love with her, wants to marry her, and Mildred Rideout had her kicked off the Savage lot because Aaron was following her around. She's a friend of Nadine Allis's, though, so I guess she must be all right."

"Will you do me a favor?" said Dvorak, cordially.

"Don't be silly," said Pepper, "what chance would I have to turn you down if you asked me to blow up the city hall? Wait for the laugh on that one."

Sam Hirtfetz chuckled. "She had you there, Bill," he said, delightedly, "she certainly had you there."

"Sharon Kimm is working over at Kohl's in a picture with Nadine Allis. I understand she's working today. If not, here's her home address. I find she had a year's contract with them, but it must be just about up. I want to see her, here in my office, this afternoon, and I don't want Irv Kohl or Nadine to know about it. I understand they don't think so much of her, but if they thought I was interested they might change their minds. Could you slip over there and get her to come to see me when she's through work without letting anyone know you came from me?"

Pepper grinned. She was like a fire horse getting into harness. Intrigue delighted her.

"I am to be trusted to the fullest extent," she said, with a pert little bow. "Call me a taxi."

X

NADINE ALLIS walked wearily across her set to her little portable dressing-room, rummaged in the open make-up box among the powders and powder puffs, the rouge and mirrors, repaired her make-up, let a colored maid run a comb through her hair, and went back to the set.

It was three o'clock and they had been trying since nine to get one scene that in the



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finished picture might occupy three or four minutes.

The silver-haired director, suave and courteous, delicate of voice and gesture, stood beside her and began all over again.

"Now, Nadine," said the director, "now, Nadine. Remember, dear, your baby has been taken away from you—your little baby. You are unhappy—you are very unhappy about it, dear. You feel that your heart is broken. Turn your face a little more this way, so we get away from that angle. That's it. Now—you begin to cry—softly."

But Nadine did not begin to cry softly or any other way. She only looked more and more bored and more and more disgusted.

Sharon Kimm, standing amid the coils of giant cables on the sidelines, watched with a sullen frown. The silver-haired director had said exactly those same things a hundred times. He never seemed to lose his temper, nor exhaust his patience, nor to acquire any new light upon the situation.

Sharon supposed he was a good director. He had a big name. And no doubt Irv Kohl had his reasons for hiring him for Nadine. But Sharon had a violent impulse to poke him in the ribs and tell him to put a little pep into the proceedings. The company was dying on its feet.

And Sharon began to think about what he was saying. A child—a baby. Your own baby. It had been taken away from you and you didn't know where it was, or whether it was happy or warm. Perhaps it was holding out little, fat arms in some lonely place, and saying, "I want my mama. I want my mama."

Sharon Kimm could remember very well what it meant to lie in the dark and reach out for Mama—Mama who wasn't there and would never answer that muffled, baby voice again. Suppose she had a child of her own now, and it was somewhere suffering as she herself had suffered on those first, lonely nights in the haunted cottage. Could she bear it? Could she?

No. And she hardened her heart against Mickey Reid and his impatient pleadings. Marriage—children—what did they mean but misery? How could you work, struggle, fight ahead in this tough game with those things hung around your neck?

Sharon turned to stroll out into the air and came face to face with a smiling girl in a scarlet sport-suit, a girl with snapping black eyes and short curly hair whose blondness was not entirely due to nature. Sharon liked her smile. It was merry and wise and seemed to know a great deal about life.

"Hello," said the girl. "You're Sharon Kimm, aren't you? I'm Pepper O'Malley. You probably don't remember me, but I met you once with Mickey Reid. How's Mickey?"

"He's fine," said Sharon, and her eyes deepened.

Mickey was fine. Lucia had been right. Sharon's heart told her now all that Lucia had once said. But she was afraid to believe it still. There had been little enough precedent in her life for a great love. Little enough to make her believe in its immortality. Romance she knew not at all. But she did know a great deal about love that does not last, love that grows cheap and cold and horrible. She wasn't going to be rushed off her feet.

They strolled out onto the green lawn together, Sharon and the girl.

When Pepper had quietly explained her errand, Sharon could only stand looking at her with startled eyes.

"But what does he want of me?" she asked slowly.

"I don't know, honey," said Pepper.

Later, in the taxi on the way to the Hirt studio, Pepper studied the girl beside her.

Pepper had been doing some thinking. Ruby had been on another drunk and got a bust in the eye from that big bum she was living with. Dvorak was a quarter through a picture. He had sent for Sharon Kimm, secretly. Pepper added that up and decided that he had kicked Ruby out and intended to



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take a new girl for the part—a new girl to be built up as he had once built Ruby. That new girl was, obviously, Sharon Kimm.

If that happened, Sharon Kimm would be very great and very rich. And she would need a guide, philosopher and friend to steer her through the rapids. For there was ignorance and shyness in that face, and a streak of earthy commonness that Pepper understood perfectly. Naturally, such a friend must reap of the benefits of success.

Pepper decided that the gods had been kind to her. They had delivered into her hands a new and golden opportunity, such as she had thought might never come again.

She would string with this new girl. She would become her friend and adviser. She knew the way—oh, she knew it, and she had no scruples. Scruples were a thing of the past, as far as Pepper O'Malley was concerned. Diane Lamartine's brutality had accomplished that.

And if Dvorak succeeded in putting over Sharon, Pepper would be sitting pretty. She might even have a chance to pay off old scores. Yes, the gods had been kind.

The heavy, iron-studded door of Dvorak's office swung open.

The girl went in slowly and it swung behind her.

Sharon walked across the dark, polished floor, her eyes wide with excitement. Once she tripped over a velvet cushion and saved herself from falling only by a wild grasp at a stately carved chair that loomed beside it. After that she watched for the great cushions that were scattered all about.

The room was shadowed. Late afternoon sunshine against the huge, stained glass window at the end made only the softest glow. Within the room, ten candles in an exquisitely carved candelabra placed upon the huge table, supplied the only light. The low, richly carved ceiling caught the light from the candles and flung it back into a great bowl of orchids and upon a cloisonné tray of rare perfection.

In a far corner, touched by the filtered sunlight, a tall, golden basket filled with graceful sprays of peach blossom made a picture in itself.

Sharon felt her heart begin to beat again. She had dreamed of paneled oak walls such as these, though certainly she had never seen any before. And her feet sank gorgeously into the deep, white fur of a bearskin rug.

In an immense chair at the side of the table, his eyes upon her, sat the man she had gazed at once before, through the impassable gate. He was smiling, that slightly ironic smile under drawn brows, and his lips were twisted a little as though he anticipated something immensely amusing.

He was a bigger man than she had thought him. His skin seemed darker, almost as tanned as Mickey's. The way he held himself gave her an impression of perfect condition, of hardened muscles, of real physical strength. She felt as though he might sit there in his chair and rule the world by waves of his fine, strong hands.

She stood, awe-struck, shy, and she could not speak and he did not. He only stared at her, coolly, appraisingly, with that slight, ironic smile, until the color swam up her throat and over her face.

At first she wanted to run. Then a flare of temper got the better of her. What right had this man to sit and stare at her like that? What right had he to treat her as though she were a slave in the slave market, a horse in the ring?

He was only a man.

And her eyes narrowed blackly, and her round chin went up, and she gave him stare for stare, sullenly and ferociously.

Then he began to laugh.

There was just one thing that Sharon could not bear: to be laughed at. Into her face now came the same look that it had worn when another man looked at her, and she felt that he was laughing at her and at her mother. A hot, ungovernable rage bared her little white teeth and changed her body into a small tornado.



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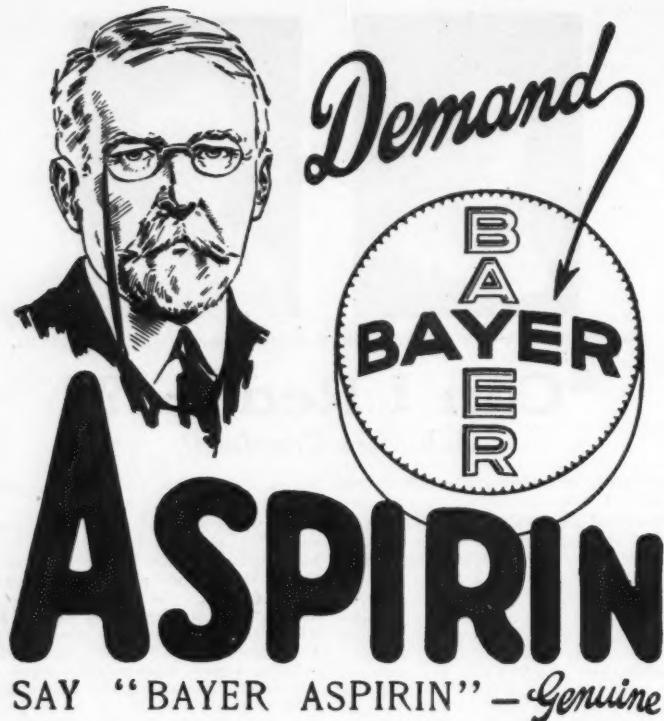
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She went up to William Dvorak, sitting in his great, carved chair, immaculate in his expensive riding-clothes, powerful, self-possessed, with his riding-crop dangling from his hand. The inevitable crop carried a faint suggestion of menace that never happened.

"What are you laughing at?" said Sharon Kimm, fiercely. "I don't see anything funny around here. Not much. You sent for me and I came here and you treat me like I was—was dirt or something."

Quite unexpectedly, she burst into a fury of tears.

There was revealed in that moment something that the world knows well, because it has been exploited for the delight and emotional entertainment of the world.

Sharon Kimm cried rarely, and with great difficulty, but when she did cry she was beautiful.

The tears seemed to flow from her eyes and over her face without touching it, as though someone poured crystal water over a cameo. Her face, instead of distorting, turned to stone. Her eyes narrowed, but the fire burned behind the tears, as blue chemical flames burn under water.

William Dvorak watched her cry for a moment, then, as she turned toward the door, he said, very quietly and kindly, "Come here, child. I didn't mean to frighten you. I'm sorry."

"You didn't frighten me," said Sharon Kimm. "You—you made me sore. But I shouldn't—I'm sorry—"

But the man swept all that away with a wave of his crop.

"Look at me," he said.

Sharon turned and stood before him, the tears undried upon her face, her lovely mouth quivering.

She did not see his hand move, but suddenly the whole room was filled with a blaze of light, a terrible, burning, revealing light that beat her down. Sharon's eyes blinked under it, and the pupils shrank to pin-points, leaving only a field of green ice. Her mouth hardened, too, but her body did not move.

"Do you like that?" said Dvorak, in a friendly, conversational tone, pointing with his riding-crop to the painting above his head.

His eyes were fastened upon her face, awaiting its reaction as a doctor awaits the responding heart-beat of a patient.

Sharon Kimm looked. And the man saw instantly that she had forgotten him, and the blazing light, and her own petty hopes and fears and ambitions. Which was exactly as he would have it.

It was a Madonna—a famous Madonna. It had cost William Dvorak a great deal of money and had forced him to use every ounce of influence he possessed to obtain it. He had taken it from one of the great galleries of Europe. Sometimes he said, with a smile, that he didn't understand why one country at least couldn't pay her war debts.

Only a man as rich as Dvorak could have bought such a picture. But it was priceless to him, because it possessed that very quality that seemed to bring a magic self-forgetfulness upon people.

Sharon Kimm did not know that the picture had cost a fortune. She did not know that it had been painted centuries ago by one of the greatest painters who ever lived and that no one had ever excelled it since. She did not know that she was looking upon a masterpiece.

Nor did she guess that the Madonna was one of Dvorak's trick tests, one of the tests that he applied to everyone.

She only knew that Mary, the Mother of God, looked down upon her with her glorious Child held against her full breasts. Those were the very eyes of the Annunciation, of Bethlehem, of Calvary. Those were the eyes that had seen the great spiritual truth back of the universe and thus given it a Savior.

Sharon Kimm unconsciously held out both arms to that Mother. Then, ashamed, she put her hands to her throat.

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"It's too beautiful," she said. "I never felt like that before. It hurts."

Dvorak nodded. She pleased him. She was responsive, in a primitive, reluctant way. Of course she wasn't an actress. Probably knew less than nothing about acting. That was just as well. She'd have less to unlearn. If only the response was there, he could always trick her before the camera for the things he needed.

It was characteristic of him, that for all his avowed atheism he used that great painting of the Madonna over and over again to lay bare the hearts of people who stood before him. He was not an easy man to understand. Dvorak, but he did know in the depth of his soul that the man or woman who was left unmoved by the sight of that greatest story of all ages was hopelessly lacking in some essential quality.

The lights went off.

"Don't do that," said Sharon Kimm, and she looked at him, and giggled nervously. "You make me jumpy switching on and off lights all the time."

She went over and sat down in a soft, low chair, her feet curled under her. She was beginning to feel more at home.

"Would you like to work for me?" he asked suddenly.

She nodded. She could see that he was amused.

"When is your Kohl contract up?"

"It's up now. I don't suppose Mr. Kohl noticed. They haven't said anything, but I don't think he'd care. Nadine would want me to do—what gave me the best chance, I know."

"You could come soon?"

"I have a few more days on this picture." "That's all right. If you come here, will you behave yourself, and keep your head, and work hard and do exactly as I tell you? Will you let me dictate every move of your life? Not personally. I don't care anything about you personally. You mean nothing to me. Don't get that idea into your silly little head. Whatever I do, I don't make love to the actresses I employ. And I don't care anything about your private morals, so long as they are private and not a public disgrace. But you'd have to put yourself entirely in my hands, if I'm to waste time teaching you anything."

She nodded again. Her throat was dry with excitement. Her eyes were beginning to ache and twitch with strain.

There was a knock at the big door. It swung majestically open.

A woman stood there. A tall, gaunt, bony woman, with a face not unlike the face of a horse, relieved by shrewd, fine, intelligent eyes.

"Madame," said William Dvorak, "take this girl and dress her as you think she ought to be dressed and then bring her back to me. I make no suggestions, though I can see the picture she should make in my mind. Spare nothing—no one. The studio is yours. This is important. She is at present the worst-dressed woman I have ever seen in my life. Make her the best."

"The wardrobe's too cold," said Madame, in a dry, practical voice, that counteracted immediately the stage-set, stage-managed interview through which Sharon had just passed. She felt as though someone had thrown a welcome cup of cold water in her face.

"We'll go into Ruby's dressing-room. There's an electric stove in there. I let it get cold in my rooms because I thought I was finished."

Sharon couldn't imagine anyone being cold. She was burning up. But she did not answer. Madame took a bunch of keys from her belt and unlocked the dressing-room door. She went about, turning on lights, starting the glow of the stove, pushing things out of the way.

"I'll be back in a minute," she said, and went out.

Sharon sat in the great star's dressing-room alone. It gave her a tremendous thrill. But she decided that she didn't approve of the dressing-room. She wished that girl—Pepper O'Malley was with her. It seemed to her messy

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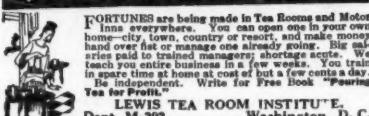
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and dark. Sharon liked bright colors. If she ever had a dressing-room like this, she'd do it over in bright green, with Chinese things—she was rather vague about them, but she knew the general effect of what she wanted because she had seen it on the stage in a musical revue Mickey had taken her to see.

Just then Madame came back. She had a lot of things over her arm and she flung them on the chaise longue.

"I guess it's warm enough in here," she said.

They might call her Madame, but to Sharon, then and always, she suggested nothing so much as the overworked wife of some old farmer. When Madame first went into exclusive shops and fashionable dressmakers' establishments, the girls usually eyed her worn and dilapidated clothes with icy contempt. Before she left, everyone from the manager down was obeying her slightest nod.

Now she drew her black knitted jacket closer and shivered a little.

"Take off your clothes," she said.

Sharon slipped off the over-trimmed purple dress and removed her floppy hat.

In her cheap crêpe-de-Chine teddy she looked younger. Her stockings were rolled below the knees. She wore a white cotton undershirt. She was miserably conscious of that. She wished she had known so that she might have put on her only silk one.

"Take those off, too," said Madame, with a martyred sigh. "I can't figure why women don't realize how important underclothes are. Those make bunches all over your outsides."

Sharon took them off without a word. She didn't really mind. She had no self-consciousness about her body.

Madame sat in the rocking chair, her knees hunched up, and looked at her with a steady, impersonal gaze.

"Well," she said at last, in a surprised voice, "I never saw anybody before that was as skinny as you are that didn't have any bones showing. I've looked and I've looked and I can't see one. Not even in your elbows."

Sharon began to laugh, secretly. That was funny. What was that old woman up to, anyway, counting her bones through a pair of ancient spectacles?

"Take down your hair," said Madame.

Sharon shook out the short, thick masses that fell just below her shoulders.

"You got awful thick hair," said Madame. "I guess Ruby won't mind if you use her brush. I don't guarantee it's clean, though Ruby used to be mostly pretty clean. I never minded fixing her up. There's some girls on this lot that haven't washed the back of their necks since I been here and that's six years. I said to Sandra Harvey, 'Sandra, the camera'll pick up that dirt, if you don't wash out.'

"But you're clean. Even your hair's clean. If you want me to tell you one thing—always keep it clean, too. Some girls'll wash it when they start a picture and then if it's three days or three weeks or three months, they never touch it again. But you've got to wash it once a week if you want it to look nice. My, it's a shame the color of your hair won't photograph."

While she was talking, her hands worked ceaselessly, pinning, sewing, cutting, draping.

Once she said, through a mouthful of pins, "I got to give you height."

Later, "Don't look at yourself. It'll make you kinda self-conscious. Go on down."

William Dvorak looked up from the script he was studying as the door swung open.

He saw a slender, swaying woman, who paused for just a breath in the arch of the doorway, and then came forward to stand backgrounded by the polished, oaken panels.

Her hair, which was the color of an autumn leaf when the brown is turning yellow and the whole is shot through and through with red, was massed and banded about her small head, and held to a lovely, distinguished line by a band of silver and green—a band that suggested mermaids and Lorelie. Her throat and neck and arms were bare, and the thigh they were



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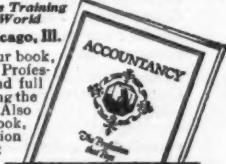
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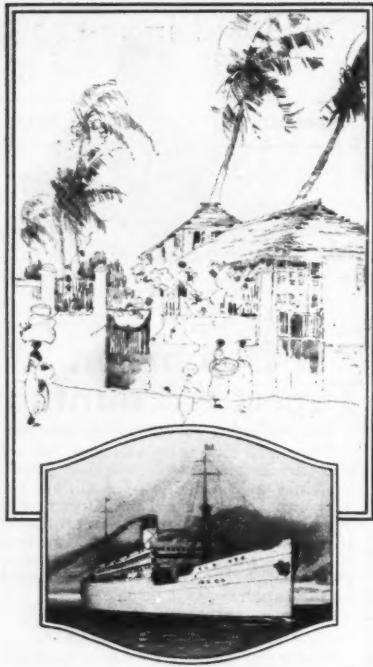
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so slender they were at the same time maddeningly voluptuous, and the column of her throat melted perfectly into the curve of her bosom.

Beneath the heavy, clinging lines of her green-blue gown, that hung with some hint of the medieval above an under-dress of silver that fitted her as close as a second skin, he saw the flexible, girl softness of her waist, and the roundness of her knees, and the long, lovely line from hip to ankle.

Bizarre she was, exotic, seductive.

But the amazing thing, the thing that delighted William Dvorak, was that the whole had not been able to overshadow the lure of her face. She carried it. She dominated it. That tense, white face, with the round red lips a little open, and the long, magnetic eyes, gained by the setting Madame had given her. Only it had a pride, an arrogance, that had not been there before, and that, too, pleased William Dvorak, and he made a note of it for future reference.

When Sharon Kimm had taken off the fairy-godmother gown and put on once more her Cinderella rags, when she and Pepper had gone home together to the white bungalow court to tell Lucia the astounding, unbelievable news, William Dvorak rang again for Madame.

When she came, he said, "Well?"

"You've given me some tough jobs in my life, Mr. Dvorak," said Madame and she stopped to blow her nose loudly and thoroughly upon a large cotton handkerchief, "but this is almost the first easy one you ever gave me. That girl was made to wear clothes."

"I didn't tell her that. I haven't got it on my conscience that I ever flattered one of those poor, ignorant girls, or helped to turn their heads. There's plenty of others on this lot will do that for her though. But I think she's a find. She's got a perfect body. And she's got a face you can't seem to get rid of, once you've seen it. But she's going to be a proud piece when she gets over being scared and strange."

William Dvorak nodded. He was hot with elation, with triumph. He had been right again. He had seen all this while she moved swiftly across the screen in the gingham of a poor country girl. A glow flooded him.

And yet, when Madame had gone, he sat there in the strange night quiet of the big studio—there was a tradition that William Dvorak never went home at all when he was making a picture—and he was not altogether happy in spite of his elation.

Something stirred within him. He felt thirsty. He could give no name to the thing, but it held a peculiar foreshadowing, a peculiar foreboding. Wherever he looked, he seemed to see this girl's strange, changing eyes, her heavy, white skin.

It was as though some fever germ had crept into his blood, unknown and unsuspected, and was beginning its deadly work.

### CHAPTER XI

**WORK** on "The Bath of Gold" had progressed for six weeks before William Dvorak allowed Sharon to see the rushes. Every night Dvorak ran the film made during the day for the entire company, the cameraman, the art directors, the technical staff. Sharon Kimm only was excluded.

It drove her mad. Through the long, hard days, while she toiled on the set, an instrument for the persuasion and the abuse, the inspiration and the lash of Dvorak's tongue, she waited to be asked. And those first days were a long nightmare, while Sharon Kimm trembled with terror, weighted by the knowledge that her great chance had come at last.

Finally one day when the work on the film had continued until almost midnight, and Sharon was swaying with sheer, bodily fatigue, Dvorak said casually, "Like to see the rushes on that stuff you did in the Roman bath?"

She saw herself on the screen that night for the first time. Old glimpses did not count. She was a new-born goddess. Sharon saw herself glorified, thrice glorified, as it is rarely given a woman to see herself. And ever

afterwards it was that picture which came before her mind's eye when she thought of herself. The camera, which is a fickle, lying, partisan jade, had fallen in love with Sharon.

Behind her in the darkness of the projection room, which is the blackest darkness in the world, she heard the voice of Dvorak's head cameraman, who did not know she was there.

"Hot diggity dog," he said, as the girl on the screen rose from the hands of the gods, and stood poised against the exquisite background of marble tracery and peach blossoms. "How that gal do photograph. I've been in this business since I was born and I've always been looking for one of these here camera-perfect females. Now I found her. There's not a bad angle to her face anywhere. You can photograph her left side, you can photograph her right side, you can shoot up or you can shoot down, profile, half-face, or from either ear, and she always looks good."

Sharon trembled in the darkness. She put up one hand and touched her face reverently. Camera-perfect. Camera-perfect.

Then Sharon heard William Dvorak chuckling in the darkness, the satisfied, throaty chuckle of a man who looks upon what he has made and finds it very good. And the wine mounted to her brain, intoxicating her with its new sweetness.

Shortly after this experience the publicity department began to photograph Sharon endlessly, and these first portraits were one of the really great thrills of the year. The still photographer had a little gallery tucked away in a corner of the laboratory right on the Hirt lot. Sharon never ceased to marvel at this thin, Indian-faced little man, in his dirty suit, with his small, straw-colored mustache that stood in amazing disorder upon his upper lip and with his eager, thin hands much stained by the fingernails.

When she saw the pictures he took of her, she tasted the cup of supreme delight. She knew at last that she was beautiful.

"I love this one best," said Mickey, when she showed them to him, "it's the way you look when I love you most. Your eyes look just a little sad—as though you wanted to be kissed. Whenever I look at it, I shall want to kiss you."

The publicity department began, forthwith, to flood the country. Dick Jarvis knew his business and his business at present, by special order from William Dvorak, was to concentrate upon making Sharon Kimm's face familiar to the great American public.

It was an amazing experience for a girl like Sharon Kimm to find her own face staring at her from every conceivable place. And Sharon's ego, that little imp that lives quietly in the back of every brain, peeping out with its snake eyes for the smallest chance to feed and fatten, fed upon these things and grew and grew.

But she admitted to herself that the biggest thrill came when she first heard someone say, "There goes Sharon Kimm." And she heard it on Hollywood Boulevard, where she had so often walked, unknown and even hungry. She and Lucia and Mickey were coming out of a little theater on the Boulevard, where they had been to see a picture Lucia had titled, and a group of women whispered in shrill, sibilant whispers: "That's Sharon Kimm."

No one has ever been able to explain just what those words do to the sanest, most normal people. But no one can deny that they do something.

Sharon felt that she was somebody. She glanced sidewise at Lucia and Mickey to see if they had heard. Lucia's lip was curled, but Mickey was smiling at her, that crooked, caressing smile she loved. He understood.

Another milestone in Sharon's life was marked by her first visit to Marie's.

Marie's is on the Boulevard. There are two windows—two large windows, framed in iron grills and hung with gray velvet curtains of immense thickness. There is never more than one thing at a time in each of Marie's

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windows. One hat, upon a small iron pedestal. One frock. One woolly sweater. One exquisite nightgown. Between the windows, the big, grilled gates swing open and the long, cool, scented hall glows in the light from the stained glass windows at the back.

Sharon Kimm had never thought of going to Marie's. In the old days she had lingered outside the windows, her nose pressed against the glass. She had seen famous screen stars alight from their glittering limousines and disappear within the grilled doors, and the establishment had always seemed immensely impressive and unaccessible. It would never have occurred to her that she might go to Marie's now whenever she wished, unless Pepper O'Malley had suggested it.

"But—I couldn't go there," said Sharon. "Things cost so much."

"Listen, beautiful but dumb"—Pepper went over and put her arms around Sharon—"look at yourself once in a while. That's all I ask. Just look at yourself. There isn't anybody in Hollywood who's got your looks. But you have got to have clothes. As natural you are great. But folks are so narrow-minded nowadays. And when you dress, the sweet and simple is not for you. You got to make 'em say mama. Don't you begin to get a glimmer that you're on top of the heap? And you go on letting these fresh little upstarts Ritz you."

Sharon sat looking out of the window. Below, the studio hummed, and she loved the hum of it. She loved this dressing-room that had been Ruby's and was now hers. She loved the bright blue walls and the Chinese lanterns that swung in the breeze.

Probably a lot of what Pepper said was true.

The girls on the Hirt lot hadn't all been nice to her. Oh, there had been plenty who flocked to pay court. But the ones that counted—like Lorna George and Mary Welch and Edna Sellers, had held aloof, as the children had held aloof down by the railroad tracks. She didn't speak their language. She was an outsider. They lunched together, and went to terribly smart and exclusive social affairs which they talked over afterward.

Sharon, though she did not know it, was going through what nearly every girl of her kind goes through. Off screen her personality seemed to be strangely missing. She searched for it sometimes, and ended by feeling rather like Alice in Wonderland. She couldn't be a William Dvorak leading lady, she couldn't wear the clothes, live in the sets, talk with the people of a William Dvorak society drama, without exposing to her own eyes all her gaucheries and deficiencies. Day by day, in her work, the new individuality was being molded. But off the screen she had as yet evolved no new personality that was positive to take the place of the old.

She knew that the girls on the lot with whom she would have liked to be friendly had many of the things she needed. She wished greatly that they would be friendly, that they would help her to achieve her goal. But they did not. Her shy, awkward little advances were met with a narrow self-righteousness, a cool snobishness that first stunned, then enraged her.

She'd show them. She'd make them come to her some day. And that desire for revenge, nursed in her heart, was to bear bitter fruit of which she herself was to eat in tears.

So, when Pepper told her she would go to Marie's, Sharon went. And in one of those little salons of Marie's, so softly lighted, so delicately perfumed, so elegantly appointed, Sharon Kimm—all unknowing—met<sup>1,2</sup> three witches who were to brew her fortune—the witches of desire and of vanity and of debt.

But Sharon suspected nothing when a stately creature in sleek black greeted her at the doorway of Marie's and beckoned with an impressive forefinger.

To the other smiling and black-clad creature who came forward, she only said, "Miss Osborne, this is Miss Sharon Kimm. I want you to be sure she finds exactly what she wants."

Half an hour later, her eyes drugged and heavy, her cheeks blazing scarlet under her

thick, creamy skin, Sharon Kimm held up a protesting hand. Pepper noticed that it shook a little, that slim, aristocratic hand that no laws of birth could quite explain.

"I don't think I need anything more," said Sharon, with a gasp. "I don't really." An imperative knock sounded upon the door.

The woman who came in was tall and she had a long, smiling face with enormous, light blue eyes that seemed to see things beyond those that other eyes saw. Her tightly-corseted figure, with its swelling bust and small waist, looked odd and old-fashioned beside the straight, soft lines of the other woman, but she carried herself with the air of an empress.

"Hello, Marie," said Pepper, impudently. "This is Sharon Kimm."

Marie moved toward Sharon, but she did not seem to lift her feet from the ground. It was as though she stood upon a platform that was rolled forward. Her eyes glowed as though she saw visions.

"She is beautiful," she said to Pepper, "but she is much more. She can wear clothes so that every woman in the world will want to see her wear them. They will hate her, because they will try to look like her and never be able to do it, but they will go to see her because they cannot stay away. She has everything—youth, beauty, genius. Never be afraid, my child. You can conquer the world."

A giggle died on Sharon's lips.

She might be only a fat, badly-corseted old lady, with the psychic stare that is the trick of every cheap clairvoyant. Pepper, perhaps, might recognize it as all old stuff, part of Marie's line. But the burning words stopped Sharon's foolish young heart as words of prophecy have stopped the hearts of men and women since the days of Babylon. "Miss Osborne," said Marie, harshly, "the apricot gown with the Chinese embroidery from Callot and the suit with the red cape that came yesterday from Poiret, and the orchid crepe with the Chantilly lace from Tappé."

Sharon laughed uneasily. Her face had gone white. "I can't wear red," she said.

"You tell me what you can and cannot wear," said Marie, walking around her angrily. "You tell me? Bah. I will make you superb, exquisite. You have never been dressed in all your life as you should be dressed. I will show you."

When they had put on the black satin suit with the lacquer red cape swinging from the shoulders and a small, impudent, black hat, and given her a tall, black stick with a red handle, she looked at herself in the mirror with the eagerness of Narcissus when he bent over to see the youth in the lily pond. She could have kissed the smart, elegant, perfectly groomed woman she saw there.

At that moment she fell in love with her own reflection, to the exclusion of the whole world. She was like some enchanted princess whose real self was imprisoned by that mirror.

"Perfect," said Marie's voice, "the dress belongs to you. You must have it."

One last note of warning sounded for Sharon.

"How much is it?" she asked.

"I do not know," said Marie, with a shrug. "It's three hundred and fifty dollars, Miss Kimm," said the other woman.

Sharon gasped.

"Well," said Marie, "that is certainly cheap enough. I had put it away for Mildred Rideout, but she will not look like that in it." Not for nothing did Marie keep pace with the gossip of the Boulevard.

At the name of Mildred Rideout, Sharon smiled, and all the time the fitters were kneeling beside her. Sharon Kimm was laughing a little and thinking of Mildred Rideout.

When she saw the total on the bill Miss Osborne presented, there was a blank pause—a rather long pause.

Twenty-three hundred dollars for clothes!

Marie's eyes sought the black, impudent eyes of Pepper O'Malley. And one of Pepper's eyelids lay the briefest instant on her cheek.

"Charge them to Miss Kimm, dunce," said

Marie, "at the Hirt Studio. And I will call you, Miss Kimm, when a certain dress I have bought in Paris arrives. All white. It is for you."

Going out, Sharon stopped at the glass jewel counter and bought a set of crystal beads and a lovely beaded bag and a swagger stick with a crystal handle for Pepper O'Malley. It topped the orgy of buying with a glow of generosity that helped to save her conscience.

When she met Mickey afterwards for dinner, she was still flushed and her breath was coming a little quickly.

"What've you been doing?" he said, his dark eager eyes dwelling on her face. "You look adorable. I love you when you get excited. Your eyes are all black."

"I've been bad," said Sharon, solemnly, "very bad and wicked. But I don't care. Only promise me faithfully not to tell Lucia."

"I promise," said Mickey, "only get rid of Pepper. I shan't take her to dinner, that's all. I want you to myself, for myself."

But Sharon hid the bills from Lucia and for the first time lied boldly and openly to her. Nevertheless she got up in the night to look at all the things, hung in her tiny closet, and to feel with eager fingers the fascinating row of shoes to match each frock.

Only a week later she was invited to a tea that Mrs. Hirtfetz was giving for a well-known novelist. It made her feel less guilty to assure herself that she couldn't possibly have gone if she hadn't bought herself some new clothes.

Mrs. Hirtfetz's tea was of importance in Sharon's life for two reasons. It was her first entrance into society and there she met Mrs. William Dvorak for the first time.

Mrs. Hirtfetz had never seen Sharon Kimm. But of late she had heard a great deal about her. Sam was always talking about Sharon Kimm and what Bill Dvorak was going to make of her. Eventually her curiosity, though she had little enough of it, was aroused.

So she decided to ask her to the tea which was a large affair given for social reasons. Mrs. Hirtfetz did not like to entertain. She did not like to do anything except take care of her big, rambling house and Sam and their three boys.

If Sharon Kimm dreaded that tea, so did her hostess. Lena Hirtfetz, admittedly stout and not too comfortable in her elaborate gray dress, considered it an afternoon entirely wasted.

The rooms filled quickly. They were very full of furniture and the heavy curtains at the long windows shut them in and made them seem smaller than they really were. Lena's servants were not trained for social crushes and they made things worse by always being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Mrs. Hirtfetz had stopped to get her breath and surreptitiously to wipe her damp forehead, when she became aware of a girl standing against one of the long, purple portières and looking with a haughty but somehow wistful eye at the room full of chattering women. She was a slim, exquisitely fashioned girl, in a soft dress of orchid crépe with long wings of Chantilly lace and flaming, thick, gorgeous hair waving beneath the line of her simple, leghorn hat.

It was a talent Sharon Kimm had, that talent for making pictures. She hadn't deliberately selected the heavy, purple velvet for a background, nor had she chosen the bare shaft of late afternoon light as a back-light. But there she stood, and Lena Hirtfetz, a placid and plump woman who loved beauty with her whole heart, stopped to look at her.

There was no outward indication of the embarrassment that held Sharon captive there. Nothing to show that those moments—those lonely waiting moments while she stood unknown and alone among a crowd of women—were among the most difficult of her life.

It was several seconds before Mrs. Hirtfetz was recalled to her duties as a hostess by the crisp voice of her guest of honor, who pulled her sleeve and said, "Who's that girl?"



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*—Greatest Trip You Know*

"Are the golf clubs in?—did you get my brown bag?—Here the TAXI! The trunks have gone, haven't they?—Come on, boys, we've only half an hour for the train!"

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"I don't know," said Lena Hirtfetz, helplessly, "but I'll try to find out."

The guest of honor laughed. "I should know who that woman was before I let her into my house," she said cynically. "She looks about as dangerous as anything I've ever seen. She's got the bit between her teeth, that girl. Right now, she's torn between a growing belief that the world is her oyster and an intense desire to know how to open it. There's something *cinqüento* about her. Not a modern face. She looks like a woman Cesare Borgia might have loved."

The guest of honor went over and spoke to Sharon Kimm, and they sat down together in a big window seat and talked until another woman came up and asked Sharon if she had been given tea. When Sharon shook her head, the woman said, "That's exactly like Lena. I'll get you some at once."

When she brought it with a plate of heart-shaped sandwiches as well, the guest of honor had left Sharon once more alone, so the woman sat down in the window seat beside her. Sharon peeped at her from under her drooping hat, and she could not help smiling a little. She was such a small, energetic, decided, bird-like woman, with graying hair brushed plainly back from a high, fine brow—the brow of a thinker, though Sharon did not realize that. Her eyes were deep and small and sparkling and she had a funny button of a nose and a stern, thin-lipped, determined mouth.

*Success in Hollywood is beset by dangers as well as thrills. Read about the surprises Fate has in store for Sharon in the next instalment of "The Skyrocket."*

## The Thrill of Facing Eternity

(Continued from page 70)

once did and when forty comes, I think I may be able to approach it with equanimity, even without the aid of a new wardrobe.

Faced with danger I never seem to act as I have been led to believe I will. On the occasions when I have found myself struggling in the water my whole life has always failed to pass in review before me. Generally I have been surprised when I found myself choking and exhausted and, for a second or two, I am usually unable to realize the seriousness of my plight. I remember one afternoon when I put my feet down expecting a sandy bottom and found only a void. When I had gone down twice I remembered the popular superstition. "That's twice," I thought. "The third is the last. I've got to keep calm and keep up or I'm finished."

But even those who are addicted to danger have their preferences. I admit that I like drowning less than anything else of its kind. Going down in a storm at sea is one thing. There is the terrors of inevitability about it. Struggling for life within sight of your home shore, just because you have been an idiot, seems merely silly.

Neither have I, when death seemed near, ever repented of my sins. It has not occurred to me to think whether I have been good or bad. Usually I have thought of someone I love. Someone who would be sorry.

Sometimes I have recalled with a mingling of relief and regret some piece of unfinished work. Most of the time I have been too much alive to the immediate situation, too interested, too busy, too happy, to be regretful of my own past or fearful for my own future.

My hour of real fear may come. I know enough about fear to know that no one can be sure he is immune.



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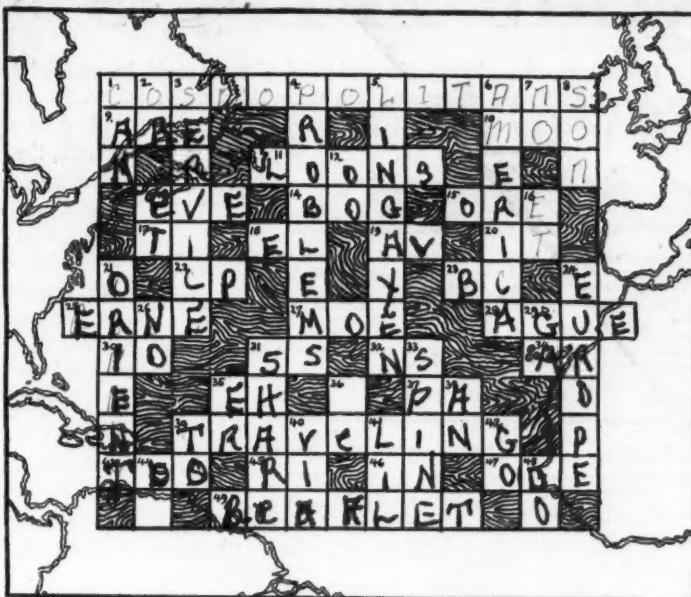
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9. 119.98 sq. yards.
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11. Stupid People (should travel.)
12. Name of first winter resort.
13. Found in Ireland.
15. Natural substance.
17. Roman Emperor (Abbr.)
18. Biblical Character (Abbr.)
19. City thoroughfare for travelers. (Abbr.)
20. Boot-shaped (Abbr.)
21. Great Railroad (Abbr.)
22. Canadian Province (Abbr.)
23. A bird seen over European Seas.
25. May your Porter's Name (Not Geo.)
26. Sickness—Doctor may prescribe sea voyage.
28. Made to travel on four feet.
31. Best to use for trip abroad. (Abbr.)
32. Canadian Province (Maritime.)
34. Found in Arabia (Abbr.)
35. Interfection.
37. Pays the travel bills.
39. Greatest education.
42. Small State (Abbr.)
43. Indicating a direction to travel.
45. Brief poem to read on deck.
49. Use coupon below and get one.

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5. Town in Philippines Islands.
6. "What to see first."
7. A Southern City of U. S. A. (Abbr.)
8. A problem for parents in all countries.
10. Hawaiian Bird.
12. He—(fill in) daily on board (obs.)
13. And (Fr.)
21. Land of Mystery.

24. What to see "next".
26. A woman's "yes."
27. "Peach" State (Abbr.)
29. What you do with "Bon Voyage ticket."
31. Backbone.
32. Suffix to form comparative de-
33. An article (Fr.).
34. Indefinite article.
36. Interpretation.
38. By way of.
40. (Gypsy) pocketbook (obs.)
42. Travel.
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# Eat your A B C's

THE most daring raider that sailed the seas during the World War was forced to dash for port after more than eight months of buccaneering—with more than 100 of the crew sick unto death and the remainder on the verge of the same peculiar illness.

What had happened? All had been rugged, picked men. They had lived well, seemingly, during their months at sea on a fare consisting mainly of meat, mashed potatoes, white bread, sweet cakes, tea and coffee, with occasional treats of fat and cheese. Yet it was found that the lack of certain vital food elements had made these strong men sick! The minerals and vitamins that must be part of a life-sustaining diet were missing. When these were supplied in the form of fresh vegetables, eggs, whole wheat bread, fresh milk and the juice of oranges the men quickly recovered.

Medical authorities are giving more and more study to the prevention and cure of disease by use of proper foods. If we wish to be well, happy and efficient, we must eat the right food.

We eat three supposedly good meals a day—and still we may be starving for the vital elements our bodies need. Some "prepared" foods have been robbed of important health-giving elements which Nature put in them. It is easy to over-eat and still be under-nourished.

Keep this page where you can refer to it readily for guidance. If upon your judgment depends the choice of food for your family, remember that you have their health in your keeping.

Good food is not necessarily expensive. The cheapest food is often most nutritious. The most expensive food is frequently harmful. The important thing is wise selection.

Select your diet from the Vitamin Chart on this page so that the proportions of Vitamins A, B, C are equally well balanced.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizes the great importance of making certain that good food is not spoiled in the cooking and has prepared a practical new Cook Book which tells how

Many of our physical ailments could be avoided by giving proper attention to the selection of food. Nutrition is an individual problem, and it varies according to age. For instance, the person of advancing years needs a greater amount and a greater proportion of "roughage" than a child—roughage in the form of whole wheat, whole cereals, bran or bulky vegetables and fruits.



According to the American Medical Association vitamins are constituents of our food that are essential to health. Three are known at present designated as Vitamins A, B and C. (see chart below.)

A deficiency of "A" in the diet may result in symptoms of rickets and a disease of the eyes as well as lack of normal development.

A deficiency of "B" may result in the loss of appetite and symptoms of a disease of the nerves called beri-beri.

A deficiency of "C" may result in symptoms of scurvy.

A deficiency of any of the vitamins in the diet of children will result in impaired growth and health.

## Vitamins in Food

|                       | "A" | "B" | "C" |                                | "A" | "B" | "C" |
|-----------------------|-----|-----|-----|--------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|
| BREAD, WHITE (WATER)  | +   | +   | +   | TOMATOES (BROILED)             | +   | +   | +   |
| " " (MILK)            | +   | +   | +   | BEANS, KIDNEY                  | +   | +   | +   |
| " WHOLE WHEAT (WATER) | +   | +   | +   | " NAVY                         | +   | +   | +   |
| " " (MILK)            | +   | +   | ?   | STRAWBERRIES (FRESH)           | +   | +   | +   |
| BARLEY (WHOLE)        | +   | +   | ?   | CARROTS, FRESH, RAW            | +   | +   | +   |
| CORN, YELLOW          | +   | +   | ?   | " COOKED                       | +   | +   | +   |
| DAIRY                 | +   | +   | ?   | CARROTS, FRESH, COOKED         | +   | +   | +   |
| MEAT, LEAN            | +   | +   | ?   | CAULIFLOWER                    | +   | +   | +   |
| BEEF FAT              | +   | +   | ?   | CELESTY                        | +   | +   | +   |
| MUTTON FAT            | +   | +   | ?   | CUCUMBER                       | +   | +   | +   |
| PIG KIDNEY FAT        | +   | +   | ?   | DANDELION GREENS               | +   | +   | +   |
| OLEOMARGARINE         | +   | +   | ?   | EGGPLANT, DRIED                | +   | +   | +   |
| LIVER                 | +   | +   | ?   | LETTUCE                        | +   | +   | +   |
| KIDNEY                | +   | +   | ?   | ONIONS                         | +   | +   | +   |
| BRAINS                | +   | +   | ?   | PARSNIP                        | +   | +   | +   |
| SWEETBREADS           | +   | +   | ?   | PEAS                           | +   | +   | ?   |
| FISH, LEAN            | -   | -   | -   | POTATOES (BOILED IN MILK)      | +   | +   | ?   |
| " FAT                 | +   | +   | ?   | " 1 HOUR                       | +   | +   | ?   |
| " ROE                 | +   | +   | ?   | " BAKED                        | +   | +   | ?   |
| MILK, FRESH           | +   | +   | ?   | SWEET POTATOES                 | +   | +   | +   |
| " CONDENSED           | +   | +   | ?   | RADISH                         | +   | +   | +   |
| " DRIED, (WHOLE)      | +   | +   | ?   | RUTABAGA                       | +   | +   | +   |
| " SKIMMED             | +   | +   | ?   | SPINACH, FRESH                 | +   | +   | +   |
| BUTTERMILK            | +   | +   | ?   | " DRIED                        | +   | +   | +   |
| CREAM                 | +   | +   | ?   | SQUASH, HUBBARD                | +   | +   | +   |
| BUTTER                | +   | -   | -   | TURNIPS                        | +   | +   | +   |
| CHEESE                | +   | +   | -   | APPLES                         | +   | +   | +   |
| COTTAGE CHEESE        | +   | +   | -   | BANANAS                        | +   | +   | +   |
| Eggs                  | +   | +   | ?   | GRAPE JUICE                    | +   | +   | +   |
| ALMONDS               | +   | +   | ?   | LEMON JUICE                    | +   | +   | +   |
| COCONUT               | +   | +   | ?   | ORANGE JUICE                   | +   | +   | +   |
| HICKORY NUTS          | +   | +   | ?   | PRUNES                         | +   | +   | +   |
| PEANUTS               | +   | +   | ?   | RASPBERRIES (FRESH OR CANDIED) | +   | +   | +   |
| PECANS                | +   | +   | ?   |                                |     |     |     |
| WALNUTS               | +   | +   | ?   |                                |     |     |     |

—+— contains the Vitamin

++— good source of the Vitamin

+++— excellent source of the Vitamin

— no appreciable amount of the Vitamin

? doubt as to presence or relative amount

● evidence lacking or insufficient

V variable

### A WELL BALANCED DAILY DIET

1. Milk—a quart for a child, a pint for an adult—as a beverage or used in cooking. 2. Vegetables—Two daily.
3. Fresh Fruits—At least once daily.
4. Meat, or Fish, or Eggs or Cheese or Beans or Lentils.
5. Bread and Cereals—Preferably whole wheat and other entire grain.
6. Fat—Butter or other fat in some form every day.
7. Sweets—Best when taken in a moderate amount at mealtime.

It is easy to over-eat—the most important health law is the law of keeping well by eating the right food.

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